★ May 20, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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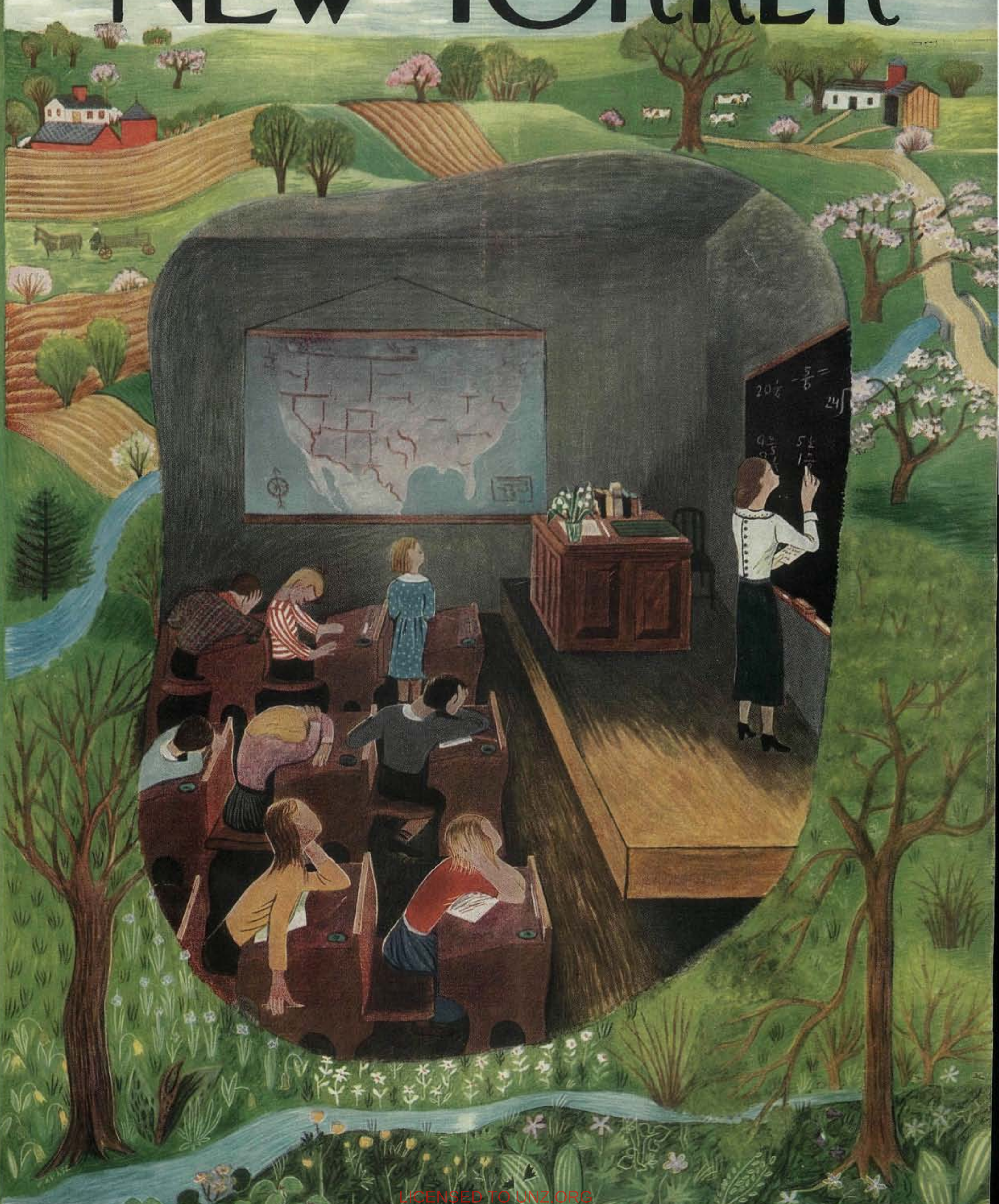

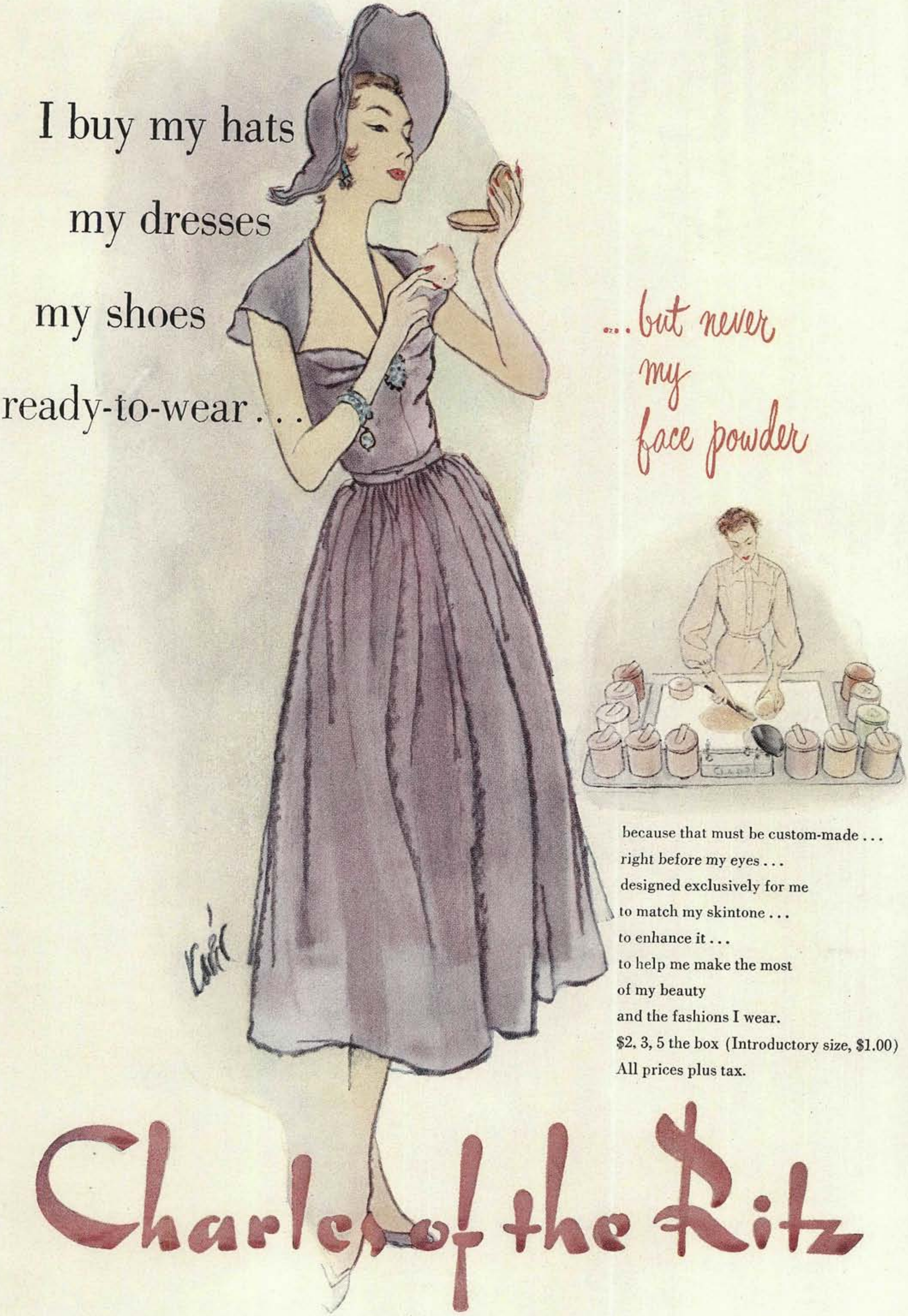

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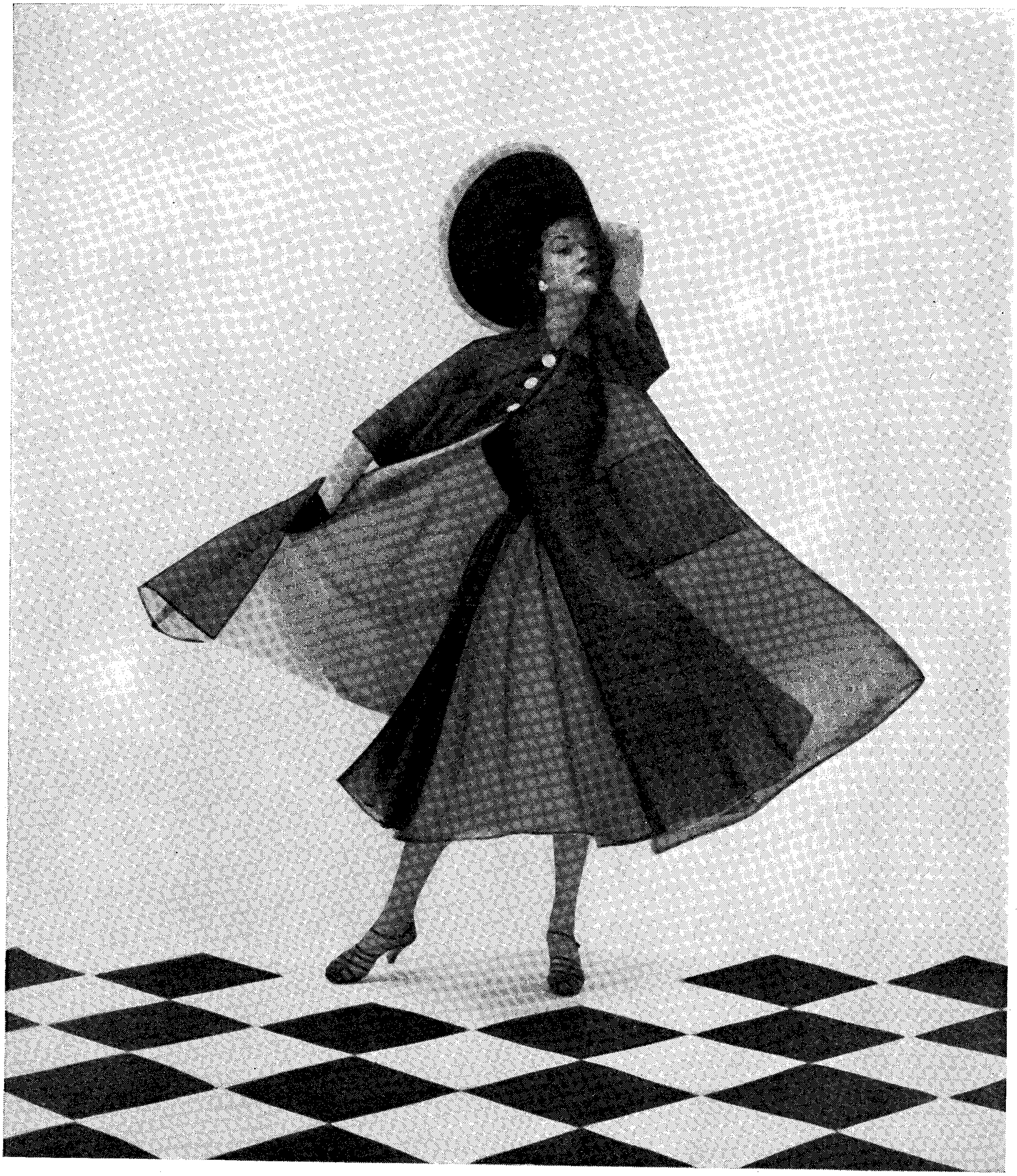

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

As You Like It—In spite of Katharine Hepburn's shapely and vivacious Rosalind and an extremely handsome Theatre Guild production, this comedy remains one of the most exasperating in the English language. William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen are also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Clutterbuck—Arthur Margetson is superb as a simple-minded Briton in Benn W. Levy's comedy about promiscuity in the upper classes. Among the others whose love affairs are thoroughly discussed are Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Claire Carleton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. The fine English cast includes Alec Guinness, Irene Worth, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, and Eileen Peel. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best foreign play of the year. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer give wonderfully effective performances in this occasionally exciting play that has to do with a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Disciple—The encounter between Dick Dudgeon (Maurice Evans) and General Burgoyne (Dennis King) is one of the great high-comedy scenes in the theatre, but otherwise this revival of Shaw's 1897 play seems to show its years. With Marsha Hunt and Victor Jory. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

I Know My Love—A play, dealing with half a century of matrimony in Boston, that is an ideal vehicle for the Lunts, if not terribly interesting on any other ground. S. N. Behrman rewrote it from the French, and the cast also includes Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, and Katharine Bard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Innocents—William Archibald's dramatization of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" presents this minor classic as a simple ghost story rather than a psychological study, but it is still reasonably alarming. Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two gifted children named Iris Mann and David Cole are the mortal members of the cast, as distinguished from the spooks, and they are all good. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally compelling play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. Voted the best American play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes is lovely and impressive in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Albert Dekker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Arms and the Girl—This rendering of that old comedy about bundling called "The Pursuit of Happiness" is cheerful and lively, though perhaps a little silly in spots. Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian did the revised book, Morton Gould wrote the music, and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray and John Conte. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehandedly by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and an exciting work of art. The plot tells of the frantic efforts the wife of a fugitive from a police state makes to rejoin her husband across the border. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. Winner of awards from the Drama Critics Circle and the Pulitzer Prize Committee. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne is responsible for the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has an arresting score by the late Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat unsettling to those who thought highly of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks head the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, May 21.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur as the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its admirers. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often effective, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Mary Hatcher, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No

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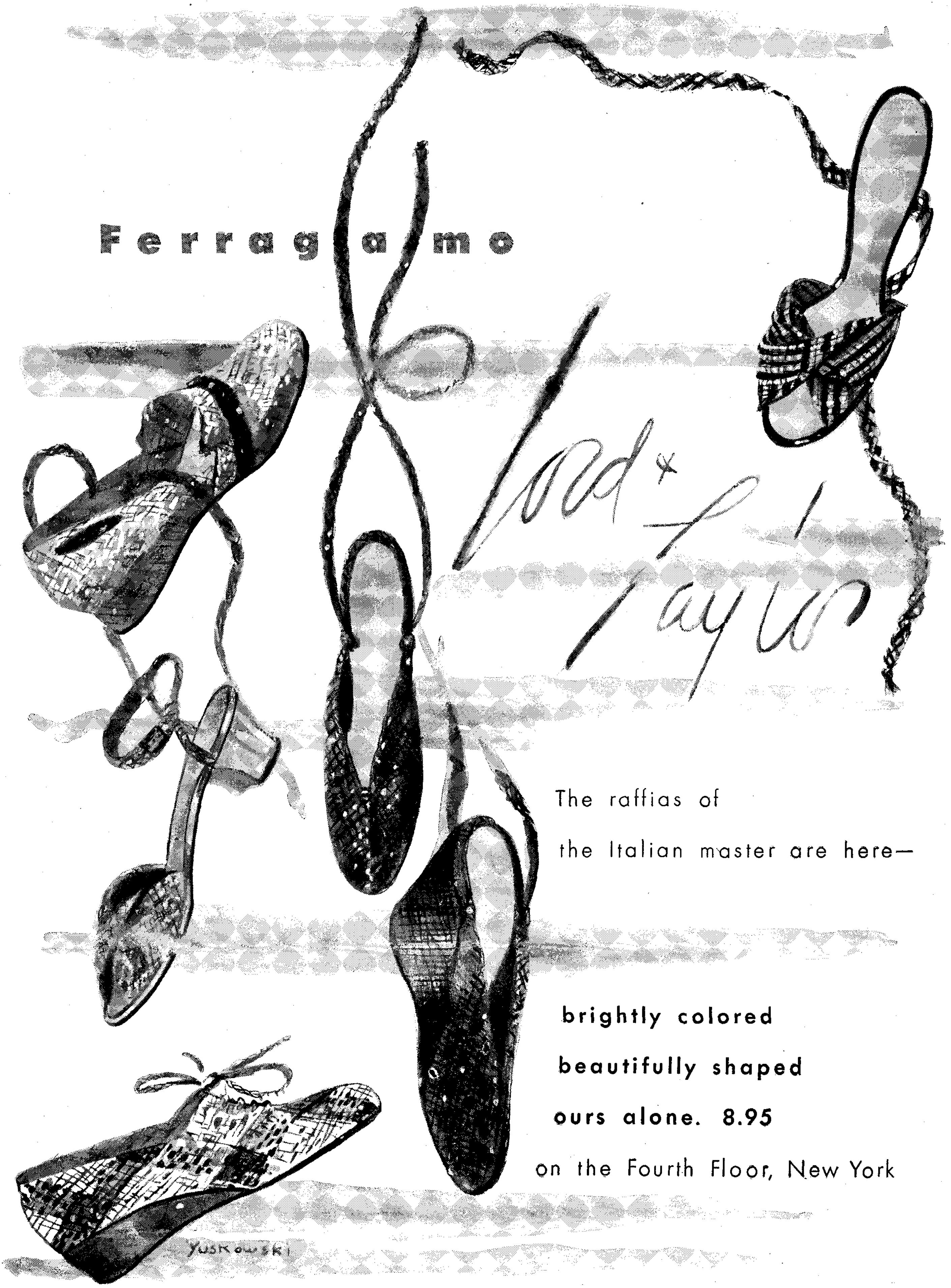
Ferragamo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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**KISS ME, KATE:** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter taming Shakespeare's shrew. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Pulitzer Prize Committee's choice for the best original American play. Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Liar—A musical by Alfred Drake and Edward Eager, with a score by John Mundy, based on a comedy by Carlo Goldoni. William Eythe, Melville Cooper, and Paula Laurence lead a cast directed by Mr. Drake. Produced by Dorothy Willard and Thomas Hammond. Opens Thursday, May 18. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Brigadoon—A return engagement of the musical by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, with Phil Hanna and Virginia Oswald. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Another return engagement, with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn heading the cast in Tennessee Williams' play. Produced by Irene M. Selznick and directed by Elia Kazan. Opens Tuesday, May 23, and will run through Sunday, June 4. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday, May 25, and Saturdays and Sundays, at 2:30.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company, presenting "Rites de Passage," "Flaming Youth," and other dances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 20.)

Magic Show—A program called "The Battle of the Magicians," with, among others, Cardini, Fred Keating, Chester Morris, and Richard Himber. A benefit for the New York Heart Association. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Sunday, May 21, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, Jules Lande's band plays for dancing in the Garden, a summery spot where you can be sure of not getting sunburned.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra operates during dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails and supper "under the clock," except Sundays. No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Nellie Lutcher's forthright version of the battle of the sexes, and Ray Heatherton's songs, which are a lot more romantic. On Thursday, May 25, a new exhibition of talent, headed by Teddy Wilson, that stalwart pianist. Mabel Scott will sing and Timmie Rogers will provide the gags. J. C. Heard's occasionally earsplitting band does the dance music. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist.

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Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, in which Walter Dere Wahl's mock acrobatics, the Rigoletto Brothers' mock prizefight, W. C. Handy's true-blue trumpeting, and Harry Armstrong's honest singing stand out as the principal good deeds. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—This particular segment of the Casbah is populated by a definitely ornate set of natives. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Bowing-from-the-waist atmosphere in a very handsome stage setting. Bernie Dolen's and Artie Arturos' bands produce the establishment's traditional sequence of fox trot, waltz, and Latinism. Alex D'Arcy sings now and then. Closed Sundays.

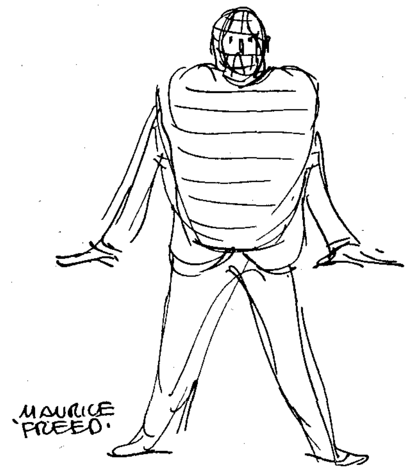
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, during dinner and supper, Myrus, exploring the clients' minds, and Betty Jane Watson and Jerry Austen, trotting forth some reassuring songs. Starting Tuesday, May 23, Georgie Gobels, a new strolling minstrel with comic implications, plus the dance team of Josette and Walters. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band play nice music. On Sundays, there is a show at dinner only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth performs every day for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Martha Stewart and the Blackburn Twins do their vaudeville show, and John Sebastian coaxes surprising sounds from his harmonica. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Rendez-Vous Room, a replica of the Vienna of your fondest dreams, you'll find Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Through Monday, May 22, when it will close for the season, the Oval Room will have Jan Engels' orchestra to make dinner music. Harold Sandler's band fills in on Sunday. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, the Sandler orchestra runs through pleasant period-piece cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra offer a plentiful supply of dance music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On the Roof, still its good-looking old self, dancing to the easygoing bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz. Closed Sundays.



Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the opulent Carnaval Room, dancing to the tunes of Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble and a small patrol from Lester Lanin's stable of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Café, Don Abney at the piano from seven to one, except Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A double-decker finishing school, with a very late curfew. Downstairs, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band; upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, an extra supply of dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Luba Malina, a big, boisterous girl, is prowling these premises, emitting an occasional song. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at supper, Jane Pickens puts on a miniature floor show at the head of her six-man army—the Escourtiers. Emil Coleman's orchestra at dinner and again, assisted by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room (closed Sunday), where Dr. Sydney Ross unveils some sleight-of-hand trickery. The room closes for the season on Saturday, May 27.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this leafy bower, Cy Walter's bright offbeat piano, every day but Sunday, at cocktails and dinner and again later in the evening. Graham Forbes fills in on Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, dean of night-life band leaders, starts bowing to the customers over his violin at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out with the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Harold Sandler plays stroller violin music from dinnertime on, and Ernie Warren's trio alternates with him. On Monday, May 22, Bela Bizony's gypsy ensemble replaces Mr. Sandler. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Walling and McHugh, a new team of humorists, and Miss Hank Fort, a new singer, are getting their bearings here. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey contribute sprightly double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Sunday is old-movie night; Monday is amateur night. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, an amusing example of the paint-gun school of interior decorating, has Rudy Timfield, doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONTE CARLO,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A princely boudoir wherein one of Dick Gasparre's bands and the highly Latin Playa Sextet are on tap all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's Peter Walters' piano Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE,** Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Through Wednesday, May 24, Juanita Hall, "South Pacific's" Bloody Mary; Louise Howard's pointed comedy; and Lucille and Eddie Roberts' mind-reading act. The next night, a new show, made up of Patricia Bright, that brisk dealer in travesty; the Golden Gate Quartet; and the hot harpist Robert Maxwell. Cy Coleman's progressive new trio supplies the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL

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3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, singer of our best grade of modern love songs, is in her small parlor, upstairs over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): From eight until early in the morning, except on Mondays, Louis Hawkins, from his piano, conducts a joint dinner party and community sing in the neat little second-floor Empress Room. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A slapdash revival of Gay Nineties saloon life—sawdust, singing waiters, and the like—plus a sometimes comic parody of old melodrama, and showings of films from the days when movies were even deeper in their infancy. Paul Killiam is commentator. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Thelma Carpenter does her tiger-cat songs after ten-thirty, and Laurie Brewis, a transatlantic anthology of good musical-comedy scores, is at the piano after nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmy Daniels has re-established his celebrated Greenwich Village at-homes. Norene Tate and Garland Wilson, his confreres of long standing, are at the piano, and Myra Johnson sings blues. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Back to its robust normal with Dean Martin's and Jerry Lewis's fireworks, Betty Bruce's dancing, a line of eight new Copa dolls, and the old, familiar faces at the ringside tables. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Tin-pan alley's idea of country life. The major guest at the moment is Tony Martin. Dancing, too—New York-American, Latin-American, and Coney Island-American.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Every night, in the back room, Charles Trenet, now a more bilingual French imp, bounding between Eadie and Rack's twin pianos; also, Marilyn Cantor's songs and Irene Williams' deep, dark blues. Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio provide a flattering musical frame. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. On Thursday, May 25, a new show checks in. Sunday nights, visiting performers are interspersed among the regulars. In the lounge, Eadie and Rack operate another pair of pianos and the town's blithest greenroom from suppertime until all hours (except Saturdays), and John Kelley, Jr., is at the piano weekdays during dinner. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronnie Graham, a deviser of weird and wonderful lyrics; Kirkwood and Goodman, romping through a new set of nonsense rhymes; Gigi Durston, that cheerful little earful; and a new quartet of singers, called the Four Lads. Julius Monk is the major-domo of this precocious brood. In the background, the miraculous music of the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Weavers, a new and happy-go-lucky group of folk singers, among them Pete Seeger and Ronnie Gilbert, toss their engaging wares around without any foolish fuss about Art. Clarence Williams' trio, in which Carl Lynch plays fine guitar, supplies dance music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This small Hall of Fame offers Wild Bill Davison and his Ride-of-the-Valkyries trumpet, together with Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays hot piano while they cool their instruments. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, which has Andy Russo on trombone, is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A new band—Big Chief Russell Moore, Buster Bailey, Freddie Moore, and Lloyd Phillips—is on its shakedown cruise in these waters. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Wednesday, May 24, the King Cole Trio, Count Basie's band, and Dinah Washington's rowdy songs—a large enough evening for almost any lover of serious music. Next evening, Mary Lou Williams starts playing her absorbing Surrealist piano. Billy Eckstine, a bobby-sox standard, and Herbie Fields' band will also arrive. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): The Mermaid Room has suddenly come to life with Joe Bushkin's red-hot trio, which is in action every evening but Sunday. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): The Friday jazz sessions here have begun again. May 19, there will be Wild Bill Davison, Edmond Hall, Joe Sullivan, Oran Page, Pops Foster, and James P. Johnson, to name names. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, involving (on May 19) Max Kaminsky, Sol Yaged, Munn Ware, Big Sid Catlett, and Herb Ward. Dancing. . . . **STATLER,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Tex Beneke's band. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

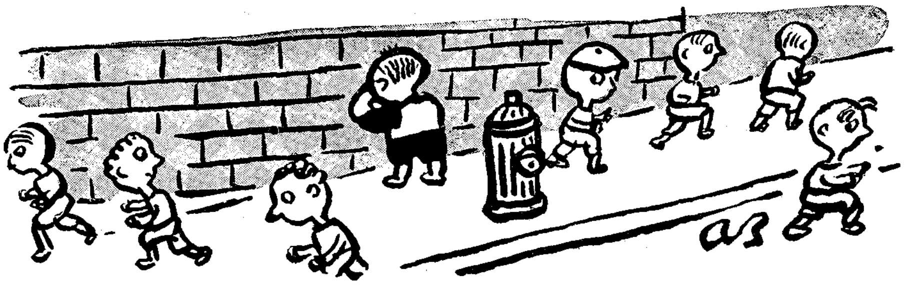
LOUIS BOSA—New oils, embodying his rather mischievous observations on night-club conviviality and its aftermath, East Side fiestas, and other metropolitan manifestations. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through May 31.)

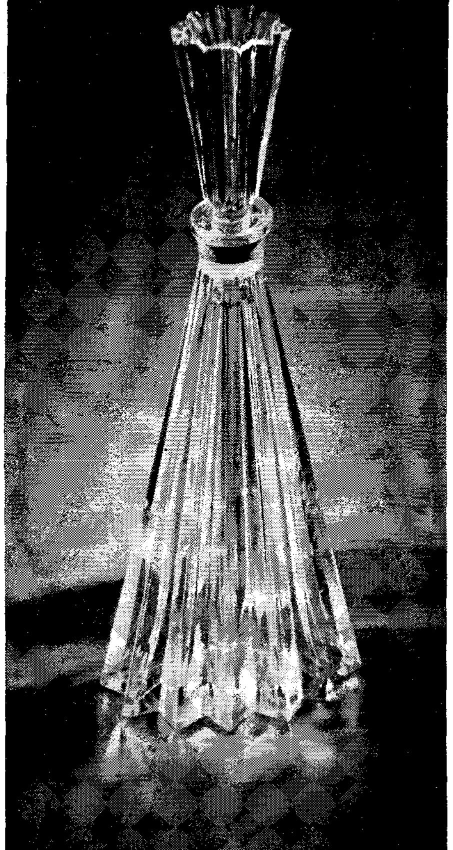
ALEXANDER DOBKIN—Expressionist oils, best when the subject is simple enough to limit the artist's slight tendency toward overdramatization. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

EUROPEAN—Paintings by Matta, Magritte, Ernst, Miró, and other modern European masters. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through June 3.)

FRENCH—At the **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: From Monet to Picasso, in a small but well-selected collection of modern French masters; through May 27. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: The third section of the gallery's spring survey, this one featuring nice works by Soutine, Matisse, and the Paris primitives Bombois and Bauchant; through May 27.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Recent paintings by Umberto Romano, Joe Hirsch, Fletcher Martin, and others, contrasted with works they did as artist-correspondents during the





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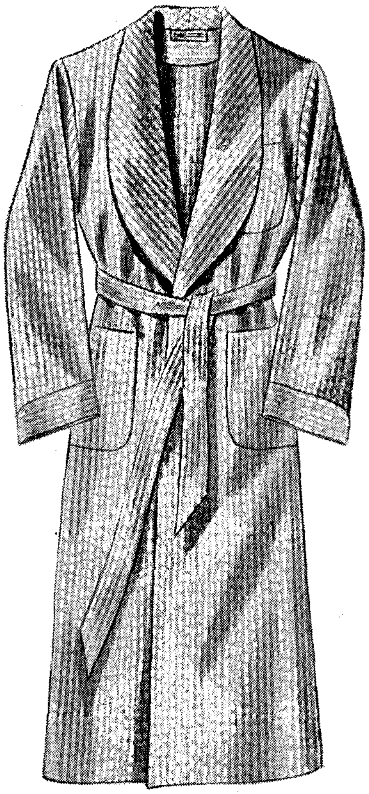

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

war; through May 27. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by American artists, including Eakins and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson and Elliott Orr, of the twentieth; through June 2. . . . CARRÉ, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Six young French artists, in an exhibit called "Advancing French Art;" through May 31. . . . DELIUS, 116 E. 57th St.: Twenty paintings, in a random but generally worth-while selection that runs from pre-Renaissance Italian to modern French and American; through June 20. . . . DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuempfig, Pavel Tchelitchew, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through May 31. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, among them Vaclav Vytlacil and Chaim Soutine; through May 31. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Recent water colors by Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Herbert J. Gute, and others; through May 27. . . . HACKER, 24 W. 58th St.: Paintings, all abstract in approach, by Louis Schanker, Max Spivak, and Louis Tavelli; through May 27. . . . PERSPECTIVES, 34 E. 51st St.: A number of assorted objects—guitars, masks, mobile paintings, chess sets, and so on—made by Calder, Hayter, Man Ray, and other artists, in moments of whimsey. Weekdays, noon to 6; through June 10.

JEROME KAMROWSKI—Abstractions, in coruscating color, gracefully sinuous in design. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through May 27.)

DONG KINGMAN—New water colors, many of them of Brooklyn, and all characteristically crowded with lively little pictorial incidents. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through May 27.)

PAUL KLEE—Two exhibitions of his adroit and incisive abstractions. The first, at the New Art Circle (41 E. 57th St.; through May 31), is devoted mainly to his earlier pieces. The other, at the Buchholz (32 E. 57th St.; through May 27), is somewhat larger and covers his work from 1915 to 1940, the year he died.

GASTON LACHAISE—A collection of drawings that, though few in number, include some interesting pieces. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

WIFREDO LAM—New paintings, again using African symbols as a point of departure, by this Cuban abstractionist. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through May 20.)

JEANNE MILES—Abstract paintings, fragile in concept but competently executed. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

MOHOLY-NAGY—Water colors and collages done between 1918 and 1946 by the late Hungarian abstractionist. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through May 31.)

SALLY RYAN—Small, sunny still-lifes and landscapes, fresh as spring in feeling. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through May 20.)

CARL SPRINCHORN—Lumber-camp and winter-forest scenes mostly, done with engaging vitality. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—New paintings, sombre in color and dramatic in movement, in this Mexican artist's intensely personal style. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 20.)

BRADLEY WALKER TOMLIN—Abstract-Expressionist paintings, intricately patterned, if somewhat cabalistic. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

TWENTIETH-CENTURY TAPESTRIES—Strikingly colorful tapestries designed by contemporary French artists, among them Jean Lurçat and Jean Picart le Doux, and woven on the looms of Aubusson. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through May 20.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: American folk sculpture; through June 2. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Byron Browne; through June 5. . . . PERIDOT, 6 E. 12th St.: Edgar Negret; through June 10. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Afro; through June 9. . . . WILDEN-

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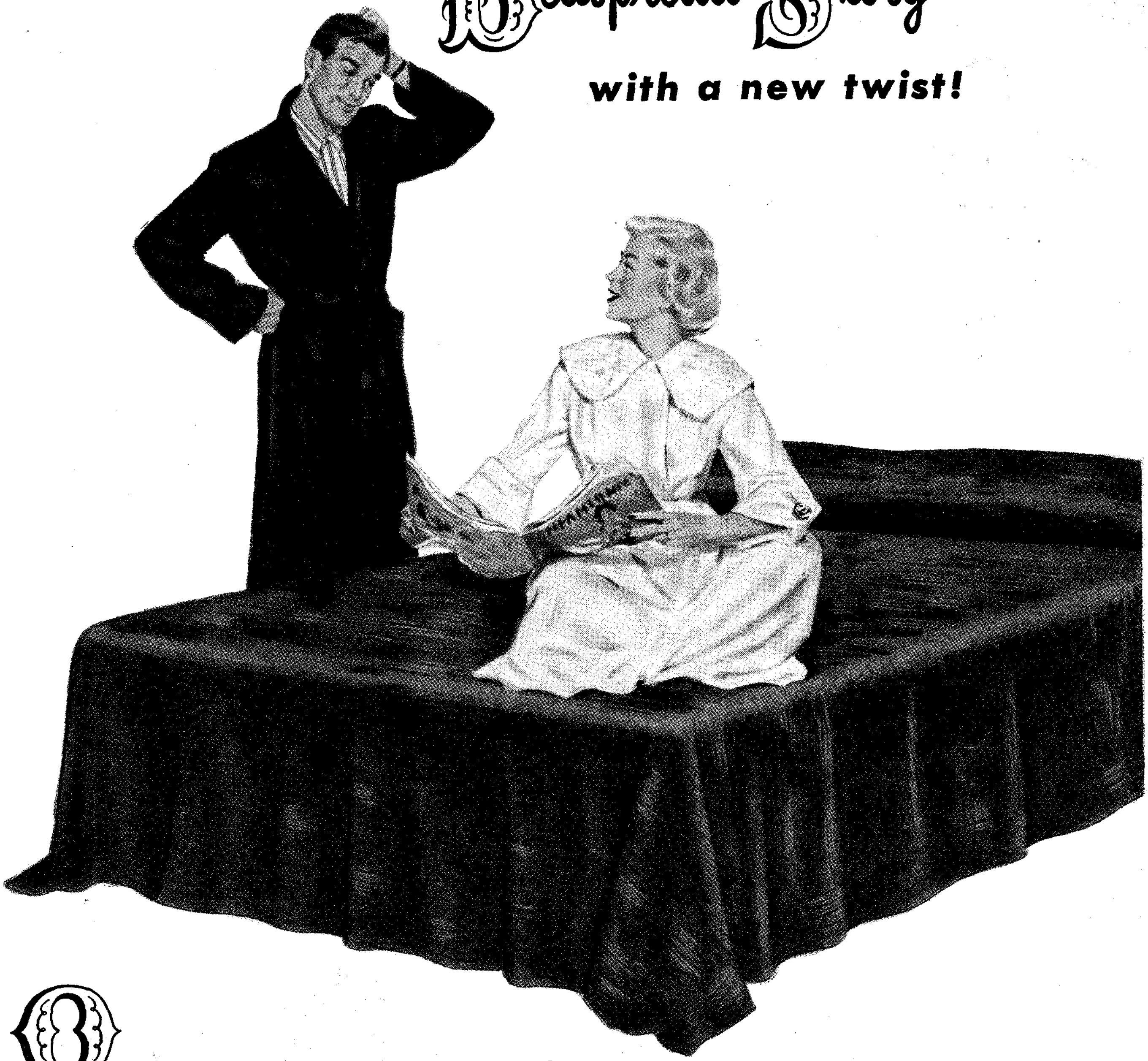

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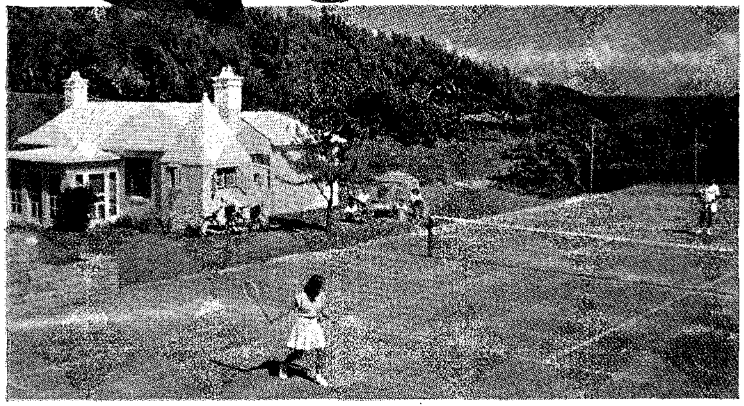
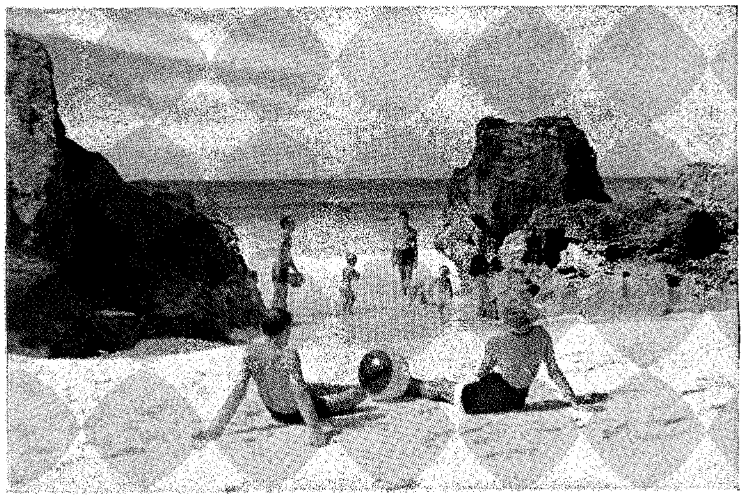
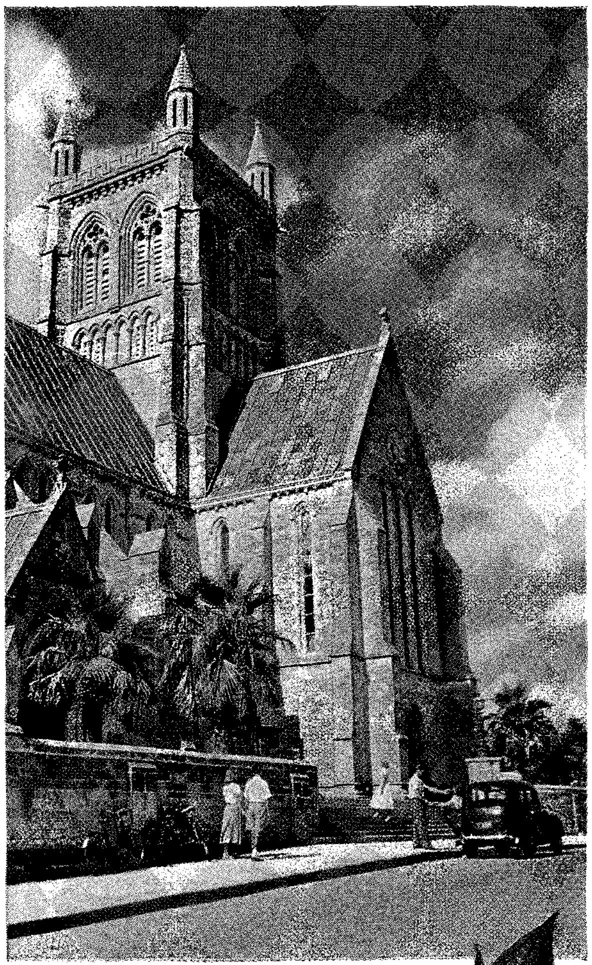


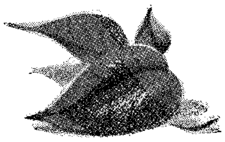
You'd have sunny hours for playing on breeze-cooled courts, on fairways overlooking the sea . . . at night you'd dance the moon and stars away.



You'd swim in the clear blue water . . . lie on the soft, powdery sand under the warming sun, letting time pass lazily by.



You'd stroll through streets of old world charm.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

STEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: "The Woman in French Painting;" through Sept. 2.

NOTE—The semiannual art exhibit in Washington Square will be on view daily, starting at noon and remaining open until dark, from Friday, May 19, through Sunday, June 11.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's fourth exhibition of prints, an annual event that has already become recognized as one of the ranking surveys of contemporary American work in this field. . . . ¶ Paintings by the nineteenth-century American John F. Peto, best known for his *trompe-l'œil* still-lifes. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; both through May 21.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An anniversary show, consisting of works of art looted by the Nazis from Jewish homes and synagogues, along with woodcuts by Ilya Schor depicting the prewar life of East European Jews. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through May 31.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Austrian government's loan exhibition of art treasures from Vienna collections. An impressive affair, though not up to the recent Berlin show in scope or quality. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; through May 21.) . . . ¶ Twentieth-century American and European glass, with pieces by Steuben, Lalique, Orrefors, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 17.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and spirited showing of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth. . . . ¶ An illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by Franklin C. Watkins. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The current group show includes work by Albers, Scarlett, Xceron, and Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through June 18.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Whitney's 1950 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings, a compact and lively affair. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through May 28.)

MUSIC

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, May 18: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 19: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 20: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 21: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 21: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 22: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 24: "The Barber of Seville." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 25: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 26: "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 27: "Il Trovatore." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. Closes Tuesday, May 30.)

CARNEGIE POPS—Thursday, May 18: Franco Autori conducting, with Sondra Bianca, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 19: Enrico Leide conducting, with Marjorie Gordon, soprano, and Edmond Karlsrud, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 20: Alfredo Antonini conducting, with Dorothy Sandlin, soprano, and Mac Morgan, baritone. . . . ¶ Monday, May 22: Enrico Leide conducting, with Hubert Norville, tenor. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 23: Franco Autori conducting, with Mario Braggiotti, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 24: Enrico Leide conducting, with a soloist to be announced. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 25: Franco Autori conducting, with Frank Glazer, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 27: Igor Buketoff conducting, with Evelyn Keller, soprano; Winifred Heckman, mezzo-soprano; and Norman Atkins, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Evenings at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 31.)

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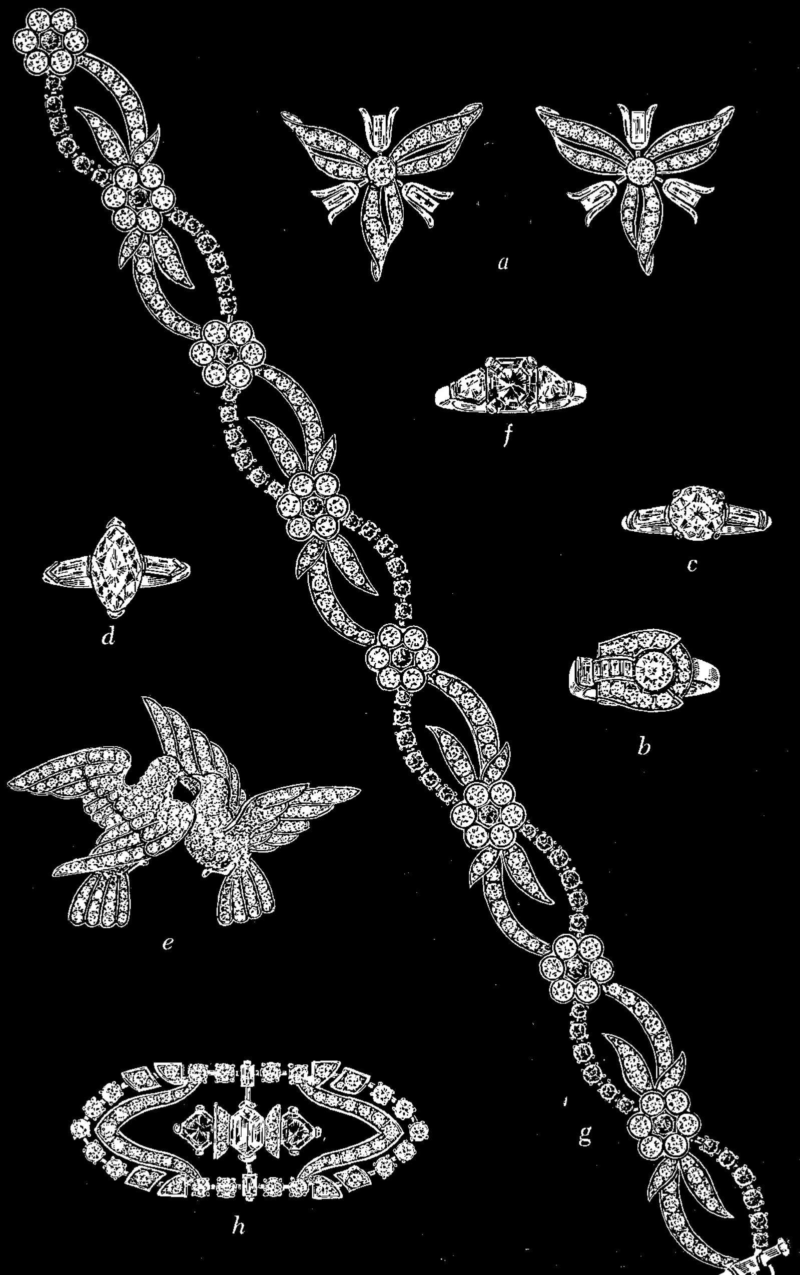

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting, with the Columbia University Chorus, directed by Jacob Avshalomoff, and soloists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, May 19, at 8:30. A limited number of seats will be available to the public.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Dean Dixon conducting a program of symphonic music composed by Negroes. For the benefit of the African Aid Committee. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Sunday, May 21, at 2:30.)

Interracial Fellowship Chorus—Harold Aks directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, May 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call RI 9-5187.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, May 19, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sunday, May 21, at 2:05, and Monday, May 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tuesday, May 23, at 1:30; Wednesday, May 24, at 8:30; and Thursday, May 25, at 1:30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, May 18, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, May 19, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, May 21, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, May 23, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 24-25, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 26, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 27, at 2:30.

Boxing—Tiberio Metri vs. Tuzo Portuguez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 19. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 20.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 20.) . . . ¶ Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Saturday, May 27.)

Golf—Walter J. Travis Memorial Invitation Tournament. (Garden City Golf Club. Thursday through Saturday, May 18-20.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, and Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead. Thursday, May 25.)

Horse Shows—Brookville Horse Show. (Brookville, L.I. Sunday, May 21.) . . . ¶ Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Wednesday through Saturday, May 24-27, and Monday and Tuesday, May 29-30.) . . . ¶ Rombout Hunt Horse Show. (Poughkeepsie. Saturday, May 27.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 20.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Race Meeting. (Harrison, N.Y. Saturday, May 27.)

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 10. The Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, May 20, and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, May 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track at 10:30.) . . . PIMLICO-HAVRE DE GRACE, at Pimlico: Mondays, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, at 2:15 (except May 20); through Saturday, May 27. The Preakness, Saturday, May 20 (post time at 2). . . . WOODBINE PARK, Toronto: The King's Plate, Saturday, May 27.

Track—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Track and Field Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, May 20. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track at 7:11.) . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40, from Monday, May 22, through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mon-

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FOR CHILDREN

Concert—An orchestra conducted by Walter Hendl, with Tom Glazer, folk singer; Anna Sokolow and her group of dancers; and George Rasely, tenor. (Central Park Mall. Saturday morning, May 20, at 10. In case of rain, the program will be postponed until the next clear Saturday. Admission is free, but children must be accompanied by adults.)

Tibor Nagy Marionettes—"Fire Boy," based on a Pueblo Indian legend. (Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. Saturday, May 20, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.)

Movies—Four old Charlie Chaplin movies: "The Rink," "The Vagabond," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street." For the benefit of the Community Nursery School. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, May 20, at 11.) . . . ¶ Features, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Children's Zoo—About twenty kinds of domestic or tame animals, most of which may be fed and petted by the small fry. Among them are a sweet-scented skunk, a village of mice, and a talking crow. (Bronx Park. Weather permitting: Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 10:30 to 6. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

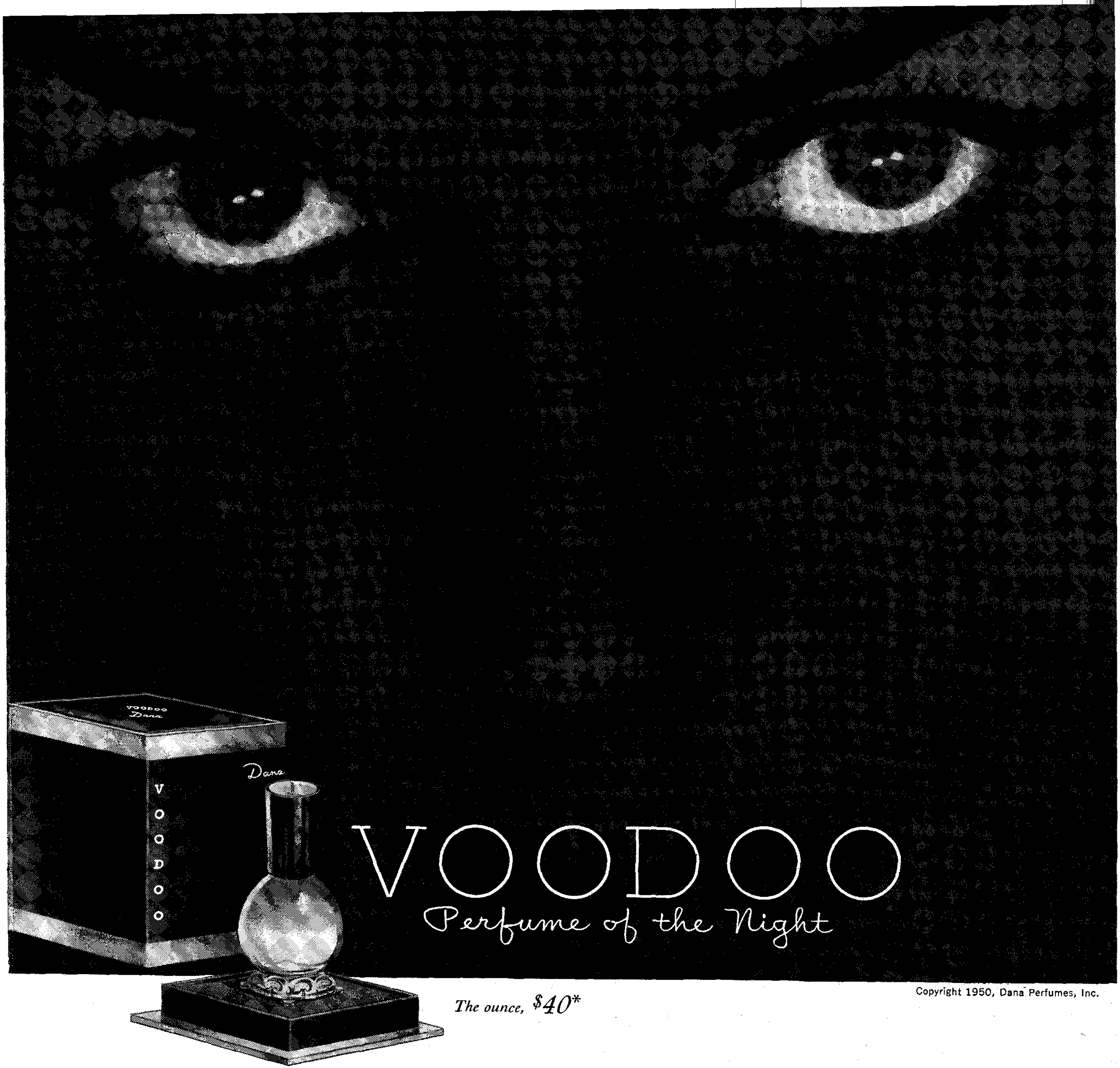
United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions, within reason, about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Books—Manuscripts and first editions of some of the best-known books of the fifty-nine countries that make up the United Nations, as well as the manuscript of the Interim Agreement signed by delegates to the San Francisco Conference in 1945. (The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Daily, 10 to 6:30; through May 31.)

Armed Forces Day Parade—An eyeful of uniforms—Army, Air Force, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard, and a whole lot of others. It will start at 1:30, Saturday, May 20, at 95th Street and Fifth Avenue, and move south to 62nd Street, where it will break up.

Auctions—**PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: English and American furniture and decorations of the eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries, the property of John Newell III and others. (Thursday through Saturday, May 18-20, each day at 2.) . . . ¶ Hispanic Americana, chiefly of the period of the conquistadors, along with the only known copy of the first published global map to include the Western Hemisphere and the name "America," from anonymous owners. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, May 18-20, and Monday through Wednesday, May 22-24, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Wednesday, May 24, at 8.) . . . **KENDE GALLERIES**, 119 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Old Masters, among them Rubens, Van Dyck, and Holbein the younger, from the collection of N. M. Friberg, of Stockholm. (Exhibition, Thursday, May 18, from 10 to 5; auction, Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

Hayden Planetarium—The show for the month of May is "Our Battle-Scarred Earth," which deals with the way meteors and comets ravage the earth. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)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EXIT

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annie Get Your Gun—A faithful translation to the screen of the lively musical comedy about Annie Oakley, the sharpshooter, for which Irving Berlin created all kinds of fine tunes. Betty Hutton may be a little too jittery as Annie, but Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, Howard Keel, and J. Carrol Naish are right on the target. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Astonished Heart—There's wit enough in this one, which presents Noel Coward as author and actor, to make you overlook some threadbare notions about extra-marital love among the middle-aged. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 24. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; May 23-24. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting May 24.)

The Bicycle Thief—A chronicle of the quest for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son, transformed by Vittorio de Sica into just about the best picture that has ever been turned out in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Big Lift—How the Berlin blockade was broken, a film that includes a good deal of standard romantic stuff but has to its credit authentic scenes of the United States Air Force in action. The professional actors involved are led by Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; May 18.)

The Fallen Idol—A small boy's introduction to a bewildering adult world in which illicit love and violent death figure prominently. A British picture, and a fine one. Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan participate. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable British study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Samson and Delilah—DeMille on the rampage again in the Bible country. Ostentatiously simple-minded. With Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 18. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through May 20. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; May 20-23. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 23.)

The Third Man—Orson Welles, as a racketeer in postwar Vienna, being pursued all over the city by Joseph Cotten and several squads of cops. Directed by Carol Reed from a Graham Greene script, the film works up some lively scenes now and then. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Under My Skin—John Garfield as a jockey up to no good in Europe. An adaptation of the Hemingway story "My Old Man," which includes some stimulating gallops. Micheline Prelle soothes Mr. Garfield when he isn't busy riding. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through May 22. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; through May 24.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Jean Gabin as an aging French fugitive having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film that is first-rate all along the line. Isa Miranda assists Gabin. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Lillian Gish in D. W. Griffith's famous job. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through May 22, tentative.)

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of Dostoevski's novel. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; starting May 19.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French film concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

Henry V (1946)—Sir Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through May 19. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 21. . . . ¶ Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; May 19-21.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting May 21, tentative.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—Harry Baur as the composer. In French. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; starting May 19.)

The Macomber Affair (1947)—Hemingway's tale of a hunting expedition in Africa. With Joan Bennett, Gregory Peck, and Robert Preston. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 21-22.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, May 21-23.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a tragic young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 21-23.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting May 21, tentative.)

Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; May 18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 21: Two German movies, "M" (1931), with Peter Lorre, and "Als Man Anfing zu Filmen" (1934). . . . ¶ Starting May 22: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
Through May 19 (tentative): "Scandals of Clochemerle" (in French).
From May 20: To be announced.

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Jackie Robinson Story," Jackie Robinson.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
May 18: **SHOE-SHINE** (in Italian), revival; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From May 19: **THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN** (in French), revival; and **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** (in French), revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through May 24 (tentative): "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Border Street" (in Polish).

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"In a Lonely Place," Humphrey Bogart.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
May 18: **THE BIG LIFT.**
From May 19: "The Capture," Teresa Wright, Lew Ayres.

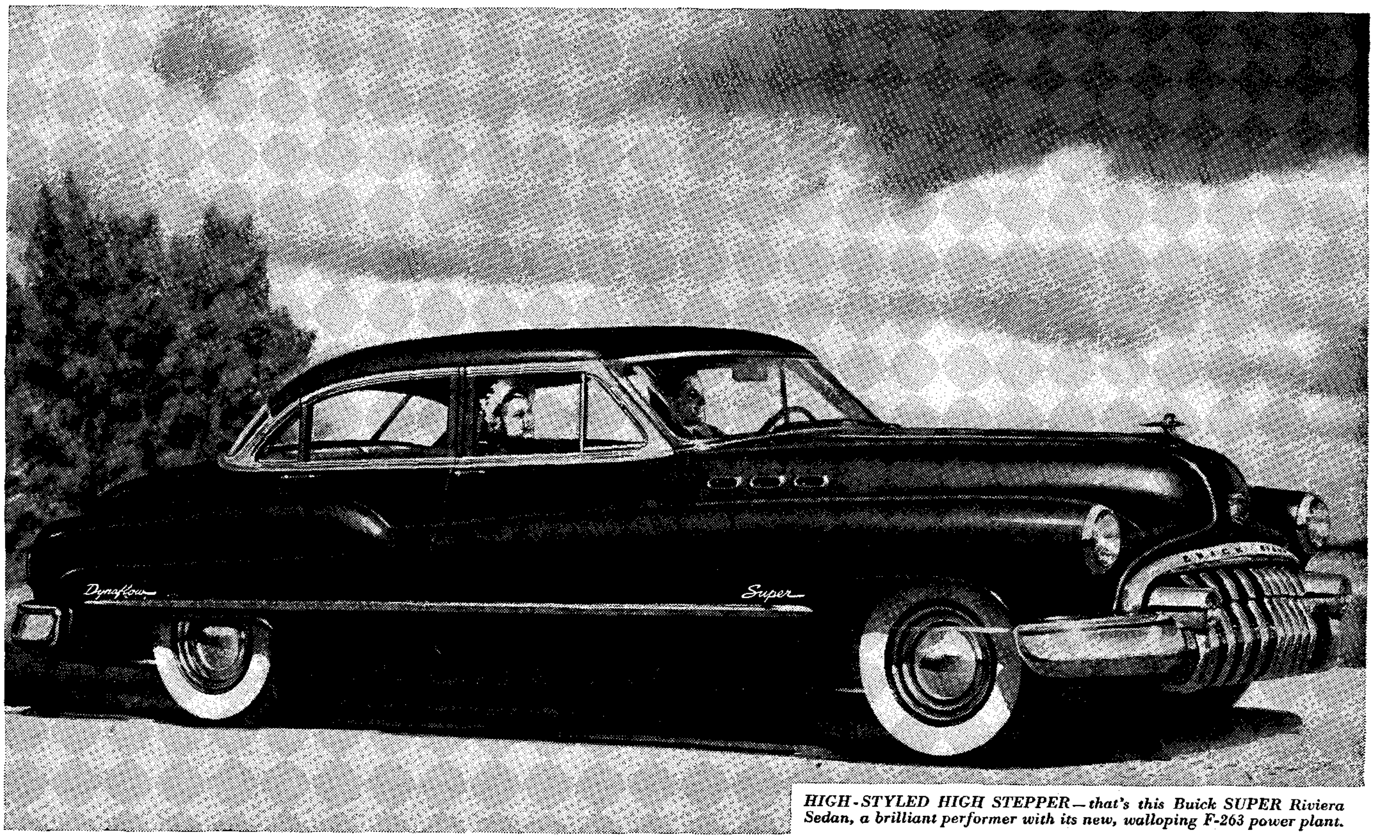
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
May 18: "Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature.
From May 19: "A Ticket to Tomahawk," Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
May 18: "Colt .45," Randolph Scott.
From May 19: "Caged," Eleanor Parker.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).



HIGH-STYLED HIGH STEPPER—that's this Buick SUPER Riviera Sedan, a brilliant performer with its new, walloping F-263 power plant.

Picture *with a Punch*

PARK it at the curb and watch it catch and hold the eye of passers-by.

Note how neighbors, doormen, friends and relations beam approval of this Buick's bold-patterned style lines—and you get a pretty good idea of the stunning picture you make here.

Now, get going—*and hold onto your hat.*

For that's a brand-new Fireball under your treadle-foot. A newly designed valve-in-head straight-eight power plant called the F-263.

And what it does to miles and minutes is a pleasure.

You get away swift as a wink and reach cruising speed in a handful of seconds. You level hills with an easy grace usually reserved for downgrades. You sweep along the highway with a purr and a whisper, and your destination is there before you know it.

That, sir, is Fireballing the F-263 way.

That is the surging lift and life and thrill to be found in every Buick SUPER for 1950—a breath-taking performance made even more exciting when coupled with the satiny smoothness of Dynaflow Drive.*

Go try this thrill—at your Buick dealer's.

He'll gladly arrange a no-obligation road trial, show you the good news of Buick's budget prices, and offer a deal much too good to miss.

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

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BUICK will build them

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

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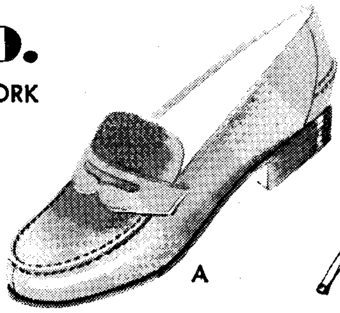
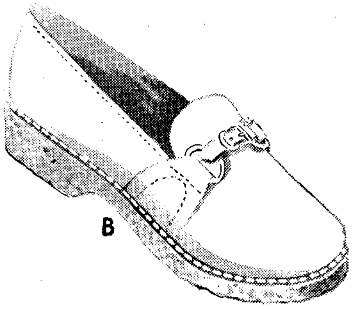
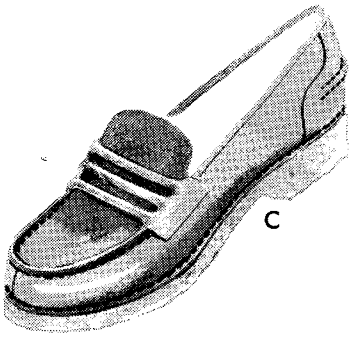
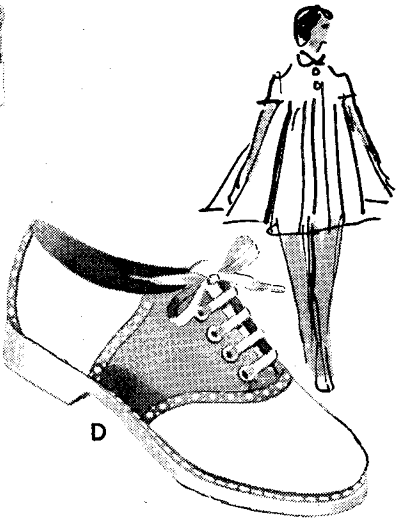
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



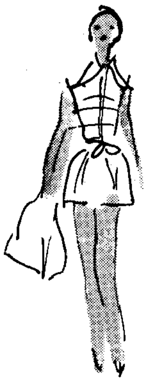


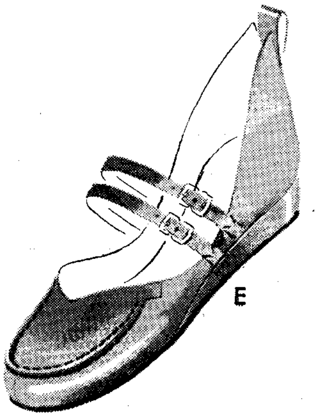
YOUNG COLONY'S*





PLAY SHOES FOR GAY TIMES





IN BRIGHT-HUED LEATHERS

(A) moccasin-type shoe in red or brown	pair 5.95
(B) crepe-rubber soled shoe in red, green, parchment or brown	pair 6.95
(C) crepe-rubber soled shoe, moccasin-type in red, brown or natural	pair 6.95
(D) saddle oxford with white rubber soles; brown with white	pair 6.95
(E) double-strap shoe in red or brown	pair 5.95

Young Colony* shoes, third floor

. . . and a selection at East Orange,
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

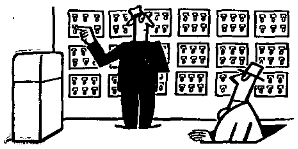
THE nickel call from a phone booth is on the way out, and probably the nickel juke box and soft-drink dispenser will soon be out, too. The Telephone Company says it is going to cost millions to convert to the new price structure, and that will certainly be true of the other organizations that fall into line. At this point, we have a suggestion to make that would save all this money, and do away entirely with the annoying business of having to alter the existing coin boxes. Our idea is that the Treasury Department arbitrarily re-evaluate our present coins, setting the worth of the nickel at ten cents and that of the dime at five cents. It has long struck us as absurd anyway that a puny, wafer-thin dime should be rated twice as high as the larger and heavier nickel. If the government were to adopt our scheme, the coin boxes would stay as they are, the purchasing power of our coins would bear a direct and sensible relationship to their size and weight, and, what's more, the American monetary system would be much easier for children and visiting foreigners to understand. Ruml could swing it!

SINCE the fall of 1935, we've had our offices on West Forty-third Street, next door to a firehouse. The firemen, inevitably, had a Dalmatian as a mascot—a friendly dog called Cappy, whom we always greeted by name. We didn't know until the dog died last week that he had been an ornament of our neighborhood since 1936, his West Forty-third Street life thus being almost an exact chronological duplicate of our own. According to an obituary in the *Times*, Cappy had been ill for several years and hadn't ridden a truck since 1942, because, as a grieving fireman put it, "our modern equipment goes awful fast, and it's hard for a dog to hold his balance when we take a corner." We had a lot more in common with Cappy than we ever realized, we now see. We, too, have had our chipper days and our days of editorial malaise; we have squirmed appreciatively when people patted us on the head, and have tried not to take it too hard when people we thought were going to pat us on the head walked by coldly, or gave us a slight kick in passing; occasionally, we have come perilously close to tumbling as, a trifle off balance, we tried to turn an unfamiliar corner. And there has never been a day yet when, hearing the sirens shriek next door, we weren't seized with the urge to drop our humdrum chores and leap on board one of the proud red chariots roaring down our street toward high adventure.

Fighting Sunlight

THE electric scoreboard that has replaced the manually operated one at the Yankee Stadium is, to plunge right into the facts, seventy-three feet long and thirty-four feet six inches high, and is considered by the management to be the most elaborate and most efficient scoreboard ever built and, in general, a big stride forward. In addition to giving all the information the old board did, it flashes a light to tell which half of an inning is being played and it lists the pitchers in all the other major-league games that day (this by flashing the pitchers' numbers, which are identified in the official program). The board is operated by two men, whereas the old board required four or five men, scrambling up and down ladders and dropping numbers through slots. Letters and numbers that don't have to be changed during a game, like those spelling out the names of the teams, are put up manually beforehand and are faced with a special non-glare enamel, so the batters won't be bothered by reflected sunlight. The rest of the characters are flashed by electric bulbs.

Behind the new board are two rooms of galvanized iron, one above the other, in which the operators work. The upstairs operator handles the home game, the downstairs operator the games in other cities. We spent a brief period with the operators the other afternoon, when the Yankees and White Sox were starting off a game. Arriving a few minutes before the first inning, we climbed a metal ladder to a dizzying height and maneuvered ourself through a narrow opening into the lower room, where we were immediately impressed by an array of small black and red keys, like adding-machine keys, set on control boxes along the front of the room. The operator, who wore a blue uniform and a battered fedora, said his name was Ralph and told us that there were, in all, five thousand and forty keys to control what he called the figuregrams on the face of the scoreboard. Most of them were upstairs, though, he said. A ticker started ticking, and Ralph inspected some numbers that appeared on the tape and pressed a few of the keys. "One key to a figuregram," he said. "Press a key, close a circuit, light up a figuregram. Twenty-two bulbs to a figuregram, each of which is fixed so it makes a shadow, because in the daytime you're fighting sunlight. We have modern-type numbers. Take the '7.' It isn't one of your inverted 'L's—has a fine diag-



onal sweep to it." The ticker started up again. We looked out through a rectangular peephole and saw the Yankees taking the field, and, bidding Ralph goodbye, climbed a ladder to the second room.

We found the keys conspicuously more numerous upstairs, and arranged differently. A battery of them on the left is for the visitors and a battery on the right for the Yankees. Labels read "Hits," "Runs," "Batter," and so on. Leaning down and looking out of a peephole was a second uniformed man, also wearing a fedora. He straightened up and addressed a loudspeaker high on one wall. "Am I coming through, Jimmy?" he asked. There was a scratching noise, and then a sound of whirring and grinding. "Fine!" boomed the speaker, above the grinding. "You're too loud, Jimmy," the operator said. "How's this?" asked the speaker in a lower tone. "Strike . . . strike . . . strike. You hear it, Henny?" "O.K. now," said Henny, and then took time to greet us and explain that Jimmy was stationed in the press box, right behind home plate. "He sits near the official scorer," Henny said. "When the scorer holds up"—an elevated train rumbled by loudly on tracks a few feet away from the room, shaking it hard, and Henny paused patiently—"his fingers in a circle, that's an error. One finger straight up is a hit. I light up an 'H' for a hit and an 'E' for an error, and if it's an error, I flash the number of the player who made it right beside the 'E.' Jimmy used to work on the old scoreboard. Now he's found a new home."

Henny looked through the peephole again. "Ready to go," he said, poising his right hand over the "Balls" and "Strikes" keys. The Yankee pitcher, who seemed a small man and far off, threw. "Strike!" hollered Jimmy. Henny instantly pressed a key. We asked if the new balk rule gives Jimmy any trouble. "It don't give Jimmy any trouble," Henny said, his eyes on the game. "It gives the pitcher trouble." After a few more pitches, the batter singled to left field. By the time the player had reached first base, Henny had cleared the balls and strikes by pressing a red key, had pressed the "1" key under "Hits" on the Chicago side of the control room, and, checking a score card tacked up before him, had pressed a key to register the number of the next batter. Henny's work obviously required intense concentration, so we exited down the ladder.

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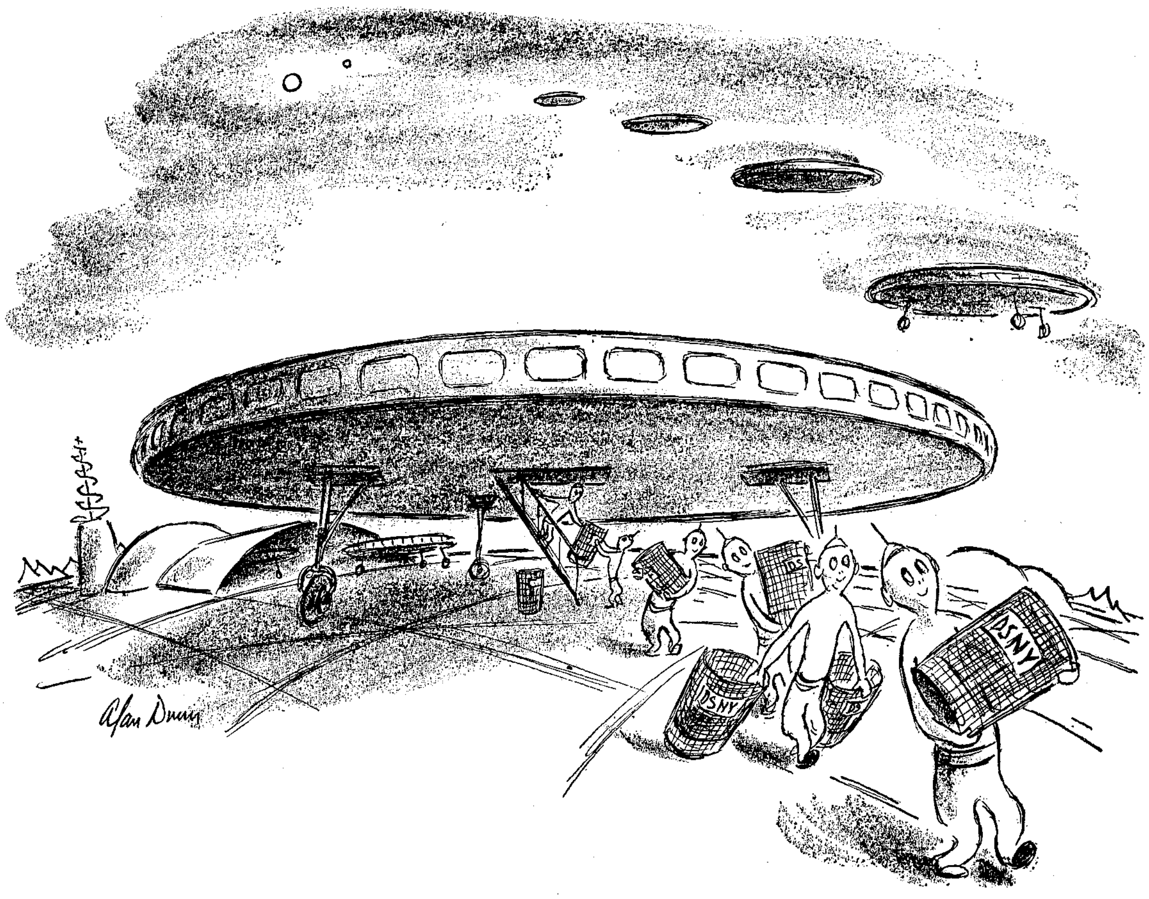
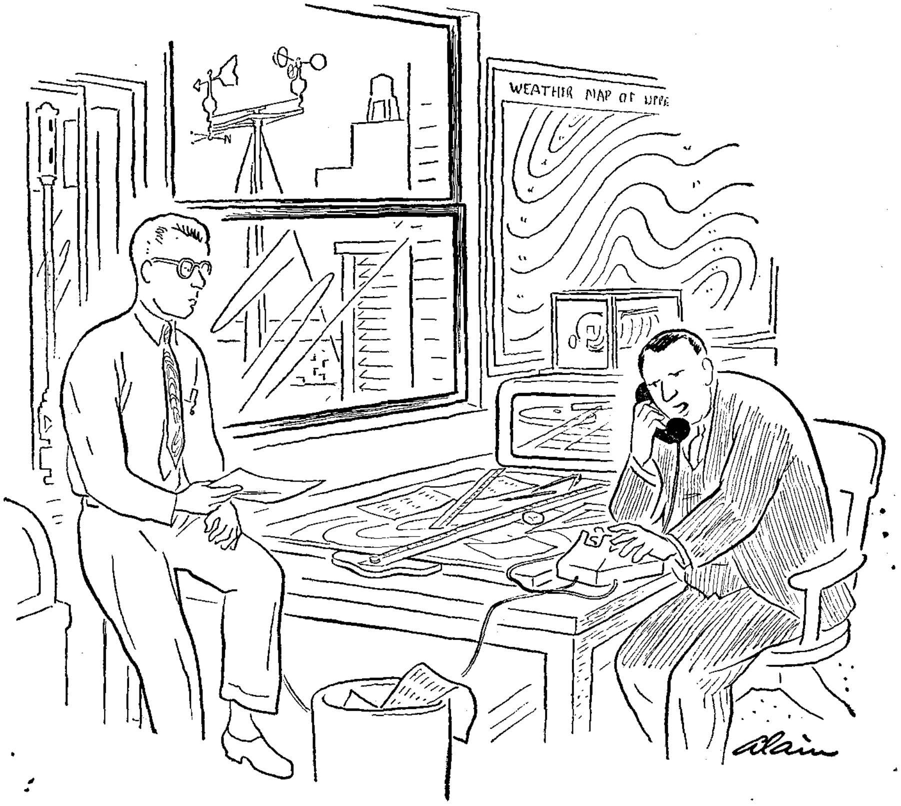
EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE: One of our foreign correspondents reports that the *spécialités du jour* on a recent *jour* at the Restaurant Indonesian, Rue du Trône, Brussels, were spaghetti, ravioli, and canelloni.

Bird from Down Under

A BREATHLESS lady representing United Artists phoned us last week to invite us to Grand Central to meet Caesar, a parrot arriving from Hollywood, and, having had an agreeable talk with a movie mule some time back, we said we'd be there. The ramp beside the track on which the Twentieth Century Limited had just arrived was echoing with the squawks of Caesar when we came upon the scene. He was in the custody of an elderly soul named Ethel Campbell and a comely miss named Ellye Marshall. "Speak to Mommy," Mrs. Campbell admonished the bird as we came up. The parrot, who was roosting on Miss Marshall's arm, said, "What's going on around here?" A half-dozen United Artists men on hand for the occasion said such things as "Marvellous!," "Unusual!," and "What a talent!" The bird nipped Miss Marshall on the cheek and shrieked, "How about it?" Miss Marshall, who we were told is a sort of Wampas baby star, passed him over to Mrs. Campbell. "Mrs. Campbell is his trainer," one of the United Artists men told us. "Treats him like a son." The bird pecked at a porter furiously. "He's tired," said Mrs. Campbell. "He missed his naps on this long trip." "I could get infected," said Miss Marshall. Somebody produced a cage decorated with mink tails. "Part of our exploitation for 'Champagne for Caesar,' " said one of the press agents. "He's supposed to be a high-class bird in the film. You can see the tieup." "His real name is Jackie," said Miss Marshall. "We worked together on the movie." The parrot began to cough sullenly. "Jackie's angry," said Mrs. Campbell. A photographer from the *News* appeared and started taking pictures right and left. "Caesar's got a suite at the Park Sheraton," said a





"This is the Weather Bureau, Dr. Howell. We wondered whether you're planning anything for tomorrow."

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press agent. "Maybe we ought to get him up there." Everybody headed for the Park Sheraton.

On the way uptown, we asked Mrs. Campbell how she happened to come into possession of the bird. "It's a very sad story," she said. "I had a friend, Mrs. Lawes, who used to have a bird act in vaudeville, and one day I went to see her on Eighth Avenue—in the Forties, where I'm still living—and she was just feeling terrible. I wanted to get her a doctor, but she wouldn't have it, and when I called next day, there was Jackie sitting on her shoulder, and she was dead. It took me six months to get him to like me." We inquired about Mrs. Campbell's past, and she told us that years ago she used to do shoulder work in a bicycle act and after that was a living statue, and that nowadays she just lives for Jackie. When we reached the hotel, the *News* man suggested buoyantly, "Let's have the bird register, like a regular guest." Perched on one of Mrs. Campbell's arms, Jackie muttered about having a drink. "I've never seen him so upset," said Mrs. Campbell. "Speak to me, Jackie." "What's going on around here?" Jackie said. "In the movie," said Miss Marshall, "Jackie had a stand-in, a stuffed bird." "Let's get going," the *News* man urged, and Mrs. Campbell carried Jackie to the desk and set him down there. "How about putting a pen in his claws?" the *News* man suggested. Jackie bit a pencil in two and then took a drink of ink. "Naughty!" said Mrs. Campbell. "I'm very afraid of parrot fever," said Miss Marshall. "Jackie's from Australia, where the very best parrots come from," said Mrs. Campbell. "He's fifty-five years old and will live to be over a hundred." The bird paced around the desk nervously. "Make him calm down," the *News* man said. "Emotionally," said Mrs. Campbell, "Jackie is just like a baby." She cheeped at him affectionately. "I often thought it would be nice if Jackie got married," she continued, "but he's never met a girl he liked, even at the Bronx Zoo." "O.K., so we've got him registered," the *News* man said. "Let's go up to the apartment. We'll have him and this young lady here take a bath." "Do I have to change?" Miss Marshall inquired. "Look," the *News* man said, "we're not trying for any cheesecake. You can hold the shower curtain around you, if that's the way you want it. The way I see it is this parrot checks in, takes a bath, has a drink, and calks off." "I still remember seeing poor Mrs. Lawes lying there with Jackie, brokenhearted, on her shoulder," said Mrs. Campbell.

Going up in the elevator, Mrs. Campbell told us that the real test of a parrot's capacity for speech is whether or not he can say, " 'Ere's your 'at, Governor." "Why is that?" we asked. "That I don't know," said Mrs. Campbell. "Say, ' 'Ere's your 'at,' Jackie." Jackie looked at her glumly and said, "What's going on around here?" "Jackie loves bread and butter, and coffee with cream," Mrs. Campbell said. "Polly want a cracker?" the elevator man remarked. "Go to hell," said Jackie. "That's the only bad word he knows," said Mrs. Campbell. "Could I pull that shower curtain around me with my clothes on?" asked Miss Marshall. "Do it any way you like," the *News* man told her.

Guilty

A Seven-Year-Old boy who had happened to be a witness to a traffic accident was taken from school by a couple of cops to make a statement at their precinct station. When he got home that afternoon, he rendered to his mother a full and lively account of all that had occurred, concluding, "After I'd confessed, they took me back to school."

Busy Baron

Baron Philippe de Rothschild, proprietor of the storied Château Mouton-Rothschild vineyards, has been in town, and we caught him at the Pierre just before he set off on a wine-tasting and vintner-visiting tour of the country. He is a clean-shaven, urbane, lighthearted man of forty-eight, the product of a number of intra-family marriages that began in 1824. We questioned him closely about his genealogy, and found him not completely up on it himself. He did know, though, that his Great-Grandfather Nathaniel, an Englishman, married a French cousin, and that another great-grandfather married a cousin, and that their daughter, his paternal grandmother, married *her* cousin. Great-Grandfather Nathaniel became a naturalized Frenchman, and in 1853 bought an estate thirty miles northwest of Bordeaux, on the River Gironde, where some of the best claret of the region is produced. It is on behalf of this claret, much of which is bottled under the names Mouton-Rothschild and Mouton-d'Armailhacq, and of the

Société Vinicole de Pauillac, which the Baron heads and which acts as distributor for many neighboring wine producers, that the Baron is here. He got interested in viniculture and vinidistribution during the First World War, when his parents, for safety's sake, removed him from school in Paris and shipped him to Bordeaux. He lived there four years, and spent most weekends at Nathaniel's 1853 purchase, which had come down to his father, the late Baron Henri de Rothschild. "I reported to my father that the wine end of the place was being badly handled," he said, "and when I was twenty-one, he told me to go ahead and run the estate. He was a doctor, and he also wrote plays. He wasn't primarily interested in the wine business. I've tried to stress quality rather than quantity. We label only our superior vintages Mouton-Rothschild or Mouton-d'Armailhacq; we bottle the lesser ones under the name Mouton-Cadet." Rothschild added that this was kind of a pun in French. "I've come here to meet pleasant wine-lovers," he continued. "As a matter of fact, all wine-lovers are pleasant."

We besought the Baron to dwell upon some of his non-wine activities, which we knew, sketchily, were extensive, and he said, "I've done everything possible in my life. I've raced automobiles and have driven in four Grand Prix events, in France, Germany, Spain, and Monaco. My partner and I came in fourth in a field of thirty in the twenty-four-hour race at Le Mans in 1929, driving a Stutz against a strong coalition of Bentleys on an eight-mile track. We alternated, in three-hour shifts. One does that sort of thing when one is young. I was a champion yachtsman between 1923 and 1938—won five or six hundred sailing races, in six- and eight-metre boats, at regattas all over Europe. I don't mean to be boastful, but in 1933 I produced one of the early French talking pictures, 'Lac aux Dames,' an adaptation of a Vicki Baum book—Colette did the dialogue, and Simone Simon made her début in it—and Gaston Bonheur and I have recently collaborated on a play we expect will be produced in Paris this fall. It's based on the most famous British novel ever written, but I can't talk about it yet; the contracts haven't been signed. I've also done the scenarios for two films that will be made in France."

Rothschild served in the French Air Force during the last war and was imprisoned by the Vichy government. He escaped after nine months, joined de Gaulle in London, landed in Normandy, and in the last stages of the war was a Civil Affairs officer with the British Second Army. His wife, the former Comtesse de Chambure, was captured in Paris by the Germans and deported to Germany, where she died in a concentration camp. Their only child, Philippine, is a student in Paris. "My brother James's daughter is a film star," the Baron said. "She's appearing in the movie version of Cocteau's 'Enfants Terribles,' under the name Nicole Stéphane. I have many friends in Hollywood—I was there fifteen years ago, with my father—and I expect to see them next week. I'm going to California to meet the winegrowers there. California wine is a good introduction to the great French wines, you know. In our country, even the wealthy people drink ordinary wines every day—some of the California ones are just as good—and then they drink the better ones as a treat. No reason why people here shouldn't do the same."

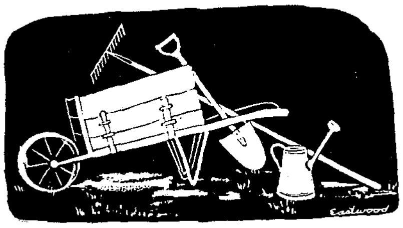
Diagnosis

LADY who sent her cigarette lighter to its makers to be repaired has got it back, along with the following note in longhand:

DEAR MADAM:
This lighter was left fall, and it lit on the lighter part. Thank you.

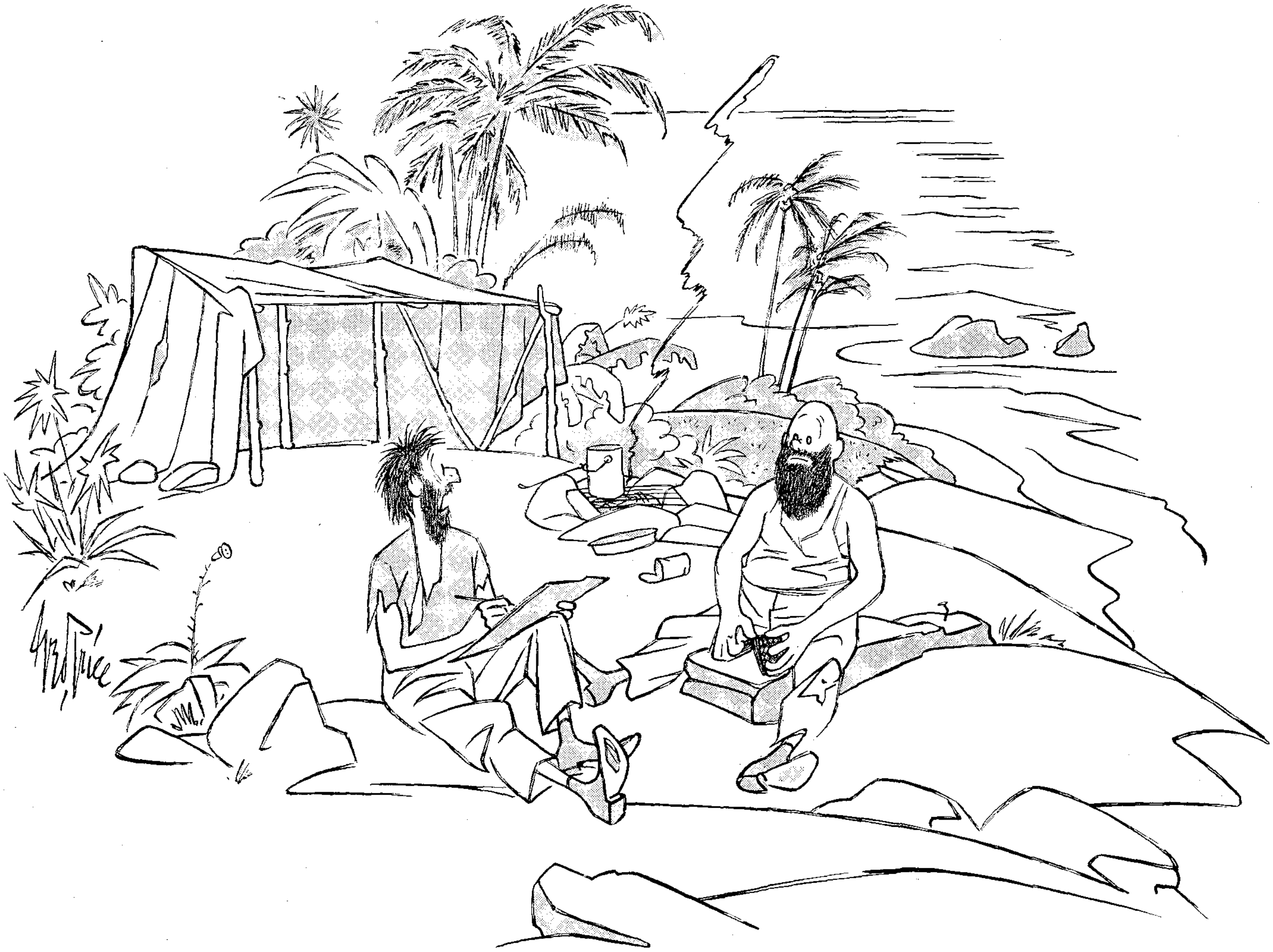
Lawn Party

THE United States Conference of Mayors, an organization to promote coöperation among some two hundred and fifty of the biggest cities in the country, held its annual session last week, at the Waldorf, and we stopped in there shortly before Their Honors and their wives were to go in a body to Gracie Mansion, for a late-afternoon lawn party given by Mayor and Mrs. O'Dwyer. A number of foreign mayors were guests of the Conference, and on our arrival at the Waldorf we found one of them, the Mayor of Geneva, Switzerland, speaking from the dais in the Grand Ballroom on the general subject of what it feels like to be a mayor. The audience seemed restive, and various mayors, identified as to city and state by badges on their lapels, kept straggling out into the corridors to smoke and exchange municipal small talk. We straggled after a couple of prime specimens—plump, middle-aged, bespectacled, and hard-breathing—who turned out to be discussing the only female mayor present, a Mrs. Lee, of Portland, Oregon. "She's busting all the slot machines up there," the first mayor said, and the second mayor shook his head and said he hoped his wife wouldn't run into her. It was his opinion that that sort of do-gooding could be carried too far. "Where *is* your wife?" No. 1 asked. "Upstairs dressing, as usual," said No. 2. "She's been dressing ever since nine o'clock this morning for that darn lawn party."



We continued to mingle with the mayors, fruitfully. "We have decontrolled rents in Chattanooga very, very successfully," the Mayor of Chattanooga said to the Mayor of Kansas City, Kansas. "You people ought to talk to Mayor Joe Darst, of St. Louis," said a man behind us, whose badge we couldn't quite make out. "He's a real-estate man himself, but he's working against his own best interests. He's going to Washington to *oppose* decontrol. Minute he gets to Washington, he'll be paying one of those social calls on the President." "You mean Harry?" said the Mayor of Kansas City, Kansas. "I know Harry. I saw him socially last Christmas." "Mr. Mayor!" a voice called out, and half a dozen mayors wheeled in unison, like a squad of overweight Rockettes. "What you seeing tonight?" a mayor asked, and his companion answered, " 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.' " "*I'm* seeing 'South Pacific,' " the first mayor said. "I want to relax and forget myself. I got nothing but trouble and grief back home."

The mayors and their wives, who materialized from the upper floors of the Waldorf, were shepherded into a dozen buses, and the cavalcade set out for Gracie Mansion. We went right along, too, incognito, and took a seat between the Mayor of Newport, Kentucky, and the Mayor of Allentown, Pennsylvania. The Mayor of Newport said that he had been looking all day for the Mayor of Cincinnati. "People from Cincinnati keep swarming over the border into Newport, and that's why we need law enforcement so bad in Newport," he said. "The Mayor of Cincinnati is a swell fellow, but—" The Mayor of Allentown interposed that while New York is a fine city in many respects, he hadn't been able not



"That makes six hundred seventy-four million two hundred five thousand six hundred and forty-two dollars you owe me."

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to keep noticing the nakedness of the street lamps here. "No *flowers* on the lamps," he said, bafflement in his voice. "Down in Allentown, we have bowls of flowers on *all* the street lamps." "We have flowers on our street lamps, too," said a man to our rear, whom, examining his badge, we discovered to be the Mayor of Saginaw, Michigan. "*Our* buses don't rattle like these," said a mayor somewhere behind the Mayor of Saginaw. "Are we going to be invited inside Gracie Mansion?" asked a lady behind the mayor behind the Mayor of Saginaw. "I'm dying to see how Mrs. O'Dwyer has done the place."

At Gracie Mansion, Mayor and Mrs. O'Dwyer greeted their guests at the foot of the front porch, and the guests proceeded onto the lawn. A five-piece orchestra in scarlet, gold-braided uniforms was playing under a beech tree and a forty-five-piece band in Mexican costume was standing by, under a butternut tree. Waiters passed among the guests with trays of champagne, highballs, and canapés. The sun shone, and the East River was brave with whitecaps. "Champagne!" exclaimed a mayor at our elbow. "I wish we could afford to serve this stuff back home, instead of Virginia Dare." "O'Dwyer doesn't have to pay for this," someone explained in a knowing whisper. "It comes straight out of Grover Whalen's entertainment fund." "It's all terribly glamorous," a lady said. "Even so, I wish it would rain. Then we'd *have* to be invited inside." The Mayor of Fresno, California, stared at Gracie Mansion. "They must have spent a million fixing this place up," he said, and the Mayor of Houston complained cheerfully that Houston didn't give *him* any house. The Mexican orchestra gathered and struck up "Guadalajara." The waiters passed more champagne, more canapés. No matter what the ladies wanted, it was evidently not going to rain. We found ourself standing beside the Mayor of Helsinki, Finland, who was peering wistfully at the clipped grass underfoot. He told us he lives in an apartment building that has no lawn at all. "When I give party in Helsinki," he said, "I have to give party in Helsinki park." The ladies, alas, never did get into the Mansion.

Windfall

ON a sunny morning last week, a gentleman stopped in at the Brooks Costume Company to rent something for a fancy-dress ball. He took off his topcoat and his suit, tried on several outfits, selected one, put on his suit, and set out for his office. Late that afternoon, he realized that he had left his topcoat behind. He called up Brooks, who, after a brief delay, advised him apologetically that his coat had been rented to N.B.C. for the evening but that they'd have it for him first thing next morning, if he'd call by for it. He picked it up then, along with three dollars, the rental fee.

PERSONNE ICI EXCEPT US CHICKENS

YES, it was fantastic, inconceivable, illogical, but no more so than lots of things that happen nowadays. One sunny forenoon along about the middle of March, the man whose teeth I brush every morning and shave (although there is less and less left to shave of late) was seated on the top step of a country post office in eastern Pennsylvania, immersed in a recent issue of *Harper's Bazaar*. It was a peaceful scene and one that would have quickened the step of any painter—the feathery pale green of the willows mirrored in the placid bosom of the canal, the darker green of the man's face suspended above the magazine, the rainbow pastel of steam escaping from his nostrils as he warmed to its pages. I had just skimmed the Paris openings and was sampling an essay on estrogenic face creams when Rufe Hillpot slid down beside me. Rufe is a fibrous little poultryman of sixty-odd whose solvency is as questionable as that of Prudential Life and who has forgotten more about baby chicks than *Harper's Bazaar* will ever know. Not that this sleek publication ordinarily concerns itself with anything so mundane, but spread out on the page before me was a photograph of seven cheeping Leghorn chicks pecking straw, seductively captioned "And Even the Chickens Work for Beauty."

"What's that book?" demanded Rufe, professional curiosity finally conquering his deep-rooted conviction that anything in print is a ruse to extract money from the unwary. I told him it was a gazette of the bon ton chiefly devoted to feminine fashion and Milady's loveliness. "You read that?" he asked with a quick, suspicious glance. "Why?"

"Well—er—I like to look at the patterns," I said lamely, and then flushed scarlet. "I mean my wife's in the garment trades—that is, she trades one garment for another—" Fortunately, Rufe's interest had shifted to the photograph of the chicks, and I hastily followed up the advantage. "Listen to this, Rufe," I said with a deep, booming laugh that scotched any hint of androgyny. "Right up your alley." I read off the caption to him in a manly bass. " 'All Paris is talking about a new beauty product called Retzoderme that is supposed to be death on wrinkles. "It comes from chickens," women scream to each other over the lunch table, and so it does, for its manufacturers call it an embryonic juice extracted from eggs at the moment when the embryo's cells are reproducing most rapidly. It is sealed in glass ampoules and rushed, fresh, to the lady's dressing table. Parisiennes swear that they can see results after only a few days' use, especially on the crêpy skin of the neck. The Leghorn farm and laboratory where the product is made is on the outskirts of Paris near the Forest of Marly. And there we photographed these baby chicks destined for a long career of egg-laying solely in the interests of beauty. Sorry, there's no Retzoderme in America—as yet.' "

"You know," remarked Rufe, thoughtfully rubbing his grizzled chin, "if a feller played his cards right, that could turn into a nice sideline."

"Darn tooting," I said, humoring him. "A hatchery the size of yours, he'd be on Easy Street in no time. Of course, he'd have to nip over to the old country and see how they do it."

"You hit the nail on the head, son," said Rufe. "When do we start?"

"Now, hold your horses, Rufe," I said indulgently. "You don't really believe this works, do you?"

"Why not?" he snapped. "Says so in the paper, don't it?"

"Sure, sure," I said, "but you've got to understand about the cosmetic industry." I made a short, incisive talk, not one word of which he heard, explaining how the journalistic peony thrives in the rich humus of publicity and advertising, and, at the end of it, reluctantly consented to lend him the magazine overnight. There was a feverish glint in his eye when I dropped him off at his barn, and I did not like the glib "*Oui, m'zoo*" with which he acknowledged my parting injunction to stick to his last.

EARLY the next morning, as I was cross-pollinating the ageratum (I always like to cross-pollinate the ageratum before the linnets get into it), Rufe excitedly sped up the lane in his Winton Six and collared me. His kin had discussed the commercial potentialities of the rejuvenator and were prepared to underwrite an immediate trip abroad to scout its validity and production technique. They felt, furthermore, that if I could be persuaded to accompany Rufe, my familiarity with France would be invaluable in smoothing his way.

"Won't cost you a dime," he said forcefully. "All expenses paid—in a thing as big as this, a man can't afford to be a piker. Just say the word and I'll phone down to Philly for the plane tickets."

"Wait a minute, friend," I protested. "I wouldn't mind a week or two in Paris, but I've got a family to think of."

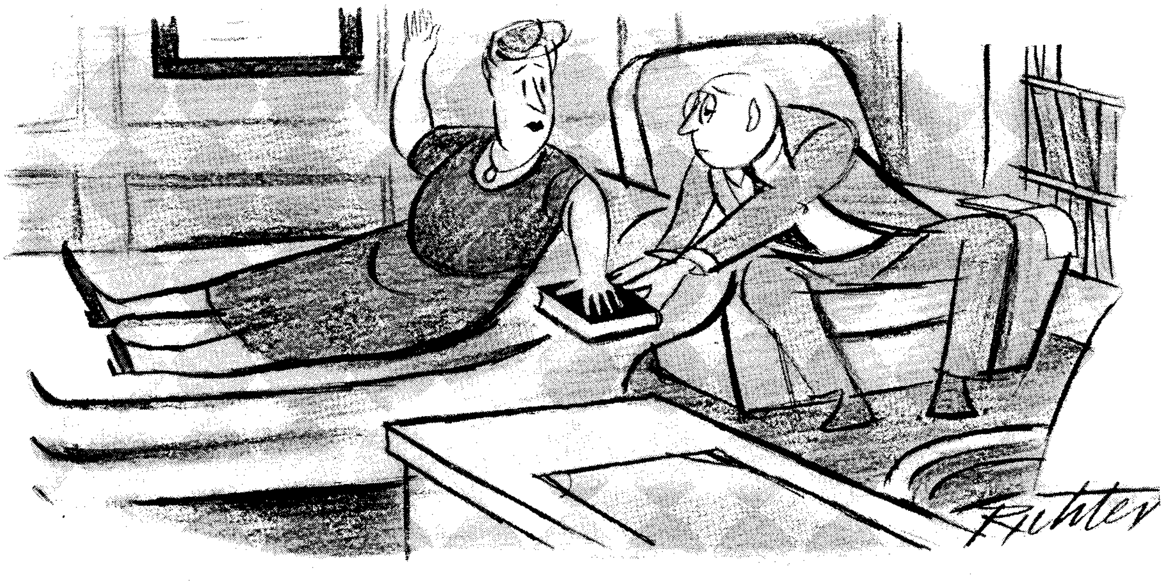
"It'd be a marvellous rest for them while you're gone," he pointed out coaxingly. "Tell you what, I'll throw in a Maggy Rouff ensemble for the Missis. How's that?"

"You're certainly picking up the idiom fast," I commented.

"I always keep abreast of the times," Rufe said coolly. "Well, what's the verdict—yes or no?"

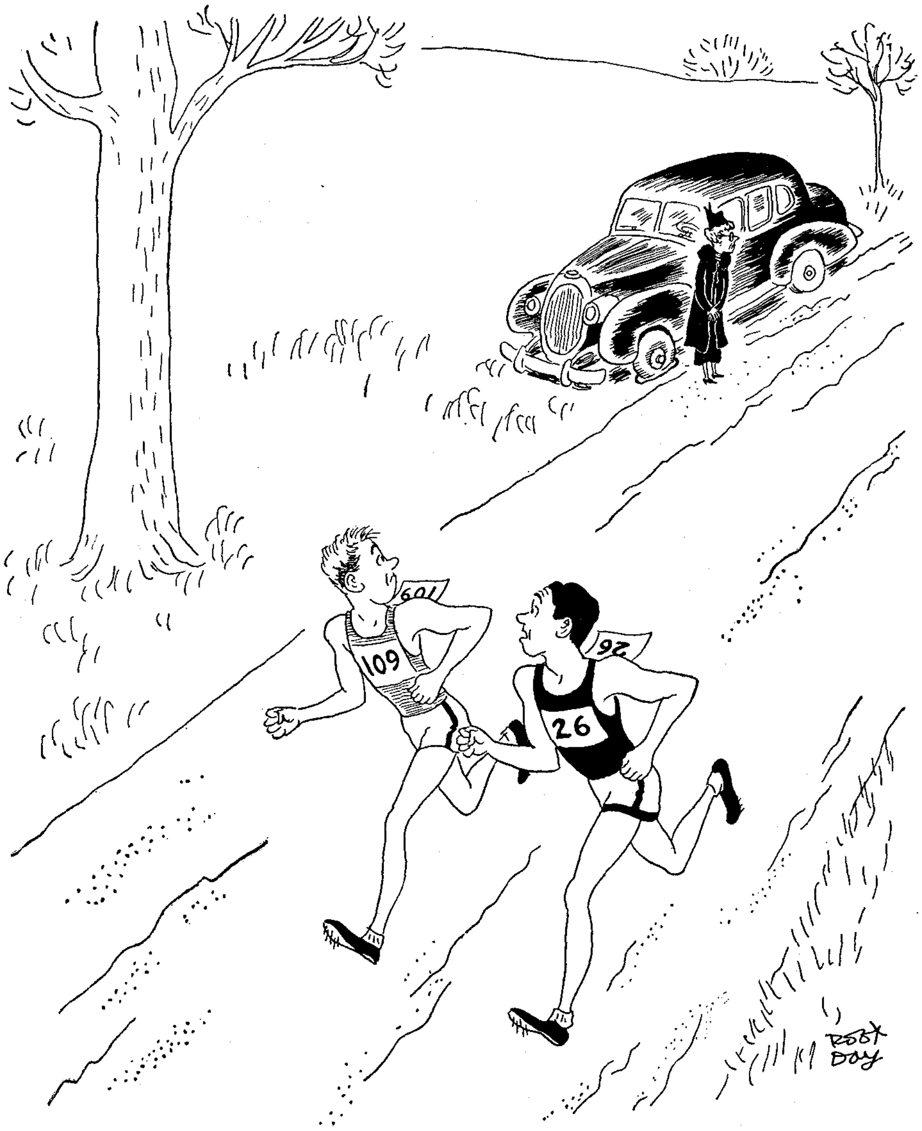
"Jeekers!" I began, my thoughts in a whirl. "You act as if this were a trip to Allentown. You'd have to get a passport and—"

Rufe looked over his shoulder at a pair of robins scrutinizing us



narrowly from a nearby herbaceous border and lowered his voice. "I know a Red in the State Department who can fix anything," he confided. "Now, how much applejack will we need?"

The task of justifying a spontaneous trip overseas to my wife was not easy, but once she grasped the importance of our errand and the magnitude of the stakes involved, her misgivings vanished. The realization that she would have a free hand with the household chores, the dishwashing and scrubbing that I had selfishly appropriated as my special domain, more than compensated for the crêpes Suzette and vintage champagne I was slated to enjoy. Chief among the problems confronting Rufe and me in the hurly-burly of leave-taking was the question of wardrobe. It was my colleague's opinion, and I heartily concurred, that our native overalls and galluses would excite derision in the *beau monde;* we wished, understandably, to mingle inconspicuously on soigné levels without the imputation of "hayseed" being thrown at us. I therefore procured, after some searching, a couple of Prince Albert coats and silk toppers with conical crowns, of the sort worn by those legendary stereotypes, Alphonse and Gaston. The effect was Frenchy in the extreme, and it was obvious from the deference with which everyone at Idlewild gave way to us that we would have no difficulty in passing as *flâneurs* just off the Grand Boulevards.



"Makes a fellow feel sort of like a heel, doesn't it?"

TWENTY-THREE hours after the moment the giant airliner soared up from the runway, Rufe and I were seated before Byrrh-cassis at Fouquet's, on the Champs-Elysées, our eyes drinking in the colorful panorama eddying about us. Ever and anon, saucy midinettes with hatboxes twinkled past, their silken ankles a target for the ardent glances of gendarmes twirling spiked mustaches and muttering appreciative ooh-la-las. Flower-sellers hawked their wares—i.e., sold their flowers—amid the undulating throng; furtive apaches from Montmartre in gooseneck sweaters and caps, bent on who knows what sinister missions, slunk by, now and then violently repulsing their importunate drabs; and everywhere on the terrace elegantly gowned women in the latest creations from Paris flaunted their plumage and shrilly exchanged beauty recipes.

"You don't see anything like this in Plumsteadville, do you?" I observed jokingly. "Keep your ears open, Rufe; if that chicken juice is really meritorious, these gals'll know the score." Hardly had the words left my lips when I heard a high-pitched feminine voice behind me. "*Ça vient des poulets!*" it was screaming. "It comes from chickens! It's *merveilleux*, *épatant*, *incroyable!*" I nudged Rufe significantly and we craned around to obtain a better view of the speaker. She was a handsome *femme du monde* in her early forties, superbly hatted, gloved, and shod by the most exclusive couturiers of the Rue de la Paix, and every detail, from her heaving embonpoint down to her diavolo heels, was a testimonial to Gallic chic. She had distended the erstwhile crêpy skin of her neck for the inspection of her companion, an equally modish lady, and was exhibiting the miraculous change wrought by the ampoule before them on the table. "But eet ees like suède, *votre peau* [your skin]!" the other woman exclaimed rapturously, unscrewing a watchmaker's glass from her eye. "*Ma foi*, this unparalleled extract of embryonic fowls should prove a boon to countless women which they are distraught by crow's-feet and similar inroads of senility!"

"You hear that?" whispered Rufe triumphantly. "I bet this is going on all over town, like the paper said." And, indeed, loath as I was to spring to conclusions, a circuit of various haunts of fashion—the Steam Room of the Ritz, Weber's, the Crémaillère, and the Ambassadeurs—corroborated his belief. Wherever smart society forgathered, the magic wrinkle-remover was the topic of the moment; Dior and Balenciaga, quick to sense a trend, had seized on poultry as the leitmotiv of their spring collections, and "Cracked Corn," the nude revue at the Bal Tabarin, was in its eighth smash week. Satisfied that *Harper's Bazaar* had not exaggerated the furor caused by the cream, Rufe proposed that we address ourselves to the task of eliciting its formula. He was all for a bold frontal attack, suggesting that we invade the laboratory, lay our pasteboards on the table, and negotiate for American manufacturing rights. The time had now come, I felt, to reveal to my partner the fruit of certain inquiries I had been developing privately.

“Rufe,” I said, choosing my words carefully, “you must first be apprised that the White Russian syndicate that controls this process—former Czarist officers and unscrupulous men, as you will shortly comprehend—has no earthly intention of relinquishing a secret worth, by conservative estimate, many millions of francs. Worse yet, by approaching them as you indicate, you will fall into the very trap they have prepared for you.”

“What's that? What's that?” he exclaimed agitatedly. “Do they know we're here?”

“Know?” I permitted myself a thin smile. “They *lured* you here, man. What if I were to tell you that they printed that one special copy of *Harper's Bazaar*, with its caption designed to inflame your poultryman's cupidity, just to entice you away from Pennsylvania?”

“But—but I don't follow,” Rufe faltered. “Why should they do that?”

“So they could buy your hatchery at a fraction of its value,” I said. “They desperately needed your chicks and your reputation to capture the American market, and, with a ruthlessness unmatched in modern criminal annals, they will stick at nothing to attain their ends. Here is a cable from your son, who fortunately did not yield to the blandishments of their agents and wired me in time.”

“I knew there was suthin' fishy from the start,” said Rufe slowly. “When did you cotton on to these sarpints?”

“When I detected one of their creatures tailing us from Orly airport,” I replied. “This morning, while you were still in the arms of Morpheus, I drove to the Forest of Marly, entered the laboratory by forcing a sash, and established their guilt from documents hidden in a disused autoclave.”

“I'll teach those plausible Rooshians to trifle with a Yankee farmer,” he declared, bristling like a turkey cock. “We're taking the next plane.”

“Steady on, Rufe,” I calmed him. “We can still turn the tables and get that formula, if you've nerve enough. Listen . . .”

FOUR hours later, the two of us crouched in the bedroom closet of a luxurious apartment on the Avenue Hoche tenanted by Gaby Delorme, the star of “Cracked Corn” and reigning toast of Paris. In a few terse whispers, I sketched in complexities I had hitherto withheld from my companion—how Grimalkin, head of the White Russian syndicate and Gaby's lover, had been deceiving the fair songstress with other women and how, by cleverly playing on her jealousy, I had influenced her to betray the formula to us.

“Why can't she betray it to us on the phone?” asked Rufe querulously. “What fer do we have to skulk in here like a passel of raccoons?”

“Sh-h-h!” I cautioned. “That's the way things are done over here.” Applying my eye to the keyhole, I made out Grimalkin, tipsily sprawled on a chaise longue, downing repeated goblets of Pol Roger while the beauteous Gaby, in a revealing peignoir, murmured endearments in his ear. The Muscovite's tongue was loosened and it was manifest that he was on the point of divulging the information we sought when events took a singularly unexpected turn. A peremptory knock sounded at the bedroom door and Gaby sprang up, her face ashen.

“*Mon Doo*, my 'usband!” she gasped. “If 'e finds you 'ere, *chéri*, 'e weel keel you!”

“Name of a name!” exploded Grimalkin. “Why have I never heard of this husband before?”

“Ze exposition was too extensive to plant 'is existence,” she hissed. “ 'Ide queek—no, not under ze bed; in ze closet!” Before Rufe and I could scramble behind the racks of costly gowns and furs, the closet door flew open and Grimalkin landed in our midst. I clapped a hand over his mouth to prevent his crying out, but luckily the wine had fuddled his senses and after a brief, unavailing struggle he grew passive.

Aeons passed as we cowered there expecting momentary discovery and humiliation; then the door reopened softly and Gaby, in an expressive pantomime signifying that her husband was reassured, conducted Rufe and me to a waiting fiacre. What became of the sodden Grimalkin, I cannot state with certainty, though the fact that there was a second fiacre, waiting behind ours, spoke volumes for Gaby's resourcefulness. Indeed, eight or ten fiacres were standing by, and I wondered fleetingly what the rest of her closets contained, but in the bustle of departure I thought it best not to pry.

ONE week afterward, I sat again on the top step of our rural Pennsylvania post office, idly watching the willow fronds sway in the warm breeze as I waited for the mail to be sorted. The benign sunshine had wafted me into semi-consciousness when an object similar to a rolled-up periodical dropped into my lap. As I straightened up with a start, I descried a familiar figure dwindling in the distance.

“Hi there, Rufe!” I sang after him. “What's your hurry, stranger? I never see you around any more!” He shouted something evasive about the egg business taking up most of his time. “Say, look here!” I called, holding up the newly arrived *Harper's Bazaar*. “Here's the latest issue of that magazine! Don't you want to borrow it?” To my surprise, he broke into a run as I started toward him, and vanished across the fields. I still can't figure out his motive; probably associated me with some frustration in his past, but Lord knows what. I tell you, just try and fathom these country people. *Ils sont absolument biscuit.* (They're absolutely crackers.)

—S. J. Perelman

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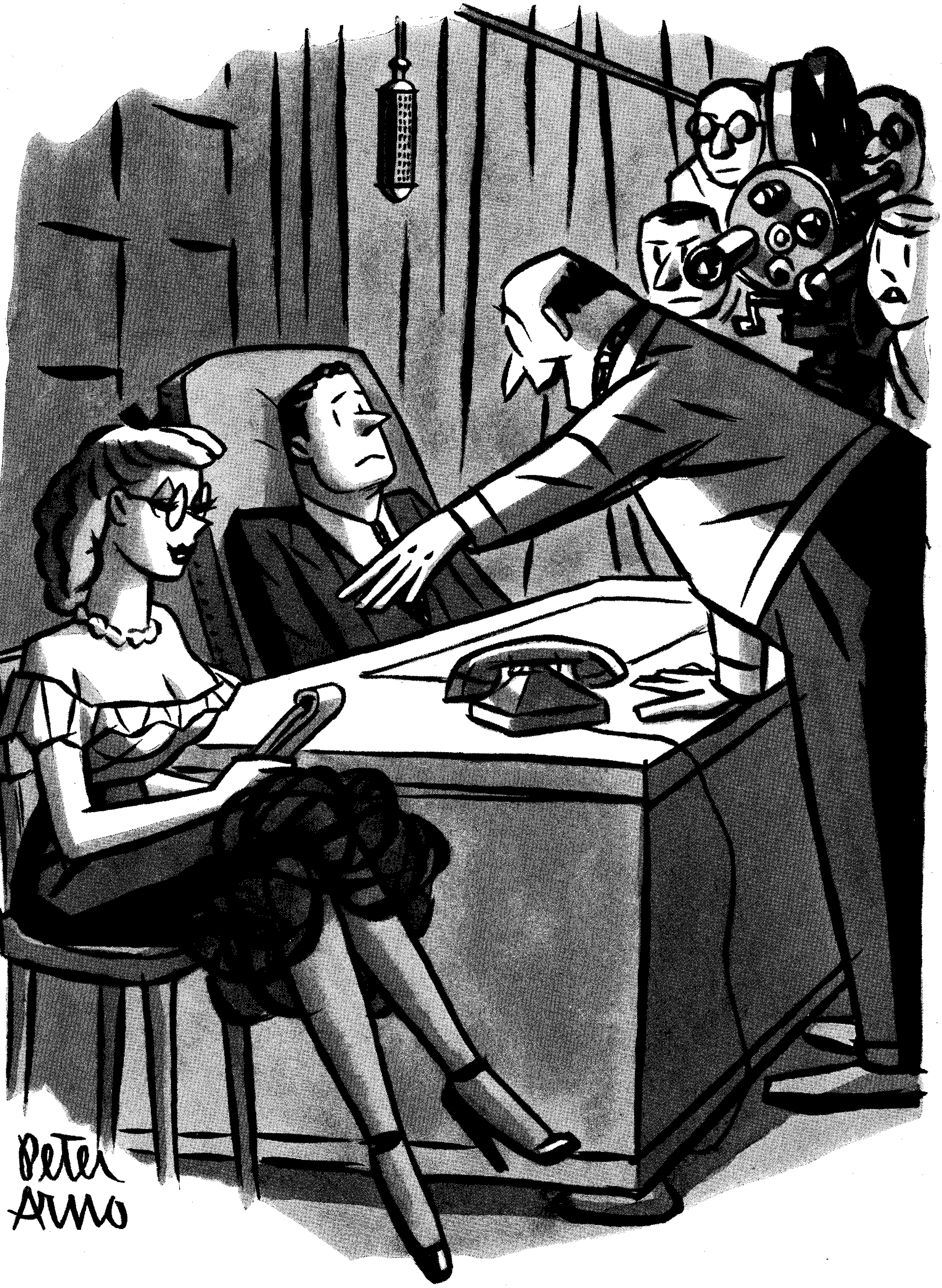
MUTATIS MUTANDIS

Says Phoebe Snow
About to go,
In scorn of the New York Central and the Empire
State Express because it's more scenic upon
the Lackawanna,
To Buffalo:
“My gown stays white
From morn till night
Upon the dieselized and air-conditioned quondam
Road of Anthracite.”

—Eugene O'Neill, Jr.



"You've never noticed her, see? She's just an ordinary Plain Jane an' you're oblivious to her. Then alluva sudden she happens t' take off her glasses . . ."

THE OLD MEN

TO the young man in the hospital nightshirt, the continuous moaning of the old voice across the hall was at first a simple irritant, like the clanking of radiator pipes. Could not somebody put a stop to it? was his involuntary, impatient query. He was furious with the hospital, with the doctor, and above all with his own irrelevance in having fallen off a ladder in his friend's New England studio and landed here at the county seat, with a broken elbow, in the private wing of an institution that, in everything but the charge *per diem,* resembled penury itself. The windy old voice perpetually crying "Nurse! Nurse!" from just across the corridor, groaning, quavering, soughing, seemed to typify everything that was antiquated and *unnecessary* in the whole situation. Despite the young man's efforts to take a more humane view, the notion that his old neighbor could be turned off with one severe twist of the wrist, like a leaking faucet, persisted in his head, together with the conviction that he himself, in the old man's position, would have shown more self-control. Once he had allowed himself to voice this comparative judgment, however, he was immediately filled with chagrin, for he was a just young man, of a cool but chivalrous disposition, and he recognized that there had been nothing, as yet, in his young life to test his powers of self-restraint; all he could say with positiveness was that in order to utter such vivid groans as proceeded from the opposite room he would have to be a different person—he would have to be ailing and old.

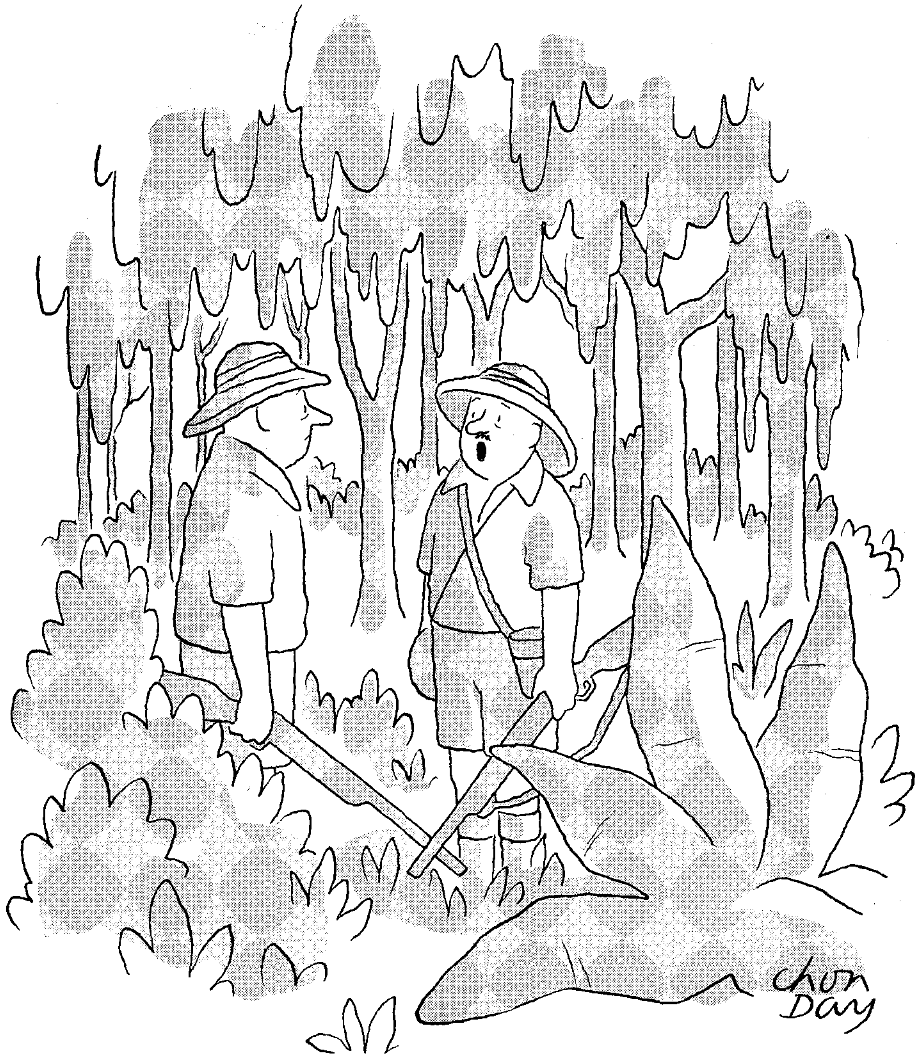
Yet the fact that he knew himself to be, on the contrary, rosy-cheeked, gold-haired, well-favored, a graduate student of history at Harvard University, the indulged son of his parents, did not dispose of his irritation. In fact, it only quickened it by making it appear unreasonable. To grit his teeth and endeavor not to hear would have been the conventional recourse, but his native hospitality and politeness now suddenly forbade him to eliminate the suffering old man from his consciousness, even if this had been physically possible. He felt a social obligation to listen. But the faculty of sympathetic attention, the young man rapidly discovered as he tried remorsefully to exercise it, is like the faculty of hearing; it ceases to respond to a regularly offered stimulus, just as one ceases to hear a clock ticking in a room. He found, upon experiment, that it was possible to replenish his compassion by picturing the old man as dying (in the manner of a jaded libertine who resorts to a mental image to resuscitate the inert *fact* of love), but even this spur to fellow-feeling soon failed to prick his imagination. In a very short time, he resigned himself to the truth that he could feel sad about the old man but not really sorry, and that for every squeeze of generalized pity there was a spurt of concrete hatred and repugnance.

"Am I a monster?" he asked himself curiously. "Or is this what everyone secretly feels toward another's ills, toward the intrusion of a foreign body into the consciousness—a reflex of distaste and censure?" In common with many of his generation who had missed the overseas war, he had kept, up to this moment, a boy's methodical piety toward the paraplegic, the refugee, the concentration-camp inmate, and even, in a peculiar way (typical also of his age and class), toward the torturer, who seemed somehow to share with the victim the distinction of participating in the actual. Now with the actual close at hand, in the form of a living sufferer, he was astonished to find it more remote from his own center of being, more irrelevant to his purposes and interests, than the sight of a plane crashing he had recently watched in a newsreel. A slight tremor of anxiety went through him. Would others extrude him from their minds so casually when his time came, or was he himself deficient in the ordinary corpuscles of humanity?

A screen had been cutting off his view of the invalid across the hall, but at mealtimes he gradually became aware of a process of ingestion that was going on in that room, a steady munching and salivating, which he felt rather than heard. This surprised him very much, and once, when the screen was moved, he caught a glimpse of a lump of bedclothes in the middle of the iron bedstead, which surprised him also, in the same way. There was something very active in that lump, very much alive, though how a mere convexity of bedclothes could communicate that impression, the young man could not tell.

All along, some reasoner in himself had been urging on him the idea that the old fellow was not really very sick, but the fact that such a suggestion could even occur to him was so shocking to his conscience that he had not stopped to consider it on its merits. Now, however, he sat up in bed and began to attend more objectively to his neighbor, who at present was banging feebly with what sounded like a spoon on a glass. A nurse grumbled next door in the diet kitchen; there was a rustle of starched skirts. "Use your bell, Mr. Ciccone!" she commanded. A faint moan answered her; a creak of arch-preservers followed as the nurse moved swiftly toward the bed. "Mr. Ciccone!" she cried sharply. The young man's heart gave a lurch ("Forgive me," he dumbly articulated, winging the thought after the old man, to

Garrett Price



"If we get separated, we'll meet at the Explorers Club in New York."

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catch him there, on the brink), but then from behind the screen came a grunt and a gurgling, tobaccoey noise, like the mirth of a subterranean river-god. The old man was laughing.

The young man uttered a limp cry. Everything had abruptly coalesced: the name Mr. Ciccone, the pictorial bass with a crack in it, the tremolo and the quaver. Mr. Ciccone was acting. And instantly that collection of noises, to which the young man had been vainly striving to assign a poignant universal reality, acquired life and character. The unseen Mr. Ciccone presented himself: yellow skin, rheumy yet brilliant black eyes, white mustachios, thin liver-spotted hands, long white nightshirt. An Italian grocer, the young man conjectured, with a son in dentistry or the automobile business; a natural obstructionist and fraud, posed in a white apron, with a mime's sense of the picturesque, against the escarole and the pomegranates, the barrels of imported almonds and walnuts, weighing out the parmigiano on the non-Detecto scales. The young man laughed joyously aloud. Mr. Ciccone was off his conscience and lodged preferentially in his heart.

From this moment, he came to wait for the groans and laments, for the plaintive tinkle of the spoon on the glass, the short puffs of indignation, the struggle against the bedpan and the hypodermic syringe. Mr. Ciccone, as the young man soon learned from one of the orderlies, was not in fact very sick; a leg injury and a mild diabetic condition had combined to put him in the hospital, where he was regarded as a "character" by the nurses on the floor. All day long, they scolded the disobedient old party, who was continually bored and mischievous and never would trust his bell to summon attention. He felt cozened by this "bell," which was really a light, not being able to hear it ring, and preferred to rely in any personal emergency on his own histrionic powers, weakly crying "Nurse! Nurse!," tapping with the spoon on the glass, gasping, choking, playing dead. He was able to counterfeit extremity with such various and graphic realism that, though he had been some time in the hospital, the nurses would still rustle in alarm down the corridor ("Coming, Mr. Ciccone!"), only to find the old man, with the covers drawn up to his chin, chuckling at them and demanding a game of casino or a glass of Coca-Cola. Sometimes, when a new student relief nurse was on the corridor, Mr. Ciccone would get his way and be sitting up in bed finishing the forbidden beverage when the head floor nurse would fly in, all indignant cap and rattling keys—"Why, Mr. Ciccone, you *know* that Coca-Cola is bad for you"—and whisk the glass out of the room.

Mr. Ciccone, naturally, took medicine only under protest. He would bargain for a game of cards in exchange for good behavior, and, failing this, two or three times a day he would put up a convincing resistance to the sedatives, enemas, milk of magnesia, penicillin or insulin injections called for by his chart, only stopping short of direct physical combat, and, having concentrated a whole battery of nurses in his room, submitting all of a sudden with an exaggerated show of weakness, as though to twit them for their display of force. After each of these submissions, he would moan for a long time, harrowingly, so that the delighted young man across the way could trace (as he knew someone was meant to) the whole nefarious course of the medicine down Mr. Ciccone's injured gullet into his protesting stomach or through the tissues of his aged buttocks up to his shuddering heart.

THE young man, too, execrated the routines of the hospital. The dreary food, dirty room, noise, lack of conveniences, the shorthanded and officious personnel with its eternal "Doctor's orders" vexed his intellect far more than his comfort, yet on his own behalf, *as a private patient*, he could not nerve himself to complain. Conditions in hospitals all over the country, so he had heard, or read in an article, were nearly as absurd as this; someone ought to speak out against being waked up, as he was, two and a quarter hours before breakfast, at six every morning, on the pretext of having his temperature taken or his bandage examined, and waked up again (assuming he had been allowed to fall asleep) at three in the afternoon with a basin of lukewarm water, a toothbrush, and an order to

ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS STRIFE

I love my daughters with a love unfailing,
I love them healthy and I love them ailing.
I love them as sheep are loved by the shepherd,
With a fiery love like a lion or a leopard.
I love them gentle or inclined to mayhem—
But I love them warmest after eight-thirty A.M.

Oh, the peace like heaven
That wraps me around,
Say, at eight-thirty-seven,
When they're schoolroom-bound
With the last glove mated
And the last scarf tied,
With the pigtail plaited,
With the pincurl dried,
And the egg disparaged,
And the porridge sneered at,
And last night's comics furtively peered at,
The coat apprehended
On its ultimate hook,
And the cover mended
On the history book!

How affection swells, how my heart leaps up
As I sip my coffee from a lonely cup!
For placid as the purling of woodland waters
Is a house divested of its morning daughters.
Sweeter than the song of the lark in the sky
Are my darlings' voices as they shriek goodbye—

With the last shoe burnished
And the last pen filled,
And the bus fare furnished
And the radio stilled;
When I've signed the excuses
And written the notes,
And poured fresh juices
Down ritual throats,
And rummaged for umbrellas
Lest the day grow damper,
And rescued homework from an upstairs hamper,
And stripped my wallet
In the daily shakedown,
And tottered to my pallet
For a nervous breakdown.

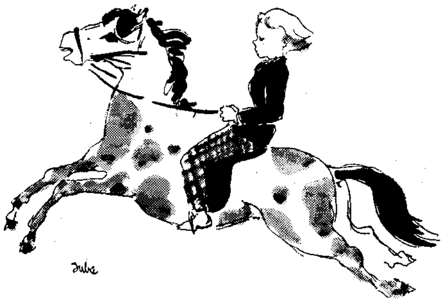
Oh, I love my daughters with a love that's reckless
As Cornelia's for the jewels in her fabled necklace.
But Cornelia, even, must have raised three cheers
At the front door closing on her school-bent dears.
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •

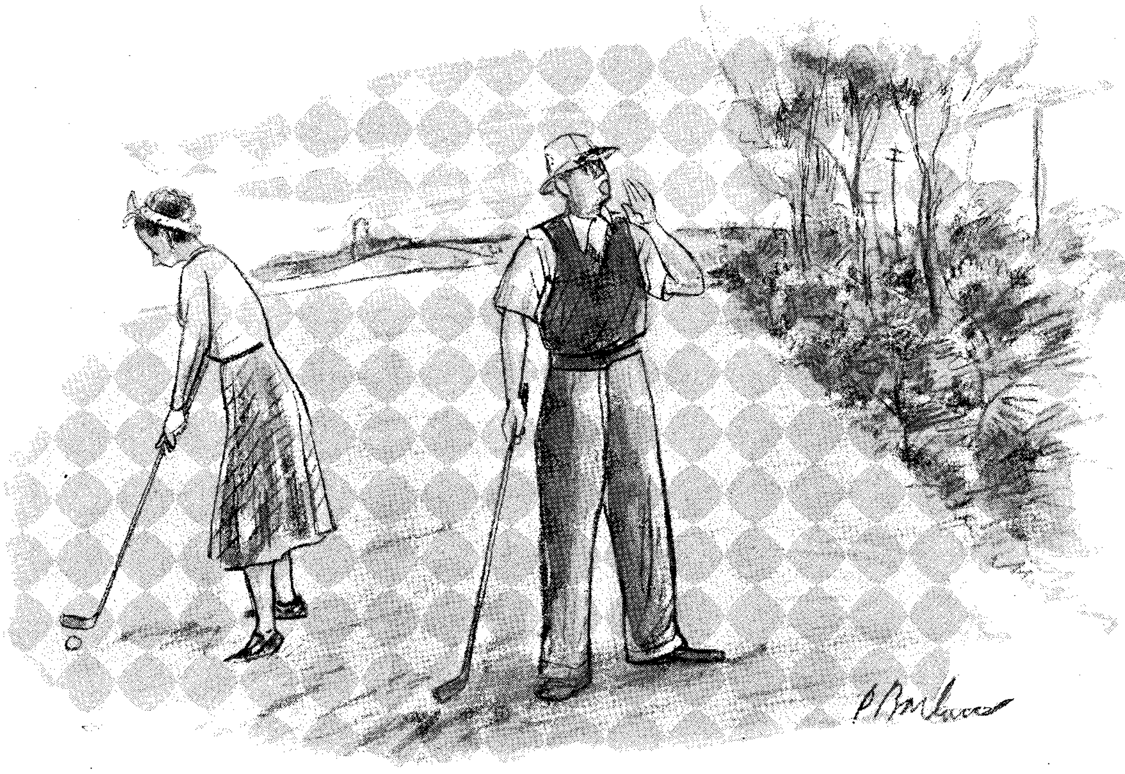
"wash up" for the night. The idea of paying twelve dollars a day for this nonchalant and peremptory "care" was a constant insult to his acumen, but to protest on this basis was to imply that had he been paying less he would have had fewer grounds for objection. This, to a young man of liberal views, was not a tenable position. For purposes of social criticism, he could have wished himself a patient in the wards, where the very generalized injustice of the situation would have given him a right to speak. Shyness, the wish to appear a "good" patient, chivalry toward the nurses—all contributed to silence his criticism, but in his own eyes he was restrained above all by the sense that a demonstration against bureaucratic routine and authoritarian slovenliness on the part of a single private patient would so plainly lack a "popular" character.

What he had seen, however, of conditions in the private wing did not inspire him to transfer to the men's ward for the mere privilege of playing the rebel there. He was determined simply to get well and be shut of this place as quickly as possible. He had been put in the hospital by his friend, and by his friend's wife, whom, as a matter of fact, he had been leaning forward to kiss when he fell off the ladder in the studio. They had sent him a bunch of bronze tulips and left him more or less to himself; he could imagine that Mrs. X regarded the fall as some sort of "judgment" for their series of desultory indiscretions; she had not, in any case, during their single stiff visit to his bedside, directed her eyes fully into his.

For this, the young man was thankful. For his own part, he had no wish to see either of the Xes again and had only feared that the accident, and the whole atmosphere of crisis surrounding it, would enclose him in a triangle by a sheer convention of the prevailing social geometry. Whatever had happened to prevent this—whether Mrs. X had "told" her husband, whether he had "guessed," or whether the accident had brought home to them what a nuisance, after all, other people (guests, in particular) really are, a common discovery of couples—the young man did not care. Throughout their visit, he himself had chattered incessantly about the hospital, Mr. Ciccone, the doctor, the personal traits of the different nurses, never stopping to inquire about the farm, the pig, the projected dinner party, Mr. X's painting, while husband and wife exchanged glances, like promissory notes on a future conversation, indicating that they would never have believed, if illness and isolation had not shown them, how intensely trivial and self-centered this friend in the nightshirt was.



The solitude in which they left him, and the repudiation of their transient intimacy, gave the young man occasion to assess in his own terms the twenty-four-year-old person who, shorn of all identifying marks and validating references, was lying cranked up in the scarred hospital bed. His preoccupation with the gossip of the corridor was, he quite readily conceded, a confession of envy and inferiority. He felt a sort of jealousy of this whole *affairé* world of illness and medication. He wished to know its language and be accepted by it, yet the consciousness that his injury was a minor one made him hesitate to trench upon it. He believed that the nurses looked askance at him and treated him with subtle discrimination, as though questioning the professional wisdom of the doctor in detaining him here so long. He would have liked to say that he



"Fore!"

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agreed with them, that he, too, could not understand why a mere fractured elbow should require so protracted a stay in bed, to assure them that it was not of his own desire but by the arbitrary will of another that he was there presuming on their patience.

This sense of his own nothingness in contradistinction to some darker reality had been threatening him, he now perceived, from childhood. The tone of his mother's voice, sad, velvety, genuflectory, pronouncing the words "They're *poor*" came back to him now with horror. "And are we rich?" he heard himself pipe. "No, dear, just comfortable"—the tone was of modest complacency, tinted with social awareness. In Cambridge, among his fellows, with the Xes, even, on their farm, he had achieved a minor identity—he could be *found*, like a point on a social graph. But here, where no attachments secured him, where no one knew his history or his friends, he felt himself suddenly floating, uncircumstantiated, a mere transparency, and this sense of himself as an absence was so compelling that he was startled by the sight of his face, which looked at him through its eyeholes like a Christmas mask when they brought him in a mirror to shave by. The mortification of being alone, unvisited, unjustified, of having his name spelled wrong every day on the diet list, of having no bedroom slippers or pajamas (à la mode enough in Cambridge but a source of daily wonder here) had so wrought upon him that he had anticipated, without realizing it, a familiar pauperization of his features. The sight of the gold forelock, full lips, and snub nose was terribly disconcerting, as though he looked upon himself in effigy.

To exist, he suddenly became convinced, was an act of deliberate impersonation. Mr. Ciccone, across the hall, being shaved with an electric razor by a party of laughing student nurses, was a living warrant of this; Mr. Ciccone, imitating old age in a high, infirm quaver, was both actor and *régisseur;* he had seized his part from the director and was executing it *con amore*. The young man listened with envy; the juvenile bit assigned him and, with him, his whole class and generation of soft-voiced, accommodating extras was too shadowy; he had no cue to rise to in the play. What was it, he asked himself, that sustained Mr. Ciccone and, for that matter, all the lively old mountebanks of the era—Yeats, Augustus John, Freud, Einstein, Churchill? Surely not belief in the self, since the self, as these old men knew, was a joke, a nothing, a *point de départ*. Mere virtuosity perhaps, and a growing closetful of stage effects—the paunch, the wrinkle, the limp; the jowl, the shank, the bald pate. In the Santa Claus suit of old age, beneath the padding and the pillow, some spry punchinello had hold of the vital principle of artifice.

THE young man had been in the hospital two or three days and was sitting up, with bathroom privileges, before a certain suspicion that had been attaching itself to Mr. Ciccone became a verified fact. Mr. Ciccone, like Homer, was not a single individual but a collaboration. There were, astonishingly, four old men on the corridor, of whom the one called Mr. Ciccone was only the ringleader—four old men, bedded in private or semi-private rooms, two of them incontinent, all insubordinate, unsubdued, sworn enemies, every one, of the bedpan, the catheter, and the needle. Antiphonally or singly, they kept up a sort of plain chant, a thin, wheezy dirge that went on all day long in its eerie, unaccentual modality. At certain times of the day, this cry became more vociferous, when the student nurse, for example, passed through the wing with the penicillin injections. Her entry to the semi-private rooms at the far end of the corridor was announced by a violent hubbub: imprecations, sobbing, pleading, the occasional crash of falling furniture. The young man would lay aside his book and wait for the authoritative creak of the head floor nurse proceeding to the scene, the sound of feminine chiding ("Mr. Wright, you're not being thoughtful, you're not being thoughtful *at all*"), the shriek, and then the after-cry, piercing, long-drawn-out, that vibrated through the corridor as the young nurse went on to the next room, to the women, who made no sound, and finally to Mr. Ciccone and himself.

In the case of the two feeblest old men down at the end of the hall, sincerity and trumpery, so far as the young man could determine, were blended in the act of resistance. The needle, of course, did not hurt much, but in the lumbar regions of their spirit *something*, plainly, was being violated. They were childish, in the nurses' phrase; there was a blur in their minds between actual pain and the imagined representation of it; they did not trouble to distinguish and acted out every fancy with a pure, inno-

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cent sort of expressiveness. Mr. Ciccone, by contrast, was a conscious artist and a borrower. Sometimes, in the afternoon, the young man would overhear him softly rehearsing a sound effect he had picked up from one of his coevals, essaying it again and again, tentatively, like someone practicing on a flute. Later, in the after-supper lull, the mournful phrase, fully developed, would suddenly issue from Mr. Ciccone's room, to be taken up again by one of the other Methuselahs, reminded by it of his own aches and miseries, so that the whole corridor would echo with the plaint of the old men, and the single, stolid night nurse would clump, scolding, into the diet kitchen, shut the door, and heat herself a cup of coffee.

This troupe of ancients, as if to confirm the young man's theories, was handled by the hospital staff, at any critical juncture, with precisely that mixture of indulgence and asperity that characterizes the plain man in his relations with the artist. On the night that the two incontinent old fellows broke loose, drank a bottle of gentian violet between them, climbed out of bed, and shouted in the corridor, an orderly, like a stagehand, came whistling down the hall to subdue them. "What will they think of next?" a white-haired private nurse demanded, poking her head gratuitously into the young man's room. Doors slammed, lights went on, the elevator gates clashed. Only Mr. Ciccone's room remained dark and almost ostentatiously peaceful, though the young man's ear caught the sound of a dry chuckle, repeated at intervals. Yet the fact was, as the cleaning woman, shaking her head and her mop, confided to the young man in a voluptuous brogue the next morning, one of those old rapscallions had just missed a date with Saint Peter.

All the while, the women patients were silent.

He had learned from one of the nurses that a woman was dying of cancer somewhere in the private wing, but only once during his first days in the hospital did he hear a woman's voice that was not that of a nurse or a visitor—a young woman's laugh and the sound of a door closing on it. This feminine silence began to disturb him very much; the idea that sick women of various ages and complaints were lying, blanketed, all around him, behind half-closed doors, each sheltering her unknown portion of suffering with a kind of uterine possessiveness, had the effect on him of a tactile sensation, as though he were encased in felt. He found himself with a strange, pressing desire to uncover that female suffering, to make it reveal itself to him by a sob, a gasp, a murmur, to have his ear know its contours, like a pleasure. On the fourth night of his stay, he was awakened suddenly, out of a deep sleep, by prolonged shrieks coming from the darkness, a woman's voice raised again and again in screams of such appalling vibrancy that his hair stood up on his head. "*The cancer patient*, at last!" The jubilant exclamation sprang out of him, quite unintentionally. He sat straight up in bed to listen, trembling with cold and excitement. Here there was no question of hearing or not hearing; these cries transfixed him with horror, and yet he listened to them fascinated, in the tingling stealth of discovery. He knew immediately that he was not meant to hear—these shrieks were being wrung from a being that yielded them against its will—yet in this fact, precisely, lay their power to electrify the attention. "A dying woman screaming in the night," the young man whispered musingly as the cries stopped, at their very summit, as abruptly as they had started, leaving a pounding stillness, "this is the actual; the actual, in fact, is *that which should not be witnessed*. The actual," he defined, pronouncing the syllables slowly and distinctly in a pedagogical style, "under which may be subsumed the street accident, the plane crash, the atrocity, is pornography." Closing his eyes, he sank back on a long breath of relief.

HE awakened the next morning with a vivid feeling of joy and liberation, as if during the night a responsibility had been sloughed off. He felt blithe and ready to live, selfishly and inconsiderately, like the expressive old men; the actual no longer drew him with its womanish terrors and mysteries, its *sphinx-rebuff and invidia*. "Cast a cold eye on life, on death," he sang out lustily, borrowing from old Yeats' gravestone. "Horseman, pass by." He was positively elated, in fact, to be young, healthy, and hungry, and, as he meant to tell Dr. Z as soon as he appeared on his rounds, determined to go home to Cambridge on the one-o'clock train. This elation induced in him an unusual talkativeness; when a fat, grumpy old nurse came in with the

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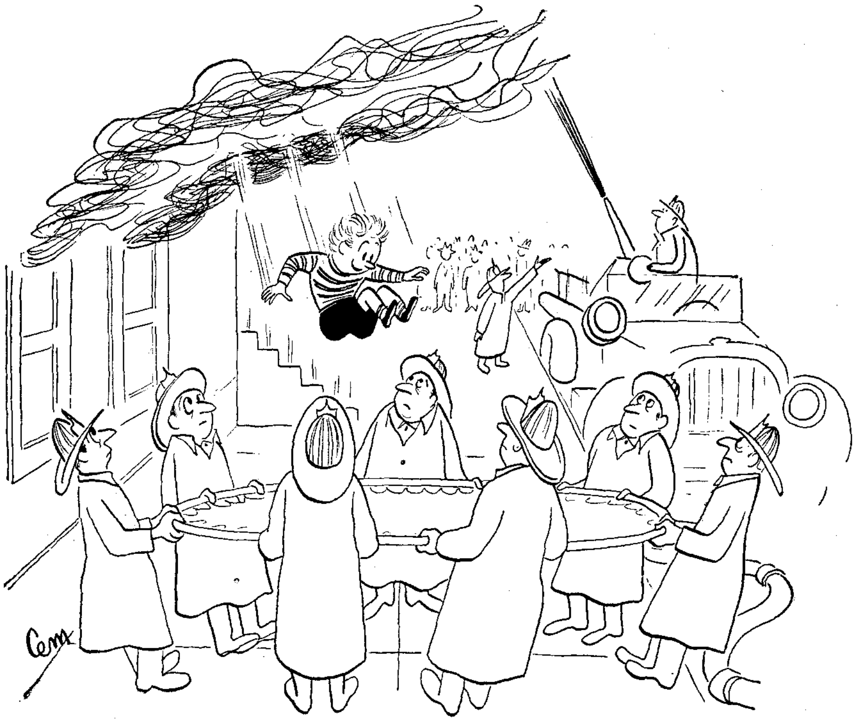


thermometer, he could not resist an allusion to what he had heard during the night. The old nurse surveyed him tersely, shook down the thermometer without comment, unpinned her watch from her uniform, and, snapping her fingers impatiently, extended her veined hand for his pulse. "Maternity case," she finally surmised, handing him his toothbrush and the tin basin. "You won't hear a sound out of Mrs. Miller [mentioning the name of the cancer patient]. She's quiet as a lamb next door."

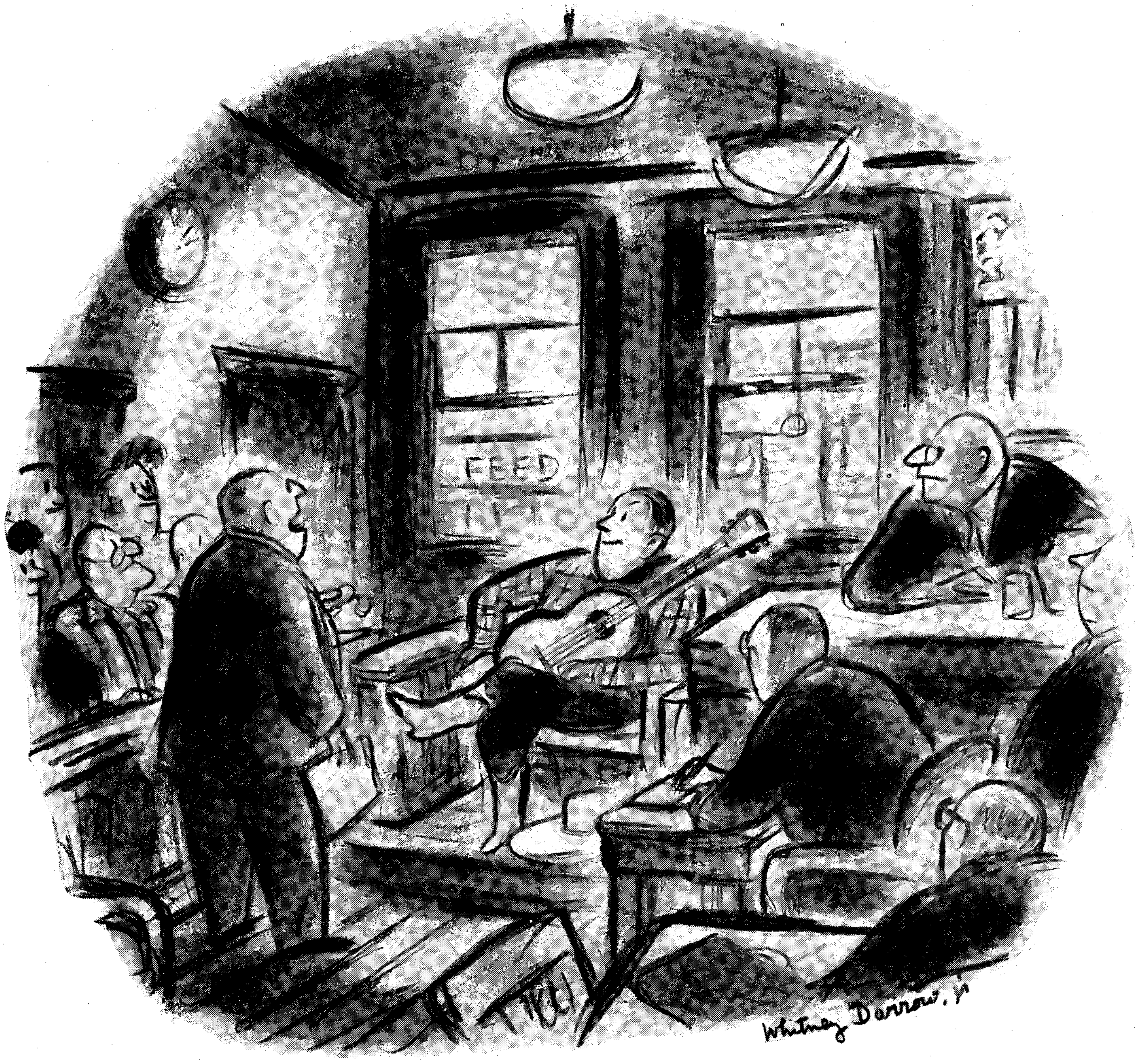
The young man turned white at the thought of that deathly stillness so near him; he had imagined the next room to be empty, for not a sound had issued from it, and passing it on his trips down the hall to the bathroom, he had observed that the door was always shut. The next question was drawn from him by a compulsion; he did not wish to ask it and threw it out with diffidence: "She is under opiates, I suppose?"

The nurse surveyed him again with a short, measuring movement of the eye. "Brush your teeth, now," she commanded curtly. "You know we are not permitted to give out information about the other patients." She withdrew the bedpan from the commode, jerked off the towel that shrouded it, and slid it under the covers. "Put your light on when you're through," she directed. The young man sat up. "But I am allowed to go to the bathroom!" he exclaimed. "Not this morning," she said firmly. "Doctor says we are to stay in bed this morning." "But why?" demanded the young man, now thoroughly alarmed and suspicious. The nurse's creased face closed and settled, every wrinkle sharply in place. "Curiosity killed the cat," she retorted. "Doctor will be in early to see you." "I demand—" cried the young man after her as she bustled out, leaving the door open, but he broke off, conscious of absurdity, for what he had been about to say was "I demand to see a lawyer," which was ridiculous, for he was certainly free to get up and dress and leave the hospital. The idea of flight suddenly offered itself to him as the only feasible solution. He pictured, with a return of his early-morning gaiety, the rubber-soled chase down the corridor, the escape down the fire stairs. His imagination, however, faltered at the thought of the office: to leave without paying was unthinkable, yet would they be likely to take a check from him under such unusual conditions? He feared, all at once, to put this question to the test. He felt unequal to the imagined commotion—the painstaking verification of identity, the call to his bank in Boston— "And why should I do that?" he asked himself. "All that for the mere assertion of my individuality? For the sake of another I could conceivably do it if it were a question of rescue or sacrifice. But for *myself*?" He lay back dutifully on the bedpan and in a moment put on his light.

The nurse came in and he said coldly, "In the future, would you take the trouble to close the door, particularly during these intimate moments?" Yet even as he began to speak, he felt himself blushing, and the final phrase, to which he had meant to impart a sarcastic intonation, was mumbled out thickly, in a tone, almost, of apology. The nurse threw the cover over the bedpan and went out, closing the door behind her with a decisive click.

An hour later, young Dr. Z appeared, all gold fillings, hair *en brosse*, smile, and rimless spectacles. "We are going to reset that elbow for you," he announced. "Anyone you want to get in touch with?" The young man opened his mouth to argue. He was free (was he not?), he reminded himself, to get up and dress and leave the hospital. He had only to refuse. The Xes, if it came down to it, could be summoned to bail him out of here. Dr. Z, after all, had no title or charter to his patronage. He had only to tell him that he preferred to have the arm reset, if necessary, in Cambridge, where he had friends and a regular physician; there was nothing in this preference that was derogatory to Dr. Z. The doctor, in his white gown, stood looking down at him, smiling rather inscrutably, as though he were very much aware of what was going on in the young man's mind. "Those friends of yours," he suggested, with a flick of the sterile glance in the direction of the dying tulips, "do you want us to give them a call?" A student nurse knocked and came in with a tray and a hypodermic needle. The young man's jaws worked and he shook his head wordlessly in reply. It was too late; in the presence of this attentive listener he could not refuse Dr. Z what suddenly, in a curious fashion, appeared to be a favor, the favor of letting him operate on him. The abominable doctor smiled again, lightly, and tapped the foot of the bed in a negligent gesture that seemed to imply a mixture of contempt and approbation, as if he had had little doubt of the outcome of this conflict between them but was nevertheless satisfied to have won.

ON the way up to the operating room, being wheeled breezily along by an orderly humming "Who?," the young man had a quick, clear, sharp sense of all that he had omitted to do to attach himself to the life of this corridor, from which now—irrecoverably perhaps, he thought in panic—he was being trundled away. "Stop," he asserted faintly, raising his head on the pallet. The idea of defending himself still reached him, as from a distance, through the drug. Mr. Ciccone, he thought, would never have permitted this; in Mr. Ciccone, he considered tenderly, he had an ally, a veteran aider and abettor. Why, he demanded of himself, had he not taken the simple friendly course yesterday, when he was sitting up in



"Now, Tex, I want you to sing to the court in your own words exactly what you saw going on in the Half Moon Bar on the night of August 22nd last."

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a chair, of offering to join his neighbor in a game of casino?

The orderly had paused to look down at him. "What's the matter, chum?" he inquired. The young man struggled up from the confining blankets. They were waiting for the elevator, he realized; it was not too late, if he was insistent, to make a date with Mr. Ciccone for this afternoon or tomorrow. The fact that this notion was absurd made it appear to him all the more urgent and necessary, all the more talismanic. He jerked his raised head in the direction of Mr. Ciccone's room. "I must speak to the patient in Number Three," he pronounced, with an effect of hauteur and dignity. The orderly lifted shaggy red eyebrows, peered down the elevator shaft, shrugged, and set the stretcher in motion, retracing their way along the corridor. "Friend of yours?" he remarked.

In the flush of this victory over self and custom, the young man grew excited and voluble; a passing nurse turned back to look at them. "No," he said. "To tell the truth, I've never seen him." The orderly stared and bumped the stretcher to a standstill, but they were already opposite No. 3. The screen had been moved, and the young man hastily nerved himself for the possibility that the real Mr. Ciccone might be something quite different from what he had imagined—a cantankerous misanthrope, for example, who would repulse his overture. But to his surprise, the shaded room across the way into which his dilated eyes stared was empty, the bed made up and flat.

FIFTEEN minutes later, the young man expired under the anesthetic, before the operation proper had begun, the first case of its kind, as Dr. Z explained to Mr. and Mrs. X, that he had ever come across in his entire practice, where the heart, without organic defect, sound as a bell, in fact, simply stopped beating. —MARY MCCARTHY

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Here is how a citizen of Detroit, using an old Dodge, illegally got his brother in from Sicily.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Ah, there was a wonderful car!

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

TOSCANINI TRAIN

ONE recent sultry midnight, in Richmond, Virginia, I stepped aboard the special fourteen-car train carrying Arturo Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra on an eight-thousand-mile six-week transcontinental concert tour, and into a small, bright, affectionate world dominated by the Maestro. Earlier, in New York, I had asked some officials at N.B.C. if I might join the tour, and they had agreed, suggesting that I meet the train at Richmond and travel with it to Atlanta, where Toscanini was to give one of twenty concerts.

In Richmond, I had gone to the Broad Street Station, walked through a gate over which there was a sign reading, "Toscanini Train," and then down a steep ramp onto a long, deserted platform, alongside which stood the Toscanini Train. The shade on every window was drawn, and the entire train was silent except for occasional hissing bursts of steam from beneath the cars. I had been assigned to car RCA 5, and in its corridor I found a wide-awake, smiling porter, who, even before he took my bags, made it clear that Toscanini was uppermost in his thoughts. "Oh, that Toscanini!" he said. "He is a sight to see. He is a very elegant, old-fashioned gentleman." I followed the porter to Compartment A. He shoved the bags under the berth. "You know what he ordered for lunch the first day, when we left Pennsylvania Station?" he asked. "He ordered chicken à la Maryland. That chef in his car—the Columbus, at the rear—man, that chef is still singing. Nothing he'd rather prepare than chicken à la Maryland. He feared he'd be cooking nothing but porridge and soft-boiled eggs for the old gentleman, and right off he's cooking chicken à la Maryland." The porter lowered his voice. "The Maestro said his car was swaying and bumping, so the train's been slowed down to fifty miles an hour for his better comfort. Did you hear about his soup? Man, that Maestro eats soup at every meal—soup for breakfast, lunch, and supper!" He scratched his head in wonderment. "Imagine. Eighty-three years old and soup for breakfast! Thick soup, too. He must like soup. The galley in that private car, that's a regular soup kitchen!" The porter broke into laughter. "And his pajamas! Bright silk ones, they tell me, and he's got special cases of fizz water sent over from Italy. Won't drink the regular water." The train gave a slight lurch. "We're beginning to move," he said. "Man, I've seen trains and trains. We almost had a television set for the Maestro's car; they tested one out between Philadelphia and Washington, but she wouldn't work. But he's got a bathtub in his car. There are some gentlemen in the lounge, two cars back, waiting for you."

I passed through a car made up entirely of compartments and drawing rooms, which were occupied by members of the orchestra. All the doors were open, and the lights inside were on. A number of men were sitting around in their shirtsleeves, playing cards. The train was very much awake. I pushed open a door marked "Patrick Henry" and entered the lounge car, the near end of which had been converted into an office, with a mimeograph machine, stacks of paper, a typewriter, and a bulletin board. At the far end, in lounge chairs, three men were talking and laughing. I had the impression that they were relaxing for the first time in many hours. One of them, a short young man with a black mustache, spied me and came over. "I'm Josef Dine, director, press department, N.B.C.," he said. "Fine to have you aboard. Meet Jack Williams, of R.C.A., who is one of the men in charge of the tour, and Albert Walker, executive assistant at N.B.C., who takes very good personal care of the Maestro." I shook hands with both of them and sat down next to Mr. Walker, a slim, amiable, dapper man in a brown business suit. Mr. Dine and Mr. Williams were wearing dinner jackets.

"Maestro's back in his car, thank heaven," said Walker. "What a day! Someone sent him a trick four-in-hand necktie from California, already tied, with a funny celluloid clasp that slips under the collar. This morning, it broke. Maestro said, 'Walker, fix that tie.' I went from one end of Richmond to the other trying to find a clasp. No luck. Finally, I bought a tennis hat with a green celluloid visor in the five-and-dime, took the visor to a machine shop, and had the man cut out a little clasp for Maestro's tie. Maestro was satisfied. Helped make his day happy."

Williams lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Did you know," he asked Dine, "that when Maestro went to Williamsburg this afternoon, he sent his librarian over to the library at William and Mary to check on the orchestration of 'Dixie'?"

"Amazing!" said Dine. "Maestro played 'Dixie' tonight as an encore," he said to me. He closed his eyes as though overcome by the memory. "Sensational! Rebel yells and cheers!"

"Fellow standing near me got up on his chair and yelled, 'Goddam, at last I've heard "Dixie" played right!'" said Williams. "I got worried this afternoon at Williamsburg, though, when that lady in hoopskirts in the Governor's Palace suddenly introduced Maestro to some of the tourists as Signor Toscazini, the celebrated composer."

"Didn't bother him for a minute," Walker told me. "He was eying an old Colonial piano, and went over and played a few scales."

"Did you see this?" Dine asked Williams, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a small folder. "*Transit Topics*, handed out in all the Richmond buses. Lists events in Richmond, and the item for today says, 'Toscanini Conducts Stan Kenton's Orchestra.' Overexcitement, I guess."

The rear door of the lounge swung open, and a scholarly-looking man in his early fifties, wearing a rumpled gray suit and a gray tie, entered and sat down opposite me. He was Walter Toscanini, the Maestro's son. He wiped his brow with a handkerchief.

"How's Maestro?" asked Walker.

"Finally got to bed," said Mr. Toscanini. "He will kill us all yet with his energy. He wears me out, really. The moment we reached his car after the concert tonight, he insisted on walking through the train, said he wanted to see the musicians. 'Father,' I said, 'the musicians have not yet arrived at the train.' But no, he goes through every car, first one way, then the other. Then he had some soup and red wine, and *then* he said, 'Walter, I will show you a trick,' and he stood in front of a divan and jumped up on it backward. I am exhausted."

"How did Maestro enjoy playing 'Dixie'?" said Walker.

"Father said 'Dixie' was *molto bene*," said Walter Toscanini. "He came offstage while they were still cheering, and said, ' "Dixie" is the end of the knockout.' " Walter got up and said good night.

"Walter shares the private car with Maestro," Walker said to me. "We keep someone on guard back there at the door twenty-four hours a day, either the porter, the chef, or a waiter." He smiled. "We stayed over last night at the John Marshall Hotel, in Richmond, and when we left for the concert this evening, coming down in the elevator, Maestro said to me, 'Walker, how many steps from the lobby to the street?' 'I don't know, Maestro,' I said. 'Fifteen, Walker, fifteen,' he said. And he was right. He knows exactly how many steps there are in every auditorium from the wings to the podium, but I didn't realize he counted steps in hotel lobbies, too. He broke another pair of glasses yesterday. We have glasses in repair shops everywhere. Maestro keeps sitting on them. He gets absorbed reading a score, takes them off to think, and before you know it, he's sat on another pair."

Williams stood up. "I'm concerned over the swaying of Maestro's car," he said. "Think I'll sneak back and see if slowing down to fifty miles an hour has helped."

Shortly afterward Walker and Dine went off to bed. I picked up a magazine, and read for a half hour before the rear door opened and Williams came in. He looked pale and shaken. "Maestro's up," he said. "Gave me one hell of a start. I tiptoed through his car and sat in his sitting room, with all the lights out, to test the rocking of the car. She's moving nicely. A light flashes on in Maestro's bedroom, and before I know it, there he is in the doorway, in his pajamas and bare feet. He smiled and said, 'I'm thirsty. I'd like some rocky water.' I ran to the galley and told the porter to open some fizzy water fast. Peeped into his sitting room just before I left, and he was sitting in a chair reading scores. I think I better sit up most of the night, just in case something goes wrong. We want Maestro to be comfortable." I wished Williams good luck and went to bed.

THE next morning, I awoke late—the gentle motion of the train was conducive to sleeping—pulled up the shade beside my berth, and looked out the window. The train was ambling through flat, uninteresting country, distinguished by scraggly clumps of scrub oak and pine and brick-red soil. I went forward to the diner, where there were a dozen men in sports shirts and slacks. The steward led me to a table occupied by three men who were just finishing large breakfasts of kippers and scrambled eggs. "It was in Minnesota, in the dead of winter," one was saying. "I was a small boy. I would walk alongside bands playing at funerals, and every now and then one of those loafers who wanted to save his own breath would hand me a trumpet or a cornet and say to blow on the keys, they were frozen stuck. I'd blow and they'd unstick. I got fifty cents for each funeral. One day, a man in the band handed me a trumpet and told me to play, and I started to play."

"*Très intéressant*," said one of the other men.

"I'm worried about my drums," said the third man. "I stepped out on the platform before breakfast and it's chillier than in Richmond. Soon as we get to Atlanta, I must take care of my drums."

The first man speared a large piece of kipper, popped it into his mouth, and ate it with relish. "They are taking as good care of us on this trip as when I went to South America with Maestro in 1940," he said. "I understand Maestro was pleased with 'La Mer' in Baltimore. Liked the way we played it."

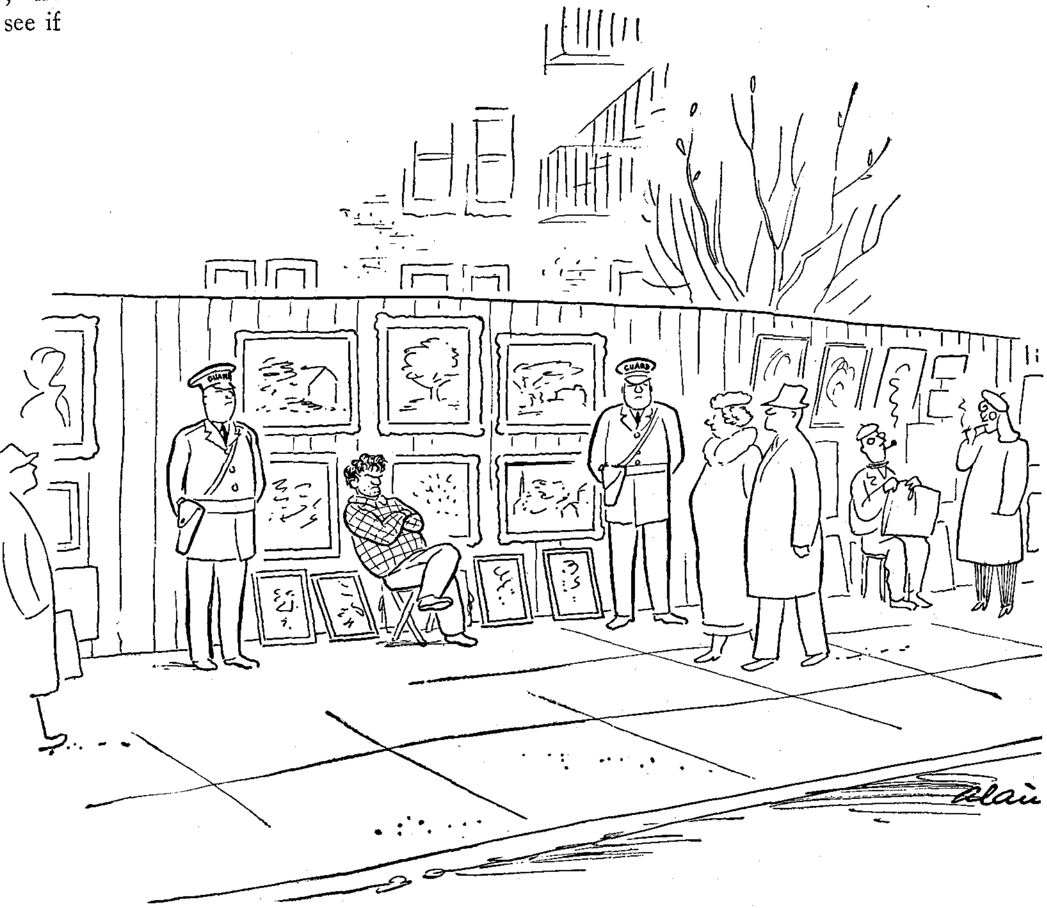
"You can't let down for a minute," said the drummer.

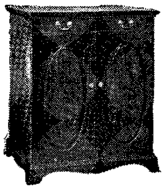
The three men paid their checks and left, and I called the steward over to inquire if everybody paid cash for his meals. "Cash for every meal," he said. "Of course, the Maestro, he's in the rear, he doesn't pay cash. You know, he has soup at every meal."

I said I knew.

"The musicians are on some sort of per diem," the steward went on. "Six dollars when they're living on the train, ten when they decide to go to a hotel. They *can* live on the train everywhere except Pasadena and Chicago. Before she's through, this tour will have gone as far north as Seattle and travelled over a dozen lines—from the Katy to the Wabash. Maestro has soup for *breakfast*, too."

When I had finished breakfast, I walked to the lounge and found Walker sitting there smoking a cigarette and beaming. "Maestro's taking a little nap," he said. "He was up some dur-





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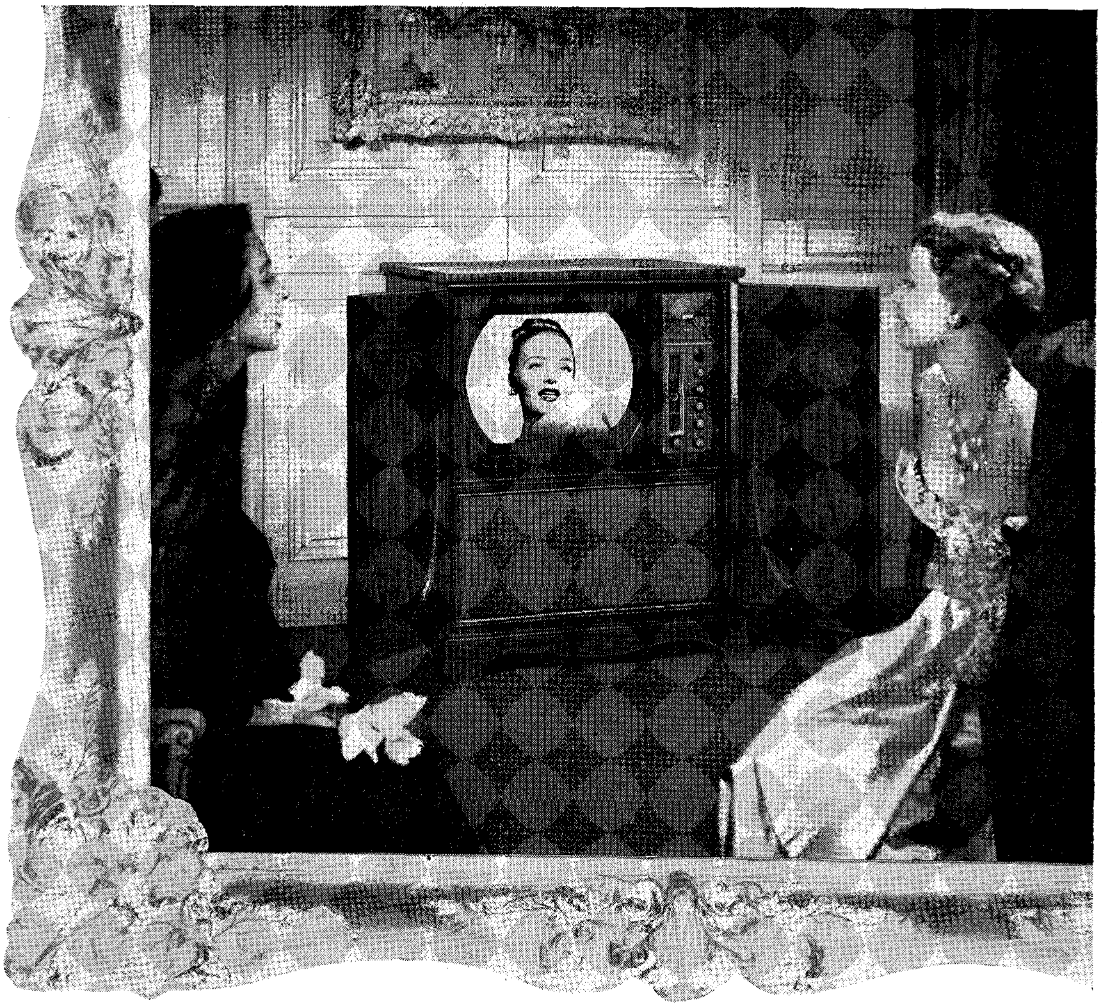

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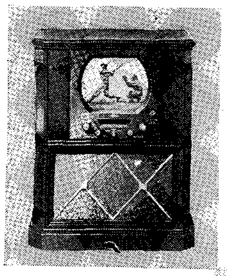

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ing the night and read a few scores, but he fell asleep about three and slept until seven. Then he had a big bowl of soup and some Italian coffee with bread sticks. Walter makes his coffee for him in a special, portable *espresso* machine. Maestro started to read a guidebook of the Southern states sent him by his grandson Walfredo—he's at Yale—and then dozed off in his chair."

A tall, elderly, distinguished-looking man with a florid face burst into the car. "Maestro's awake," he said. "Wants to buy a gray hat when we get to Atlanta. Says his black Homburg is too dull for the South." Walker swiftly headed for the Maestro's car. The tall gentleman sat down beside me and said he was John Royal, a vice-president of N.B.C. He had travelled thousands of miles with the Maestro, he said, including his trip to South America in 1940. "Everywhere he goes, adoration," said Mr. Royal. "He gave eight concerts in Buenos Aires and the streets were lined from his hotel to the Teatro Colón, both going and coming. Maestro loves to travel. He just told me, back in his car, that he feels forty-five years old again. He remembers conducting 'Aïda' and 'La Gioconda' in Atlanta in 1912, with Caruso, Amato, and Destinn. A fantastic man. There was a rehearsal last year when he stopped the orchestra and pointed to a violinist in the second section and said, 'You are not using your own violin,' and the man blushed and said, 'You are right, Maestro, I have borrowed someone else's. Mine is being repaired.' Startling, startling. He's a great showman, too. Ever notice how he times his bows? It's unconscious, but it's great showmanship. Straw nights everywhere from here to the Coast and back!" I must have looked puzzled, for Royal said, " 'Straw night' is an old circus term—when every seat is sold, they put straw on the floor and people sit on it. Full houses in Baltimore and Richmond, full house coming up in Atlanta! We're going to stop this train for fifteen minutes at Athens, Georgia, so the Maestro can stretch his legs. We've wired ahead for permission, and all's clear. Hell, he can use a little leg-stretching. He's been on this train since before midnight last night."

Walker came back. "Maestro says he will require two pairs of special cuff links in Atlanta," he said. "Wants the kind that snap together. Damn hard to find."

"Still want a gray hat?" asked Royal.

"Definitely," said Walker. "Says it must be an *extremely* light gray."

The train almost imperceptibly began to slow down. "Athens," said Royal.

"I better get back to Maestro's car," said Walker.

At Athens, I jumped off. The platform was not quite as long as the train, and the steps from the Maestro's car led down to a gravel walk. Members of the orchestra were coming out of their cars. Practically every one of them was carrying a camera or had a leather camera case slung over one shoulder. They looked like German tourists. Most of them were keeping an eye on the Columbus, beside which stood Walker, Royal, and Walter Toscanini. I wandered back toward it. Royal began pacing up and down, idly kicking the gravel. "Maestro's gone to sleep again," he said, not with impatience but with an air of deep respect. "But we'll stick out the fifteen minutes here, just in case." Some members of the orchestra began to toss white rubber balls to each other on the platform, and others bought soft drinks from a stand near the station. A small group hovered near the Columbus, their cameras poised. "I'd give anything to snap Maestro," one man said to me. "Been in the orchestra for years and never got his picture yet. He hates cameras, but somebody told me he's feeling gay, and maybe he won't object."

Exactly fifteen minutes after the train had stopped, it started up again. I spent an hour in my compartment, then walked back to the lounge. Royal was staring out a window. "Maestro woke up soon after we left Athens," he said. "Takes a bit of doing to stop a train." He smiled tolerantly. "He had lamb chops for lunch—after the soup, of course—and opened a bottle of port somebody gave him in New York. He was delighted with it. I was in the car, and he turned suddenly to me and said, 'Royal, one should not try to be a superman. To be a good man is enough.' I'd like to take you back there, by the way, but he's too unpredictable today—one moment asleep, another moment awake. He has a terrible reputation for bad temper, but he is a gentle, kindly man." Royal scratched his chin. "He *does* have a temper, though—a fierce, explosive one—but it's generally when something goes wrong with the orchestra. I remember once at a rehearsal he threw an exquisite platinum watch at a sour horn. Bears no grudges, and would never mention an incident like that again to the musician. I bought him an Ingersoll engraved 'For Rehearsals Only,' and he treats it like a child. Never throws it."

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the train drew into Atlanta. I had arranged with Dine to stay at the Atlanta Biltmore, where the Maestro and a number of the orchestra members were to be quartered. The rest were scattered among hotels all over Atlanta; few, if any, members of the orchestra, Dine said, planned to live aboard the train in Atlanta. When I got off the train, I noticed a clump of photographers and newspapermen gathered about the rear car, which, as in Athens, was beside a gravel walk beyond the end of the platform. I walked back along the platform and heard Walker telling them that he certainly would not permit the Maestro to step down onto the gravel. "If you want pictures," he was saying, "you better race to the other side of the train about three cars down. I'm going to take Maestro through the train and out that side. You'll have to snap in a hurry. He won't pose." I climbed back on and stood on a platform of the lounge car, three cars forward from the Maestro's. A minute or two later, he brushed past me. He was wearing a black Homburg perched high on his head, rimless pince-nez, an afternoon jacket, and gray striped trousers. He walked with short, almost dancing steps, and he seemed abstracted. Walker took his arm and helped him down to the platform. Photographers surrounded them, but the Maestro looked neither to right nor to left. Still with Walker beside him, he walked swiftly to a Packard parked alongside the platform, and he and Walker got into it. He tipped his hat cordially to the photographers, and the Packard drove off.

THE next morning, in the rococo lobby of the Biltmore, I ran into Walker. He had a pair of dress trousers over his arm. "Things are going beautifully," he said. "Maestro has expressed extreme pleasure at all the arrangements here. These pants must be fixed before tomorrow night's concert. Maestro says they're too tight. He's coming down in a few minutes to buy a gray hat. You come, too. Meanwhile, I must find those snap-together cuff links." I accompanied Walker to a store.

"I need two pairs of snap-together cuff links for Maestro," said Walker to a man behind the counter.

"I think I have what you desire," said the man, "but I have only one pair in stock." He showed them to us.

"They look good," said Walker. "I better show them to Maestro's son; he's in the barbershop getting a shave." Walker left the store.

"What maestro's he talking about?"

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asked the man. "Rex Allen, the Western star? *He's* in the hotel."

I told him the cuff links were for Toscanini.

"Glory be to God!" said the man. "We better try and get our hands on a second pair." He walked into an office and came out with a catalogue of some sort, which he placed on the counter and began to look through.

Walker returned. "Maestro's son says Maestro will approve," he said. "Spare no expense tracking down a second pair. We will pay for a telegram to any manufacturer in the country."

The man shook his head. "It won't work," he said. "The manufacturer's in Massachusetts, and his salesman—I know he's in Chicago. They'd never get here in time."

Walker asked him for the names of some other stores, and for the name of a good tailor, then paid six dollars for the cuff links.

Back in the lobby, Walker said to me, "You stay here, and when Maestro comes downstairs, just hop in the front of the car." He introduced me to a tall, lugubrious-looking man, Mr. Adams, who, he said, was driving the car rented for the Maestro's use in Atlanta. While Walker went up to the Maestro's suite, Mr. Adams and I smoked cigarettes.

"I am driving very, very slow for Mr. Toscanini," said Mr. Adams. "Three months ago, some N.B.C. people got in touch with me and told me to drive slow when Mr. Toscanini came down here. I do a good deal of funeral work—you gotta drive slow in funeral work. A bellhop told me this morning that Mr. Toscanini eats soup for breakfast! What do you think of that? You remember those newsreels of Governor Talmadge's funeral, with that big floral 'T' out at the cemetery? I made that 'T.' Do all sorts of work."

Walker and Walter Toscanini came out of an elevator, but no Maestro. They walked over to us, and Walter Toscanini said to me, "Father decided at the last minute we should buy the hat *for* him. He put on his dressing gown and sat down with some scores."

We got into the Packard, which was parked in a driveway at the rear of the hotel. "Go to Muse's clothing store, wherever that is," Walker told Mr. Adams, "and no need to drive as slowly as you did yesterday. It's one thing to be careful and another thing to stand still."

"Shall I take Peachtree or West Peachtree?" asked Mr. Adams.

"I don't care which Peachtree you take, just so you get moving," said Walker.

Mr. Adams headed toward downtown Atlanta at approximately twelve miles an hour. "There are no peach trees on Peachtree Street," he said.

"For heaven's sake, step on the gas," said Walker. "Even when Maestro's in the car, step on the gas. This is no funeral."

"Father certainly was pleased with that meal last night," said Walter.

Walker turned to me. "Soon as we reached the hotel yesterday," he said, "the chef, Daniel Serpe, came to Maestro's rooms. He and Maestro worked over the dinner menu for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serpe proposed first consommé *milefanti*, then spaghetti with a special tomato sauce and grated cheese, veal cutlet *milanese*, potatoes, strawberries, and coffee, Italian. Maestro inquired into the ingredients of the tomato sauce and gave his approval, but he balked at the consommé. He wanted minestrone. 'Maestro,' said Serpe, 'I honor my profession, and I will not serve you minestrone unless I have had at least twenty-four hours in which to prepare it. It would be sacrilege. We will have minestrone tomorrow.' Maestro said he understood the situation perfectly. Dinner was served in his rooms, and Serpe stood outside with his chef's hat on while Maestro ate, and after the veal course he appeared in the doorway. Maestro put down his knife and fork and burst into applause. 'A poem, Serpe!' he cried. 'A poem!' It was a most touching incident."

"Father was so taken with the veal cutlet that he had some put away, and ate it cold for breakfast," said Walter.

We stopped at Muse's, on Peachtree Street. Walker took the Maestro's trousers to a tailor on the second floor while Walter examined a half-dozen gray hats, size 7¾, and finally decided on a stunning pearl-gray Dobbs costing twenty dollars. Muse's had no snap-together cuff links, and we ducked in and out of three more stores on Peachtree Street, trying, without success, to find another pair. "Just can't waste the whole day over cuff links," said Walker as we left the third store. "I must get over to the auditorium and see if everything's O.K."

We dropped Walter and the hat off at the hotel and drove to the Municipal

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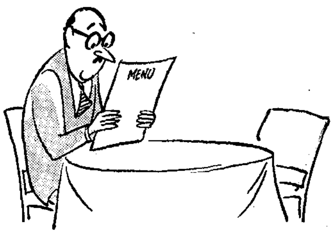

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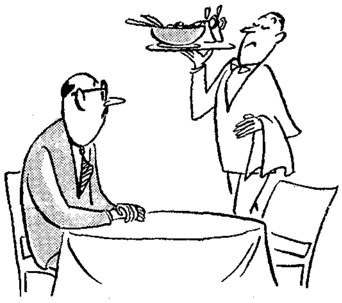

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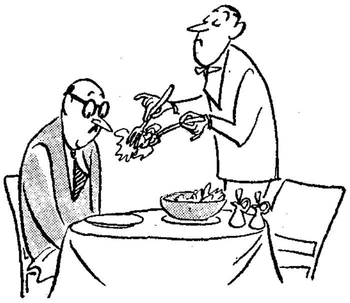

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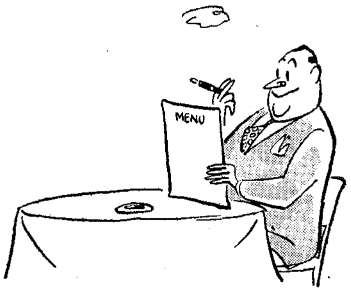

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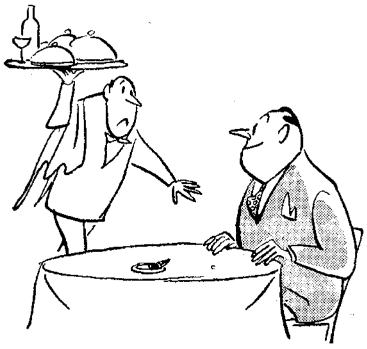

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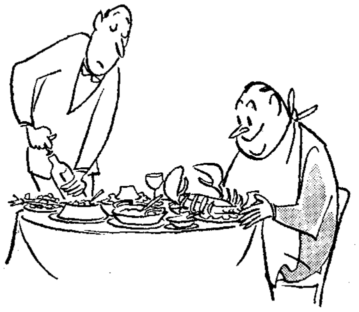

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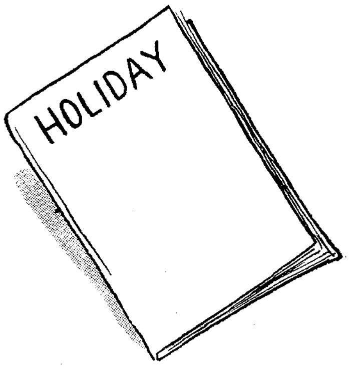

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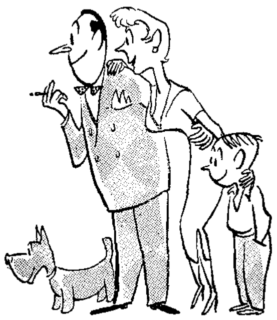

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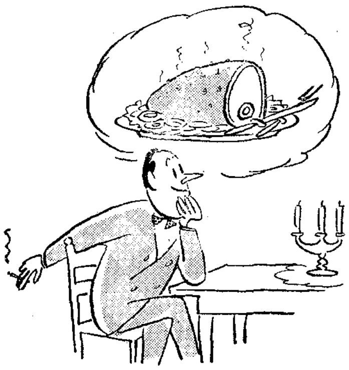

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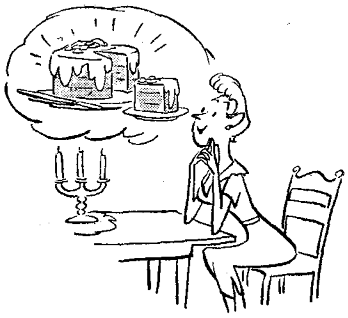

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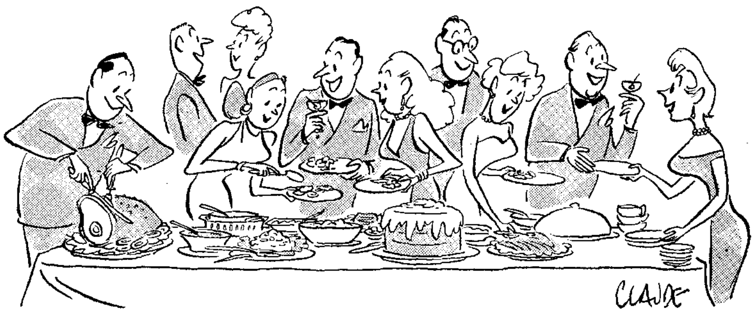

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Auditorium, a huge, arena-type structure with several balconies and a stage at one end. The floor, with the exception of a wrestling ring in the center, was covered with folding chairs. "There'll be wrestling here tonight," Walker said as we stepped onto the stage, "but naturally they'll take the ring down before the concert tomorrow night." A group of workmen were setting up music stands and small chairs onstage. "We've arranged for some attractive furniture to be put in Maestro's dressing room for the rehearsal this afternoon," Walker said. "Just a rug, lamps, sofa, and a refrigerator—for his fizzy water. The furniture will be taken out afterward, because the wrestlers will be using the dressing room, and put back for the concert. Maestro will have a split of champagne in the icebox tomorrow night. Always drinks a glass during intermission."

We walked backstage; the floor was cluttered with large black trunks that were covered with blue-and-white stickers reading "Toscanini Tour." Walker told me that the hundred-and-six-man orchestra required two harp trunks, nine bass trunks, and forty-five specially built trunks for smaller instruments and for scores. "We have six Strads in the orchestra," he said. "Mischa Mischakoff, the concertmaster, has one worth fifty thousand, and never lets it out of his sight. David Sarser, one of our second violinists, has a two-hundred-and-seventeen-year-old Strad that he bought from Zimbalist. No! No!" cried Walker to several workmen who were setting up the Maestro's podium at the front of the stage. "Too far forward. Move it upstage." In Baltimore, Walker said, the podium had been placed so far downstage that it hung over the apron. "I prayed all through the first number that it wouldn't topple," he said. "Might have killed Maestro. It's a hell of a drop in these halls from the platform to the auditorium floor." Toscanini has used the same podium for ten years; its base is sixteen inches high, has a metal railing on three sides, is covered with red carpeting, and has one step, also carpeted. "We're going to put red cloth on the railing today. Make it look prettier," Walker said. "You know, the only time Maestro has ever lost his temper with me in twelve years was one night in Carnegie Hall when someone fixed it so there were *two* steps going up to the podium. When he stumbled on the extra step, he was so flabbergasted and angry I didn't think he could get through the first number. Thank heav-

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en, it was a short overture. When it was finished, he came into the wings and shouted, 'Walker, stupid! Remove that step!' Little things like that drive him crazy. No! No!" cried Walker to some workmen at the rear of the stage. "Just set those rear horn chairs out according to the plan. Maestro doesn't want them that far back."

Walker inspected Toscanini's dressing room—a sombre chamber with brown walls and an odor of Lysol—and pronounced the furnishings satisfactory, arranged for the Maestro to arrive and depart through a side door, took a last glance at the stage, announced that he was going down to the train to pick up a couple of dress shirts from the Maestro's car, and suggested that I go along. "Maestro's carrying forty dress shirts on this trip," he told me as Mr. Adams drove us to the railroad yards. "He uses two at a concert. Changes during intermission. After every concert on the road, we take the shirts out to the airport and have them sent to Forziati's New Shirt Laundry, in New York. They send clean shirts back to us by air at every stop we make. Some of the Maestro's shirts are always flying around somewhere in the United States these days. He has four complete sets of evening clothes, and six pairs of studs, including a platinum set with diamonds and amethysts that Clarence Mackay gave him. But he always wants new studs. We carry forty batons with us. They're all made by his doctor, Hubert Howe, and have plastic-and-cork handles. Maestro permits them to be auctioned off for charity in cities where he has performed. Mr. Adams, you are sitting on a railroad track. Please move this hearse over near that railroad car."

We got out of the Packard and climbed onto the observation platform of the Columbus, a red-doored private car on which the Maestro's signature, a bold, sweeping "Toscanini," was painted in gold letters. Two porters in white coats appeared at the door and opened it with flourishes.

"Maestro sleep well?" asked one of them.

"Fine and dandy," said Walker.

We entered a cozy sitting room containing a petit-point sofa, three upholstered chairs with a blue-and-green floral design, a side table, and a panelled secretary. The walls were the mahogany-brown shade that used to be found in old-fashioned Pullman cars. On the side table stood small, framed pictures of Brahms, Beethoven, and Verdi. On the shelves of the secretary

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I noticed a pile of scores, “The American Guide,” “The Story of Language,” “The Egyptian,” and “Color Movie Making for Everybody.” I followed Walker down a corridor and into a compact chamber containing a built-in bed, similar to a ship’s berth, a large built-in wardrobe, and a dressing table. “Maestro’s bedroom,” Walker said. A picture of Mrs. Toscanini stood on the table beside a bottle of pink cologne with a rubber squeeze top. “Maestro is devoted to cologne,” said Walker. “Squeezes it on his hands by the hour.” He opened the wardrobe and took out a couple of dress shirts, and I caught sight of a bright-red dressing gown, a bright-blue dressing gown, and two pairs of high-button suède shoes. “The bathtub,” announced Walker, opening a green metal door next to a washroom. The tub was quite small, like a sitz bath. Walker said that two compartments had been ripped out to make room for it and for the washroom adjoining. As a result, Walter Toscanini had to sleep on a couch in the dining room, which contained a table seating eight, and a large, makeshift curtained-off clothes closet to hold some of the contents of the eight suitcases and two trunks Toscanini and his son had brought along. The galley was complete with a sink, cabinets, a range, and a refrigerator. Walker told me that the Columbus was carrying two cases of Chianti, two cases of Piper Heidsieck ’31, in splits, and three cases of Great Western *brut,* as well as one case each of vodka, Burgundy, crackling rosé, a Chilean white wine, cognac, gin, and vermouth, and some odd bottles of bourbon and Scotch. “The whiskey is not for Maestro, but just in case someone should want a cocktail,” he said.

WALKER looked at his watch and whistled. “Almost time for rehearsal,” he said. We got back in the Packard and drove toward the hotel. “It’ll only take me a minute to pick up Maestro and the concert bag,” he said. “He always takes four towels along (we dry his back) and two bamboo fans (we fan his back after drying). Also Oculav for his eyes, bicarb, a picture of his family, and a hand-tooled silver box with chips of rock candy in it. Maestro loves to suck on rock candy.”

When we got to the hotel, Walker moved me up front beside Mr. Adams and told me to sit tight for the drive with the Maestro to the rehearsal. He disappeared inside the hotel, and a few minutes later Toscanini came out, followed by Walker and Walter. He was wearing his new gray hat, a blue jacket, and gray trousers. Several people standing in the driveway applauded. Toscanini smiled and walked over to the car. He and Walter got in back, and Walker slipped in front beside me. I was introduced to the Maestro.

“To the auditorium,” Walker said to Mr. Adams. He looked back at Toscanini. “How do you like your new hat, Maestro?” he asked.

“It needs to be stretched,” said Toscanini. “One size more, otherwise a fine hat.” His voice was resonant and throaty. “Atlanta is the city for hats,” he said. “New hats. I remember in 1912 I bought a lovely straw hat here.”

For the remainder of the ride, Toscanini was silent. I turned around once or twice to glance at him. He seemed to me the ideal of graceful, vigorous, even beautiful old age. The flesh of his face is firm, and his complexion has a healthy, ruddy tint. His eyes are more deep-set than any others I have ever seen, with an arresting far-off expression.

“*Santo Dio!*” cried Toscanini as the car stopped at the side door of the auditorium. He pointed to a group of men with cameras.

“They are our own men, Maestro,” said Walker quickly. “Members of the orchestra. No flash bulbs, Maestro. Don’t worry. They just want to take snapshots.”

“*Santo Dio!*” said Toscanini. He walked swiftly past the men with the cameras, into the auditorium, and to his dressing room, followed by Walker and Walter.

The orchestra gathered onstage and began tuning up. In a few minutes, Toscanini emerged from his dressing room in a black alpaca rehearsal jacket, buttoned up to his throat. He walked slowly to the podium, as though he were asleep, and a hush fell over the orchestra. He gave a swift but courtly half bow, said “Brahms, please,” raised his baton, and launched into the rehearsal.

For the next two and a half hours, I stood in the wings, watching Toscanini as the orchestra rehearsed the entire Brahms First Symphony and short pieces by Rossini, Dukas, and Saint-Saëns. He was a compelling sight. From time to time, he accompanied the orchestra in a low, husky voice, carrying the melody. His beat had the precision and force of a drop hammer. His face became fiery red, and beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. “*Cantare, cantare,*” he would cry, or “*Molto, molto,*” placing his left hand over his heart in a beseeching gesture or stopping

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the music entirely to cover his face with his hands in a gesture of agony. He signalled for the orchestra to stop, by shaking his baton violently, and asked it to repeat one section of "Danse Macabre" seven times, pleading for a bit more shading here, a tiny emphasis there.

At one point, Walker tiptoed past me, carrying the Maestro's gray hat. "Going down to have it stretched," he said. Twenty minutes later, he was back. "Hat's stretched," he said.

Walter Toscanini wandered about backstage, listening attentively to the music. Every time the Maestro ordered the music to stop, Walter walked swiftly to an open door leading to the stage and stood anxiously watching his father. "Father must have it perfect, always perfect," he said, with an air of immense pride. "Nothing is ever *exactly* right with Father." Part way through the rehearsal, the Maestro called for a five-minute break, and at least half of the orchestra instantly produced cameras, surrounded him, and began to snap pictures. He looked bewildered but did not object.

When the five minutes were up, the Maestro led the orchestra through a couple of short pieces, then suddenly dropped his baton to his side, said "Thank you," and walked offstage. "Good," he said, to no one in particular, and started toward his dressing room. Walker told me to stay where I was.

Fifteen minutes later, Walker stuck his head out of the dressing-room door. "Maestro's coming," he said to me. "Wants to take a drive in the country. Tag along."

Once again, at the curb, a group of musicians stood snapping pictures. "*Santo Dio!*" said Toscanini, getting into the car.

"Start her up, for heaven's sake, man," Walker said to Mr. Adams. "Drive into the country somewhere. Maestro wants to see the dogwood."

For the better part of an hour, we drove in a leisurely way about the environs of Atlanta. The Maestro dozed or looked out the window, occasionally talking in a low voice, in Italian, to Walter. I caught snatches of the conversation. Mostly, Toscanini spoke of Italy—of his promise to an Italian general, in 1916, that if he won a certain battle, he, Toscanini, would take a band to the battlefield and play for the men, and of fulfilling his promise; of cancelling his subscription to the *Corriere della Sera*, the celebrated Milan newspaper, the moment it espoused the Fas-

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cist cause; of his wish to see the musical museum at La Scala in a building of its own. Each remark was short and came to a sudden stop. When we reached the hotel, some musicians were waiting in the doorway to greet him. "Good evening, Maestro," they called. Several of them bowed and waved. He smiled benignly, tipped his hat, and walked to the elevator.

THE day of the Atlanta concert, Toscanini stayed in his rooms until late in the afternoon. I met Walker in the lobby at four and he told me that the evening before, Toscanini had watched the wrestling at the Municipal Auditorium on a television set installed in his rooms by a local R.C.A. dealer. "He was wild about the wrestling," said Walker. "He kept shouting, 'Hit him in the stomach! Repose, man, repose!' Serpe outdid himself last night. He produced a minestrone that Maestro applauded. He also presented risotto, filet of beef with eschalots and white-wine sauce, and creamed spinach. Maestro permits only one thing on his plate at a time, and he eats just a little of everything. During the risotto, he said, 'Walker, drink some wine. Rice is born in the water and dies in the wine.' "

Walker said that the Maestro was about to leave for Atlanta's celebrated Cyclorama, and that I should go along. (The Cyclorama, housed in an imposing building in Grant Park, is a circular painting four hundred feet in circumference and fifty feet high depicting the Battle of Atlanta.) A few minutes later, Toscanini and Walter came into the lobby, and we all rode to the Cyclorama through a sudden, heavy rainstorm. The Maestro, who was wearing no coat, jumped out of the car and almost leaped up a long flight of stairs to the entrance.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried a woman taking tickets at the door. "Maestro Toscanini! We are so honored!"

Toscanini nodded briskly and went into the Cyclorama, listened to a fifteen-minute lecture on the battle by a woman, somewhat reluctantly gave the lady at the door his autograph, got into the car, and said, "*Molto bene.*" Most of the way back to the hotel, he was silent. "Walter," he said suddenly, "what did the lecturer mean when she said 'brother fought brother'?" Walter explained to him some aspects of the War Between the States.

At seven o'clock, I was told, Toscanini, in his rooms, ate an egg, boiled one and a half minutes, and drank some Italian coffee. At seven-thirty, he left for the auditorium, where the concert was to begin an hour later, and about eight o'clock I went there in a taxi. Just before the concert got under way, I met Royal, who was standing near one of the entrances counting the house. "Another straw night!" he cried. "Fifty-four hundred people!" When the Maestro appeared onstage, the audience rose, but they sat down quickly, sensing that he was impatient to begin. They listened in the deepest silence I have ever encountered at a concert. The people sat up straight; even their heads barely moved. I had the impression that Toscanini—he was a tiny, almost immobile black speck from where I stood at the back of the hall—represented an idea of perfection to the audience, and that they felt that even a stifled cough would destroy the spell. After the intermission, I went backstage. Royal, Walter Toscanini, Williams, and Walker were seated on trunks in the dark, their heads in their hands, listening to the music. Now and then, Walter would rise, keeping time to the music with his hands, peep through the wings, nod approval, and tiptoe back to his trunk. I looked out at Toscanini. He was much paler and more intense than he had been during rehearsal. But for his flashing hands, he might have been in a trance. Walker beckoned me to the dressing room, and, standing in the doorway with one finger to his lips, pointed to a table. On it were the four towels, the two bamboo fans, the picture of the Toscanini family, and the silver box containing rock candy.

At the end of the last number, Toscanini came offstage looking exhausted. Walter embraced him before he walked back onstage. The audience was shouting as he ascended the podium again, lifted his baton, and began to lead the orchestra through "Dixie." The shouts became louder, and then the audience started singing. When "Dixie" was concluded, Toscanini came into the wings, headed for his dressing room, hesitated, wheeled around, walked onstage, and again led the orchestra in "Dixie."

"Good God!" said Royal. "I never thought I'd live to hear Toscanini play 'Dixie' twice in one evening!"

Toscanini came offstage slowly. The audience was cheering even more loudly than before. But the concert was over. "*Basta, basta,*" Toscanini said, and walked to his dressing room without turning around. Royal called out to an electrician, "Maestro says enough! Turn up the house lights!" A half hour later, still looking tired, Toscanini

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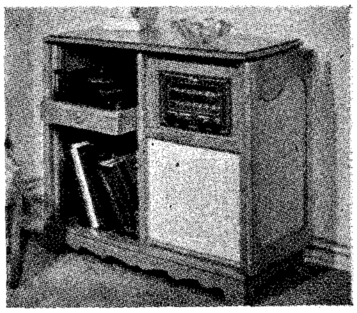

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walked out to his car. A quiet crowd of perhaps five hundred was gathered in the street. Many of them were perched on lampposts or the tops of cars. They burst into applause as he appeared, and several of them cried out, "Thank you, Maestro, thank you!"

Royal had invited me to an after-concert dinner in the Maestro's rooms. Having snared a means of locomotion somewhat swifter than the one provided by Mr. Adams, I arrived a moment or two ahead of Toscanini. A heavyset, dark-complexioned man in a chef's hat was hovering over a table in the sitting room. The table had been laid for a banquet: fine china and silverware, bowls of spring flowers, and champagne, wine, and brandy glasses at each place. "I am Chef Serpe," the man said, "and tonight's dinner for Maestro will be the classic dinner. For three hours, I have personally supervised the preparation of Maestro's dinner. The antipasto is a special delicacy. You can imagine the care that I have taken with this dinner. Here comes Maestro—I must step outside." He left through one door as the Maestro, Walter, Walker, Williams, and Royal entered through another.

"*Molto bene*," said the Maestro, admiring the table.

"Champagne for the Maestro," said Royal, pouring him a glass and pouring me one, too.

Toscanini clinked his glass against mine. Most of his weariness seemed to have left him. "*Salute!*" he said.

I complimented him on the wonderful performance of Brahm's First Symphony.

"Of course," he said, shrugging his shoulders impatiently. "It was Brahms, Brahms. I played it in response to popular demand in Atlanta. One woman wrote me to play Brahms. Royal!" he called out. "Turn on television!"

Royal hurried over to a television set that was in one corner of the room, and tuned in to a wrestling match. Toscanini took a seat at the table near the television set and drank another glass of champagne. The rest of us sat down, too. "This Antonino Rocca who wrestles in New York," said Toscanini, "why, he finds his opponent's weakness in five minutes and then he *kills* him."

Two waiters began to serve the dinner. Toscanini ate sparingly of antipasto, finished a bowl of thick *vichyssoise*, did quite well with some breast of chicken, washed down with red wine, and had some strawberries. He neglected entirely a large mixed green salad and a plate of asparagus hollandaise. "I have no idea

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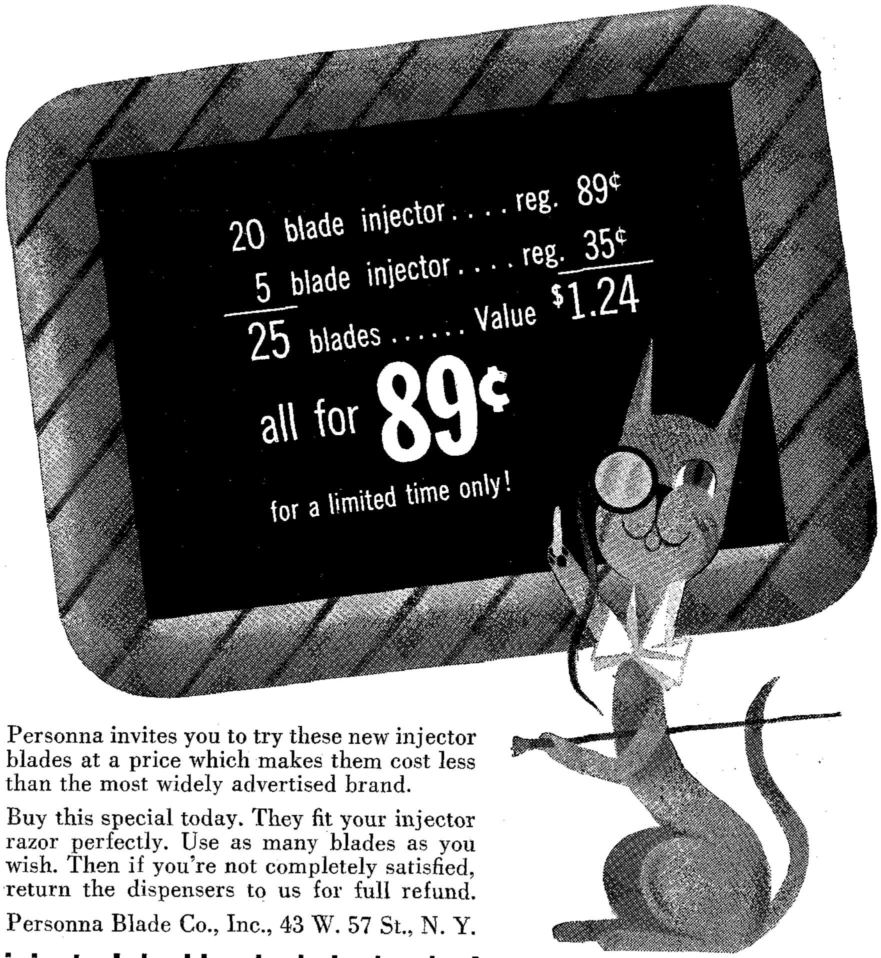
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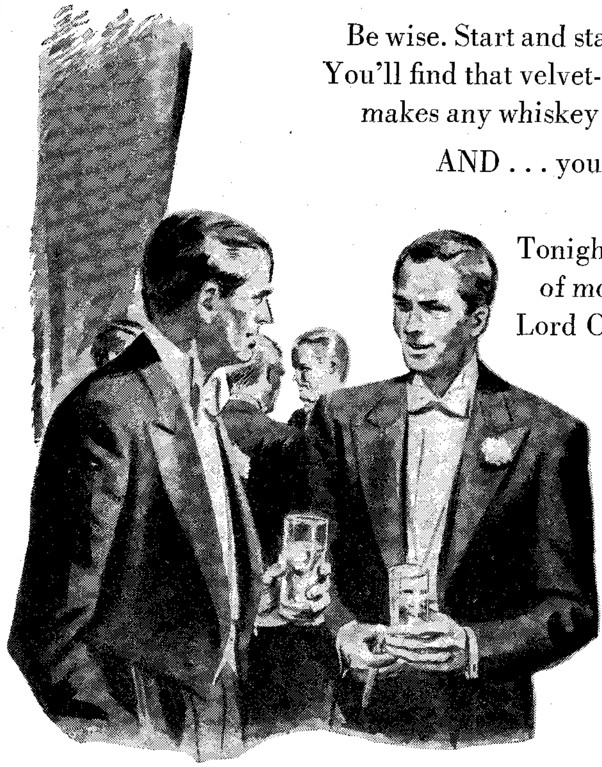

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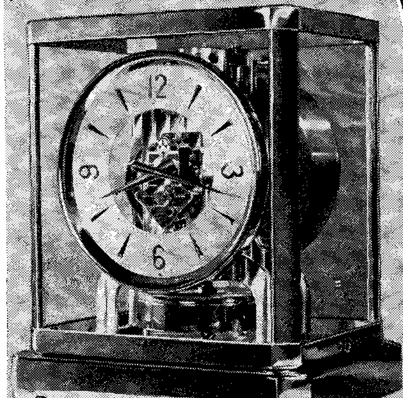

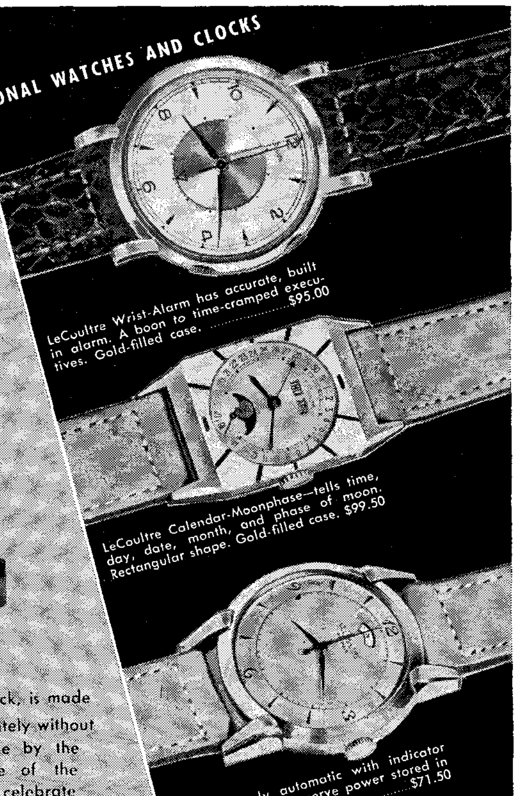

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how the music will sound while I am conducting it," he said. "I have no idea."

"Father wants perfection," said Walter, "and he brings out perfection in others. That lady today at the Cyclorama, delivering her lecture, she wanted to outdo herself to make it perfect for Father. It was that way always at La Scala, too. Everyone did their best, even the people who polished the brass."

"I never wear gloves," said Toscanini. "And yet my hands never seem to get dirty. I don't understand it. When I was a young conductor in Italy and rode everywhere on the trains, everyone else's hands would get dirty but mine would be as clean when I stepped off a train as when I stepped on. Very strange."

Serpe appeared in the doorway and cleared his throat several times, but Toscanini didn't see him. He walked over to Toscanini's chair. The Maestro looked up and began to applaud. "Ah, Serpe!" he said.

Serpe's eyes filled with tears. He took one of the Maestro's hands. "Maestro Toscanini," he said quietly, "we honor you tonight not only as the greatest conductor in the world, not only as a beloved doctor of music, but as a glorious Italian who shall live forever throughout the ages." He leaned over and touched his right eye and then his left eye to Toscanini's hand. He was sobbing. He backed to the door, turned, and walked out of the room quickly, his head high, his chef's hat bobbing.

The Maestro watched him go out. "Serpe is part Italian, part French," he said. "His cooking is flawless." For a few moments, he was silent. Then he said, "Royal! The only trouble with this tour—we're not giving enough concerts. We should give a concert a day, have more music." He was silent again. "More music," he said suddenly, rising from the table. "I want to go to the train."

Walker hurried to his side, the Maestro's overcoat in his hand. "All ready, Maestro," he said. He helped him into his coat and handed him the light-gray hat. Toscanini walked to the door with Walter and Walker, and then turned for a moment, smiling. He was not only the oldest man in the room but the youngest. "Good night, my dear ones," he said.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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[*Headline in the Hartford Courant*]

CLARE LUCE SAYS
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OF ALL THINGS

REPORTS indicate that the President's Western tour was highly successful. Some people claim that Mr. Truman plays better ball on the road than on the home grounds.

•

At this writing, the locomotive firemen are standing fast on their demand for that extra man for use in emergencies. To their way of thinking, every diesel engine should carry its own Joe Page.

•

Americans are saddened by the poor state of our relations with the government of Czechoslovakia. We helped that country get on its feet and now it is using them to kick us out.

•

In a sudden outburst of economy, the House of Representatives voted a billion-dollar cut in the appropriations bill. The congressmen did not object to the individual items in the measure, but they strongly disapproved of the total.

•

The Supreme Court has decided that the non-Communist oath required by the Taft-Hartley law is constitutional. The justices found nothing in the Constitution guaranteeing the right of free silence.

•

The rebuilt White House, we are told, will have sixty-six rooms and twenty-two baths. It is believed that by 1952 there will be plenty of applications for tenancy.

•

Bowing to public sentiment, the American Bowling Congress has abolished its rule restricting membership to white males. From now on, all bowlers are created equal.

•

Pennsylvania Republicans have wound up a vigorous primary fight, complete with mudslinging and name-calling. The brutal exhibition was greatly enjoyed by innocent bystanding Democrats.

•

A White Plains jury has awarded a housewife a judgment for $11,195 to recover money her husband lost to a bookmaker. The fellow showed better judgment in picking a wife than in picking horses. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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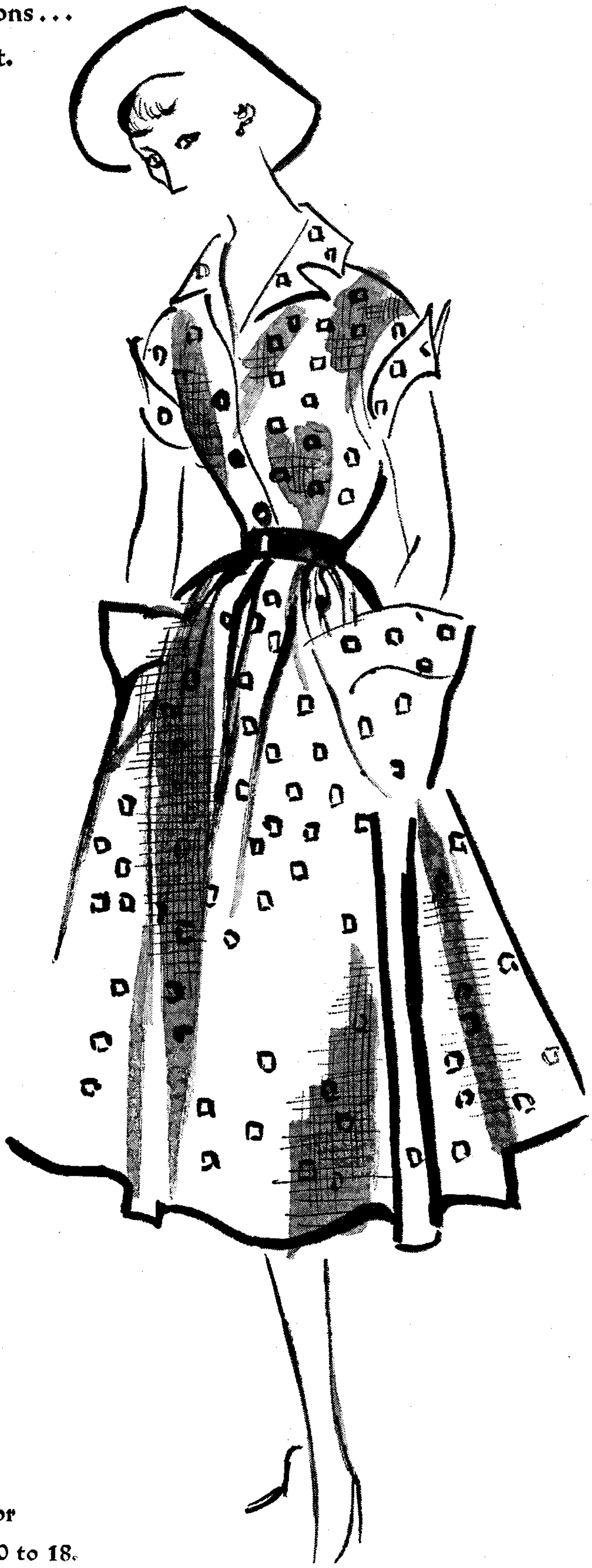

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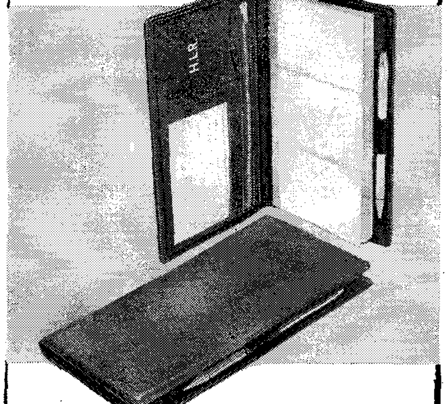

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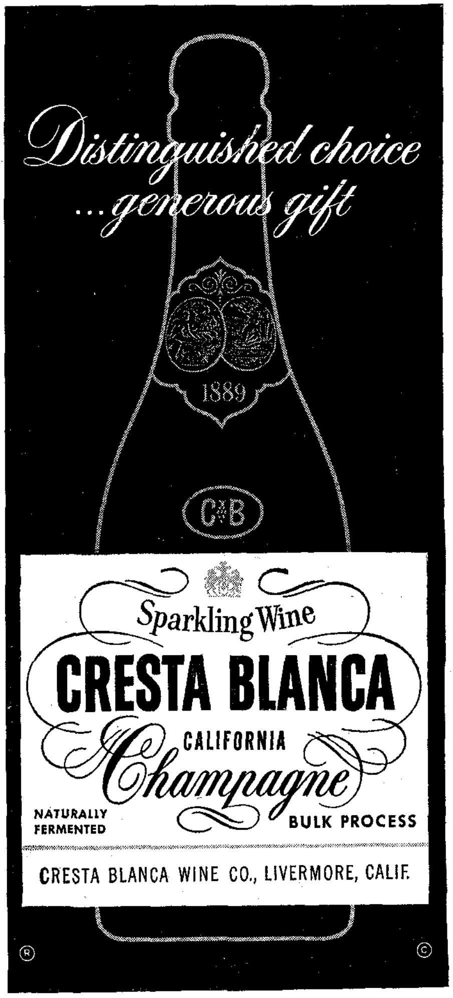

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THE RACE TRACK

Turnabout Is Fair Enough

AT least, the Withers Mile, won by Hill Prince at Belmont last Saturday, settled one argument. Ever since the Kentucky Derby, a number of horse watchers have insisted that Arcaro would continue to ride the colt close to the rails, making himself fair game for being blocked or boxed in; others were sure that someday he'd change his tactics, just to outsmart the other jockeys. Perhaps, during the week, Arcaro saw the newsreel shots of the Derby. At any rate, he did change his tactics in the Withers, and kept Hill Prince as far as he could from the rails, a maneuver that disconcerted Boland, Middleground's rider. As a matter of fact, Arcaro did everything he should have done but didn't do in the Derby, with the result that Hill Prince beat Middleground by about the same distance that Middleground beat him at Churchill Downs. Ferd, who had won the Swift Stakes earlier in the week, was a distant third, and four other runners, who didn't matter anyway, except to their owners, were down the course. By the way, the Withers Mile was run in 1:35⅘, the same time that Man o' War ran it in thirty years ago.

Hill Prince, despite all the travelling he's done and the hard work he's had, looked better than he did in Kentucky; he was more nimble, too, and moved easily into a good position before he'd gone half a mile, and although some observers thought he was tiring at the finish, it seemed to me that he had something in hand, as the saying goes. Middleground again was the best-trained colt of the lot, but he lacked the brilliance that marked his running in the Derby. Only goes to show how horses can fool you.

I was frankly disappointed that Your Host did not run in the Withers. There was, however, a feeling in my mind that perhaps it was just as well for Hill Prince, for whom my admiration is practically unbounded, because Your Host is, I daresay, the fastest miler we have, while Hill Prince is better at longer distances. There was a decidedly Hollywood touch to Your Host's nonappearance. (He was bred by L. B. Mayer, you know, and is owned by William Goetz, the producer.) Early in the week, Arcaro had been engaged to ride him, but when, to the surprise of everybody, Hill Prince was entered for the Withers, that arrangement was off. Arcaro has an agreement, amounting to a contract, with C. T. Chenery to ride Hill Prince whenever he runs. There was hardly time to bring Longden from San Francisco, and the stable decided that if Your Host couldn't have a big-name jockey, he would be scratched, and he was. Well, it's my timid guess that had the mount been given to, let's say, Lasswell, a hard-riding youngster who had eleven winners in the first six days at Belmont, Your Host might have won by lengths. But, of course, Lasswell is only an apprentice.

You have to hand it to Hollywood, incidentally, for enthusiasm and imagination. I especially liked the reason given by the California boys for Your Host's finishing ninth in the Derby. It seems that the colt knocked out a tooth during a fit of temperament in the starting gate, and the blood from the wound choked him up. That little dandy goes to the top of Colonel Martingale's list of alibis for beaten favorites.

CONFRONTED with the Preakness at Pimlico this weekend, this department must drop any sly tendency it may have had toward higgling and hedging and put on its best front. Since Hill Prince is likely to be ridden the way he was in the Withers, one hardly need look beyond him for the winner. However, I thought before the Derby, and still think, that Mr. Trouble is the fellow to worry about. He hasn't had much racing or many real gallops; besides, he's been on the grounds for some time, and that helps. On the other hand, he needs a jockey, since Dodson, who rode him in the Derby, was injured in a spill at Belmont the other afternoon. Middleground will, I expect, go down to Baltimore, and so will Ferd, who set most of the fast early pace in the Withers. Your Host won't go. Needs resting, I'm told, though what for I wouldn't know. Still, there will be enough runners to have show betting on the race, which will make the horseplayers happy.

THERE isn't much to say about Alfred Vanderbilt's Loser Weeper, who won Pimlico's cherished Dixie Handicap last Saturday, except that he seems to have had a rather easy time doing it. According to the chart, he led for most of the mile and three-sixteenths, finishing five lengths ahead of

Double Brandy. Going Away was third. Horsemen grumbled that Loser Weeper carried pretty light weight—a hundred and eight pounds—for an animal who had picked off major races at Havre de Grace and Garden State Park. Actually, he carried only a pound less than he did in the Gallant Fox Handicap, in which he was third to Better Self and Chicle II. But then grumbling about the weights is part of the fun horsemen get out of racing.

Vanderbilt wasn't so lucky at Belmont, earlier in the week, for his Next Move, who is generally regarded as just about the best three-year-old filly, was beaten by Siama in the Acorn Stakes. One school of thought insists that Next Move hasn't been the same since she ran with Hill Prince and Middleground in the Wood Stakes at Jamaica last month, but I can't agree with that, because later on she galloped off with the Prioress Stakes. Siama isn't as lovely to look at as Next Move but she has courage and can run. She was bought last summer by Harry Guggenheim, who races the Cain Hoy Stable, and chances are she'll pay her way.

CONSIDERABLY more liveliness than we've had for some years was apparent in the steeplechasing that began at Belmont last week. As you probably know, it was really the start of the jumping season, because Pimlico decided to have no steeplechasing this spring. There were plenty of runners out, except, curiously, in the International Steeplechase Handicap, the oldest fixture of the meeting. Only five horses started in it, and The Heir won by a length from Adaptable. The most interesting winner among the jumpers last week was a gray named Wunderprinz, who hardly looked his name but made a spectacular finish and rewarded his backers with a $31.40 mutuel. Wunderprinz, who belongs to Brooks Parker, of Strafford, Pennsylvania, is one of those German horses liberated during the invasion and permitted to race under a special ruling of the Jockey Club and the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. Last year, he did rather well at the hunt-club meetings, winning five of his nine starts; nice going for a hunt-club jumper.

—AUDAX MINOR

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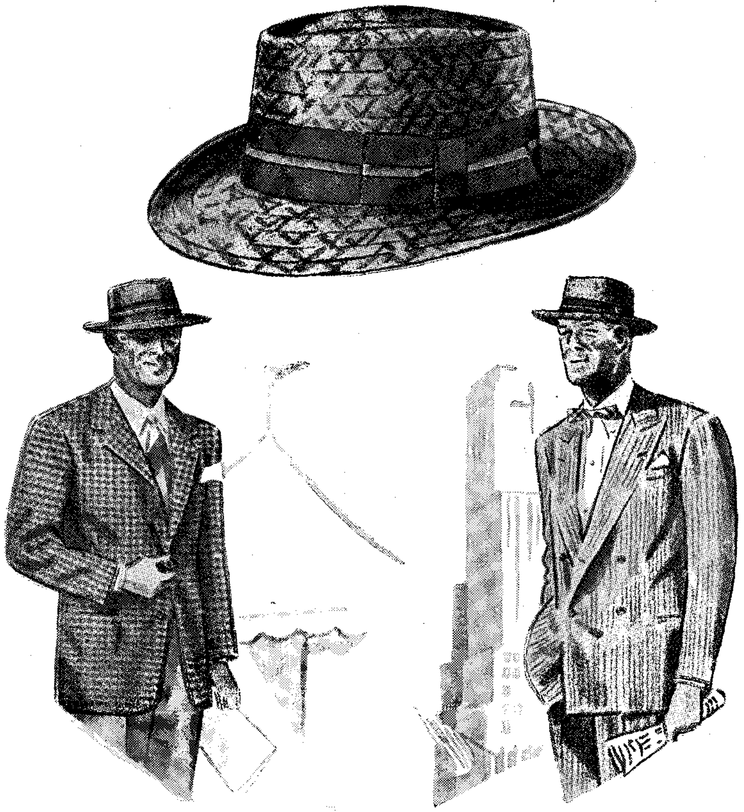

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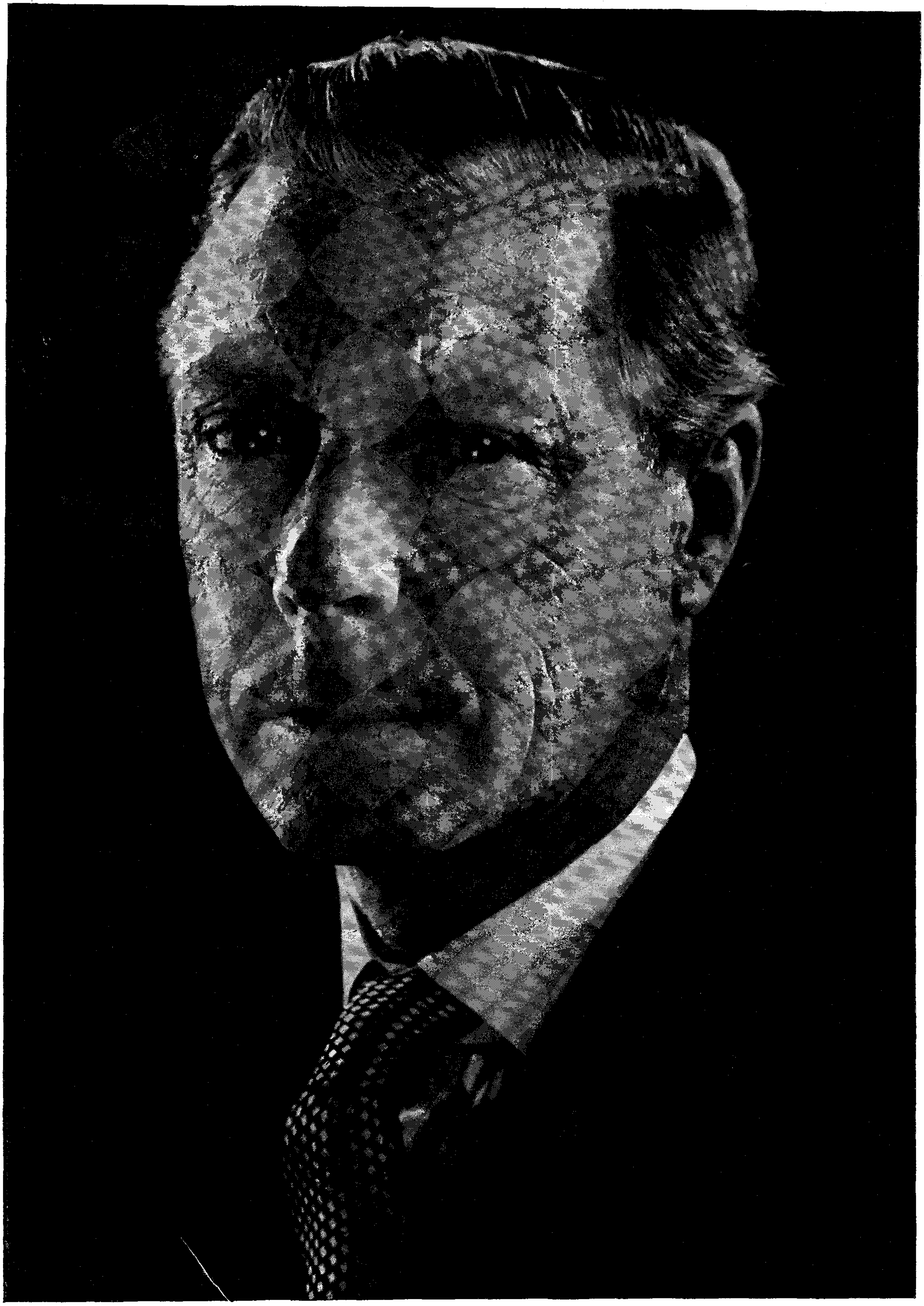

A KING'S STORY

IN ITS MAY 22 ISSUE LIFE begins publication of the Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor. They will appear in four installments.

They will be heavily documented with personal photographs from the Duke's private albums —plus great portraits in color of British royalty.

The Memoirs will span the era from 1919 when the debonair young Prince of Wales sails for Canada and the U.S. on the first of his many long tours of "Empire Salesmanship" to 1936 when Edward VIII, wracked by a great spiritual struggle, abdicates and sails away to self-imposed exile.

The Editors of LIFE take particular pride in presenting these royal memoirs. Here is history at a high level, written clearly and movingly by the one man who knows the facts from beginning to end.

Here, too, is romance—a famous love story in the context of a British constitutional crisis.

But, more important, we think, than history or romance, here is a human story unique in the chronicles of royalty.

Against the background of York House, Fort Belvedere, Buckingham Palace, Balmoral, Sandringham and Windsor, as prince and king, the author traces not only his day-to-day progress through the intricacies of court life, but also his own inner growth and development as he grapples with the gravest personal problem ever to confront a sovereign.

He writes his story with intimacy, but also with dignity. He stoops to no trivial gossip, no malice toward his adversaries, no padded platitudes.

The simple honesty of his narrative goes far to explain his popularity as a world character.

The Duke of Windsor did not produce this autobiography just for gain or glory. He had a deeper, more important purpose behind the two laborious years he spent dredging his memory. He knew that he and he alone could give the definitive account of that shattering historical drama which reached a climax with his abdication on Dec. 11, 1936.

Here, for LIFE, he has carefully set down, sometimes with pride, sometimes with pathos, but always with good grace, his acts and his feelings, his hopes and his fears, his conflict of duty and love—in short, his own story for all posterity.

We are gratified indeed to list the Duke of Windsor with the many other distinguished contributors whose words have appeared in the pages of LIFE. His Memoirs represent still another example of the wide range of personal narrative and commentary we seek constantly to bring to our readers.

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The Windsor Memoirs start in the May 22 issue of LIFE —on sale May 19.

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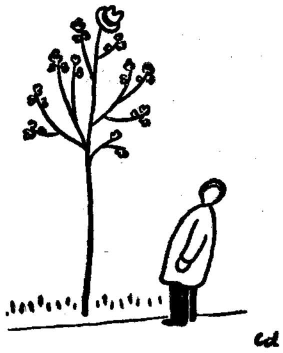
THE REPRESENTATIVE HAM

WHEN I was a child in Stonesboro, North Carolina, my mother belonged to the Young Matrons' Chapter of St. Luke's Women's Auxiliary. The Chapter's particular obligation was to provide clothing for a missionary's family in China. This was a considerable undertaking, for the family was as fruitful as it was zealous (nearly every spring, the missionary's wife would let drop, somewhere within the lines of a sprightly letter, the casual intelligence of her being, as she put it, *hors de combat*), and it was very elegant. The family photograph that came each Christmas to the Chapter showed a handsome pair of parents, a cluster of merry boys and girls, and an imperious new baby perched, with precocious aplomb, upon its papa's knee, and was reminiscent of one of those eighteenth-century domestic groupings in which the effect of natural piety and worldly grace are happily joined. The Young Matrons said that, obviously, these particular emissaries of the Faith were Representative People, who would not feel at home in hand-me-downs or mean fabrics. Accordingly, the garments that went out to them from St. Luke's were cut to the latest Butterick patterns, sewed with the tiniest of stitches, and made of the finest fabrics that could be procured in Stonesboro. And the Young Matrons, while they rolled and whipped and stroked the gathers, were busy hatching schemes to raise money to buy the raw materials of their labor. These schemes they put into effect with energy; they organized juvenile theatricals, they gave men's suppers, and once they took a flight into literature and published a cookbook. Until Mrs. Purvis came to town and told them about profit and loss, they were quite satisfied with themselves.



To be sure, the children's plays had to be abandoned after two productions because of the problems, practical and moral, that they posed. They aroused unchristian jealousies in the bosoms of those mamas whose darlings were cast for bit parts; there was, too, always the disturbing feeling that rouge on a little girl's cheek—though it was put there in the name of charity and scrubbed off the minute she left the footlights—might lead to vanity or a coarsening of her instincts; and there had occurred, during the production of a much pruned version of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," an agonizing wait between acts when one of the Matrons sang "Mighty Lak' a Rose" in a gallant effort to drown out the noise of Good Master Mustardseed being sick backstage.

The cookbook, I regret to say, enjoyed only a moderate sale, and years after its début, when I tried to cook by it, I could see why. It was a charming book and evoked for me a whole vanished mode of life, but it was written with such airy disdain for detail that it didn't help me to scare up a meal. (A single example, "Cousin Pokie's Rule for Apple Pudding," will show what I mean. "Stew the apples," the recipe reads blithely. "Be guided by the mold you want to put them in as to the quantity. Add sugar generously but with restraint. It is a little difficult to work them to the state to mold. When cold and stiff, turn out of the mold and take some blanched almonds—as many as you like—and stick about. Pour a nice, rich custard over it. This is a wholesome dessert and not troublesome except to get worked to the right consistency.") But even the cookbook venture, which was termed, I recollect, a *succès d'estime*, didn't run the Young Matrons into the red, because Mr. Prettyman, the printer, though he himself was a foot-washing Baptist who suspected that St. Luke's and all other Episcopal churches were only the sly infiltrations of Rome, refused to accept any compensation for his labor. The ladies promised him their future business and gave him a free ticket to their next men's supper.

It was the men's suppers, held the first Wednesday of each month in the Parish House, that really kept the missionary's wife in taffeta petticoats. These suppers—stag affairs served by the ladies—offered the same collations, with trifling differences, month after month. There would be fried chicken or chicken pie, a baked ham, four or five vegetables, cornbread and beaten biscuit and hot rolls, a variety of jellies and conserves, and a dessert course of a homely dish like tipsy parson, ambrosia, or Cousin Pokie's pudding. ("Nothing fancy," the Young Matrons used to say, "just plain, Representative

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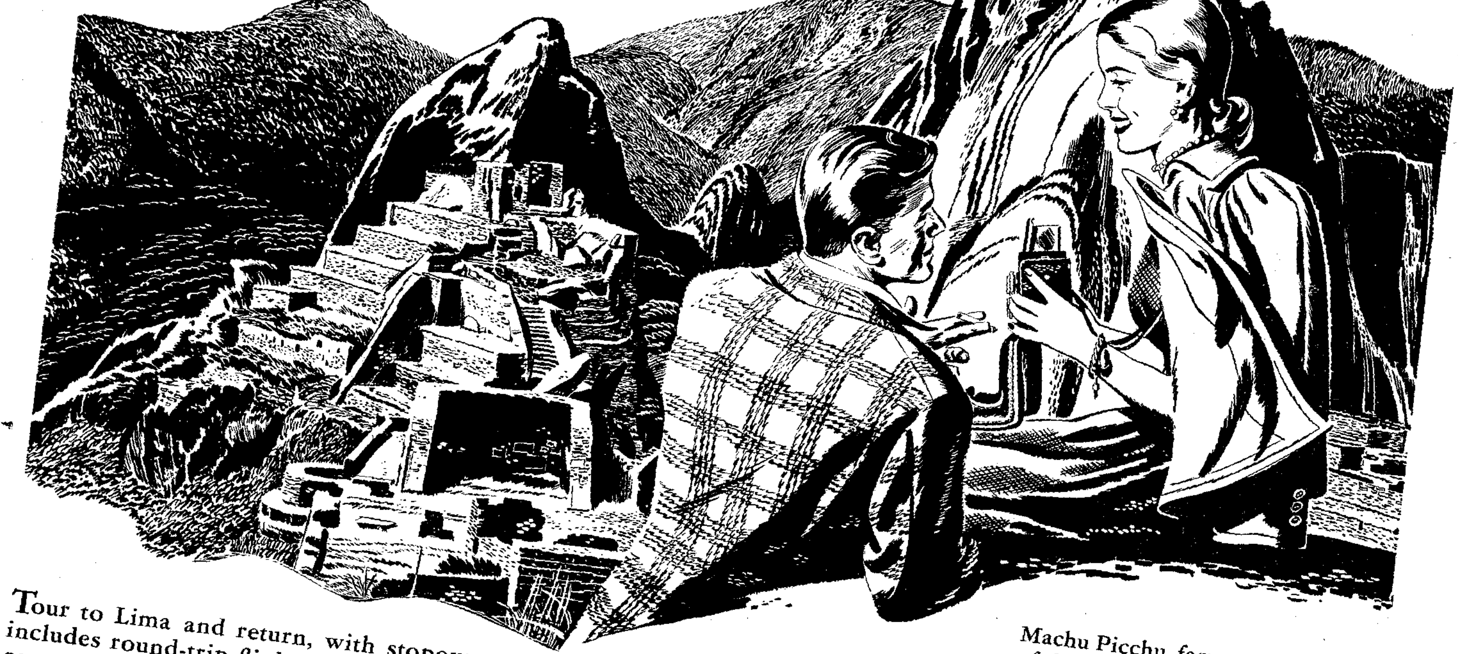

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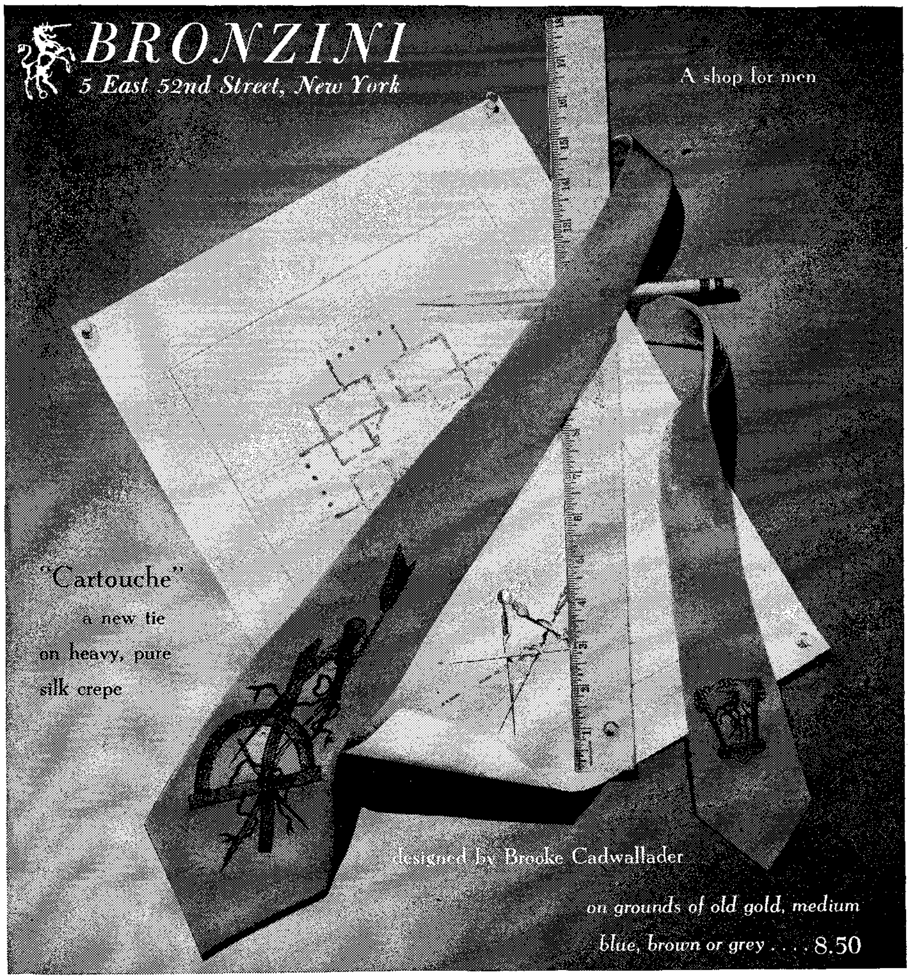
food spread out on the table like a family meal. We don't want to surprise anybody.") These occasions, unspiced though they were by the element of uncertainty, were well attended. Money rolled into the coffers of the Chapter, and the lovely thing was that very little money rolled out, for almost every item for the suppers came from someone's garden or pantry, where it appeared to have grown spontaneously. Nobody dreamed of setting a dollars-and-cents value upon butter and eggs or a jar of watermelon pickle, and someone always donated chickens—just hens gone broody, after all, or superfluous cockerels culled from a flock of pullets. Only the ham required a cold-cash outlay. Ham was dear—Onslow County hams, which, as every Carolina schoolboy knows, are superior to the products of Smithfield, Virginia, retailed at twenty cents a pound—but since the ladies made the gentlemen pay a dollar a head for their supper, they felt honor-bound to provide nothing shabby.

WINTER afternoons when the Young Matrons sat sewing in my mother's parlor are among the prettiest scenes in my memory. The parlor was a girlish room, light and cheerful. Its cushiony chairs were covered in chintz, and its walls were adorned with pictures of gauzy-winged nymphs gazing into forest pools and maidens with pitchers on their shoulders. At one end of the room was a bay window, where white narcissuses bloomed in bowls of pebbles and never cloyed the air with their fragrance, because the fireplace, in the center at one side of the room, never gave off too much heat. At the opposite end, facing the window and beyond a piano draped with a Spanish shawl, stood a diamond-paned bookcase full of love novels and limp-leather gift volumes of verse. (Our duller books, which came in sets and had fine print, were kept in the library.) Here, before the bookcase, I used to sit on the floor and read and listen to the ladies talk.

In those easy days, a little girl seemed as natural in a room as a cat, and the ladies, crowded around the fire, were not annoyed by my presence. Now and then they would call me to come and admire a pair of Sunday drawers they were making for one of the missionary's daughters, but for the most part they let me alone. Only once was my reading matter questioned. That was when I was ten and my godmother, Mrs. Battle, cavilled at "Trilby."

"Mary, dear," she said to my mother, "I don't presume to criticize, but do



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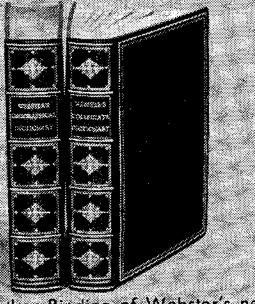

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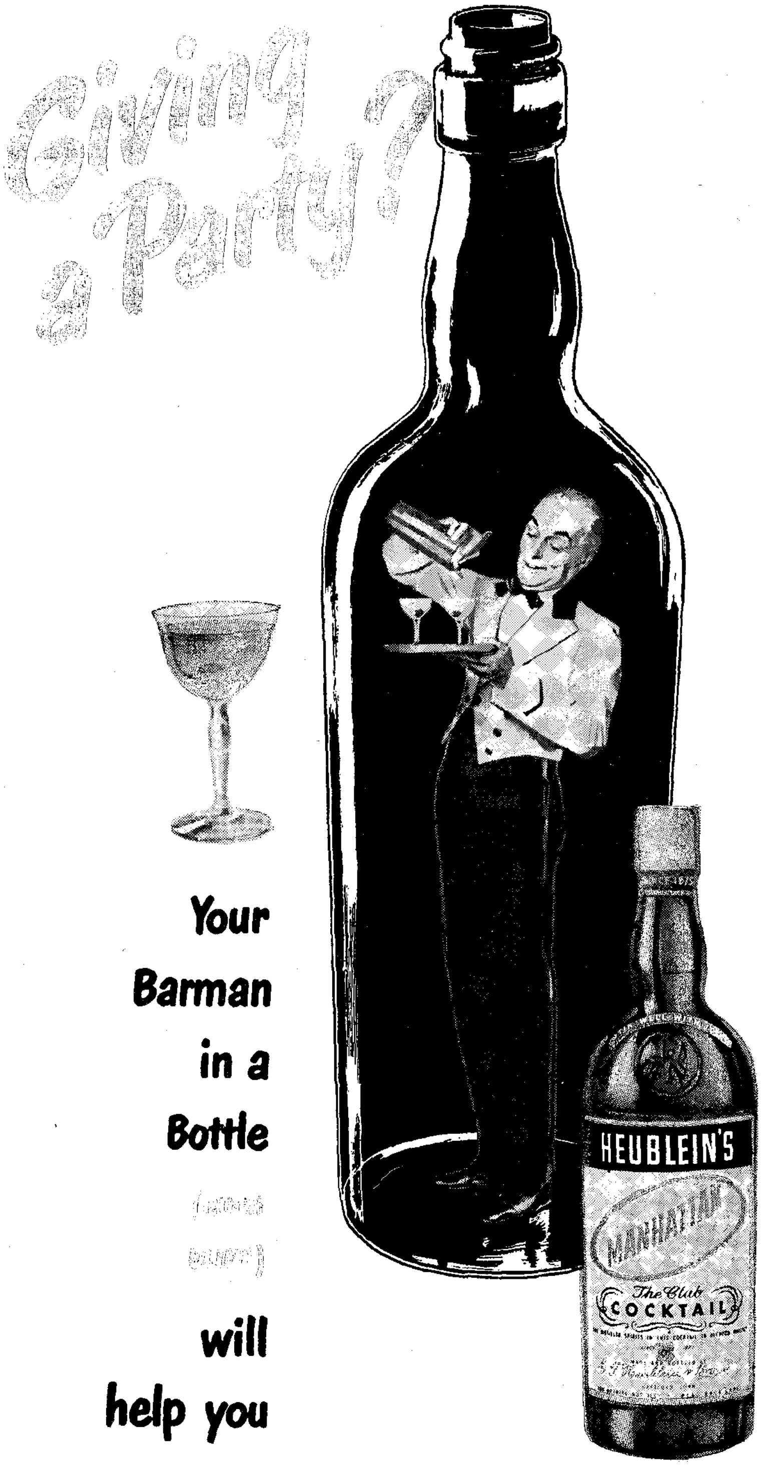
you think Fanny is *experienced* enough to read about a girl like Trilby?"

"A girl like Trilby?" my mother repeated in a perplexed tone. Then her blue eyes widened as if they were seeing something they hadn't seen before. "Why, Sophie!" she said. "Was Trilby *fast?*"

In the end it was settled that since I was half through "Trilby," I might as well finish it. Du Maurier's style was elevating and his description of Paris was educational. The novel could well be considered a travel book.

"Just remember the sweet things, darling," Mrs. Battle said, smiling down at me, "and forget whatever seems wrong or Unrepresentative."

The Young Matrons—there were six or seven of them—looked very much alike, which was not remarkable, since they were much of an age and had grown up together in the small town of Stonesboro, leaving it only to attend the same boarding school and to summer at the same seaside hotel. They all wore full white shirtwaists and they all piled their hair on their heads in a way that made their necks, as they bent over their sewing, look slenderer than they were, and proud and vulnerable, like the necks that tragic queens laid on the block. Even their voices were alike, going up and down—now grave, now gay, but always as undismayed as the voices of morning birds—and if I ever heard them say anything scandalous, it is lost to me now, like the indiscretions of Trilby. What I gleaned from their conversation was a sort of pattern, or map, of an established social order. Stonesboro, I gathered (and Stonesboro was the world), was divided into three parts. If you pictured it as a globe, you would see at the top a small slice, about as big as the Arctic Circle, called the Representative People (which, of course, included the Young Matrons and their connections), whose predestined duty was to Set the Standards. At the bottom of the globe, extending upward as far as, say, the Tropic of Capricorn, was an area set aside for the Ordinary People (the word "common" was eschewed in Stonesboro as being ungenteel and under some sort of scriptural injunction). Between these two extremes stretched a depressing wasteland populated by people described by such adjectives as "worthy" and "respectable" and known as the Backbone of the Nation. I didn't, of course, question the validity of the arrangement or speculate as to exactly what the Representative People represented, but I did sometimes try to imagine what I would be



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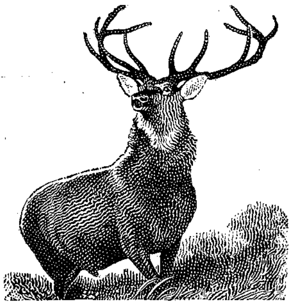

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like if God had been pleased to call me into another condition of life. I decided that I wouldn't mind being Ordinary, for, paradoxically enough, Ordinary People seemed to live lives of extraordinary excitement. They had reckless brushes with the law, they were free of slavish attitudes toward education and the observance of the Sabbath, and they were often plunged into poverty so deep that if they bounced up from it at all, they bounced up into a stratospheric height of wealth and power. But to be Backbone—the kind of child, I surmised, whose name got in the paper for her perfect attendance at Sunday school, and whose mother whopped her for not washing her feet before she went to bed—that would be ignominy! And, thinking of the unfortunates who had been cast, through no fault of their own, into that stuffy category, I would know a flicker of indignation, as if I had witnessed a cosmic injustice. The flicker never lasted long, though. I would glance at the Young Matrons; their necks would be proud and small, and their faces as uncompunctious as the starry faces of the narcissuses in the window bay. So long as they sat there, making their even, almost invisible stitches, planning their financial strategy, and Setting, as Providence intended them to Set, the Standards, I was sure that the mores of Stonesboro would be above reproach. But that was before the advent of Mrs. Purvis, the efficiency expert.

Mrs. Purvis came from Illinois. Her husband had something to do with the gas-and-electric company, and since she was an Episcopalian and in her early thirties, she was invited to join my mother's Chapter. She was a tall, flat-chested woman, with level black eyebrows and a shadow on her upper lip. She wore her hair in braids wound around her head, and her shirtwaist had a high collar that made her neck look rigid, like a teacher's neck. I took an instant aversion to her, and I didn't think my father liked her, either, because I heard him tell Mr. Phonnie Battle, who was notoriously vain of his silky mustache, that he'd better look to his laurels—he had a rival among the fair sex—but the Young Matrons thought she was wonderful. They called her bony figure svelte and they stoutly denied that she had whiskers. It was only a little *down*, they said, and Mrs. Battle declared that among the Russian nobility down on a lady's lip was considered a sign of a passionate nature.

Mrs. Purvis' ascendancy over the Chapter mystified me then and, to some

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degree, mystifies me still. I suppose it was no different from the sort of thing that frequently happens among schoolgirls: a new child will appear in a class, a child with nothing beyond novelty and complacency to recommend her, and before the week is out, every little girl in the room will be hanging on her words, adopting her mannerisms, and feeling a profound dissatisfaction with herself. At any rate, the ladies of the Chapter looked upon Mrs. Purvis with deference.

One afternoon, when the Young Matrons were congratulating themselves upon a successful men's supper that they'd given the night before, Mrs. Purvis asked to see the books.

"The books?" my mother said, looking vaguely in the direction of me and the diamond-paned doors of the bookcase.

"The account books," said Mrs. Purvis.

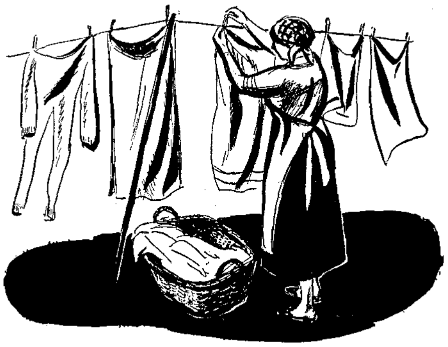
Mrs. Battle laughed. "We don't keep books," she said. "We can always remember the cost of the ham and that's all we have to buy." She shook the tin box that was the Chapter's bank. (It was an old Sherry candy box, lavender in color and decorated with violets.) "Listen to the profits rattle," she said.

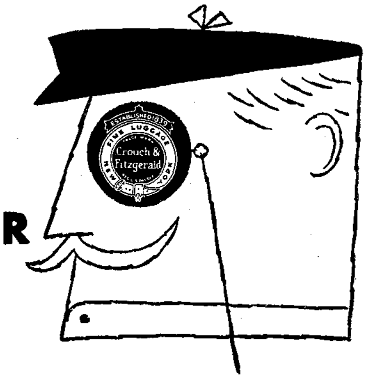
Mrs. Purvis shook her head. Was it really the rattle of profit, she inquired, or was it the rattle of loss? Before you could honestly claim a profit, she explained, you had to tot up all your outlay and subtract it from your intake. Everything was accountable. Stovewood, sugar, coffee—even time.

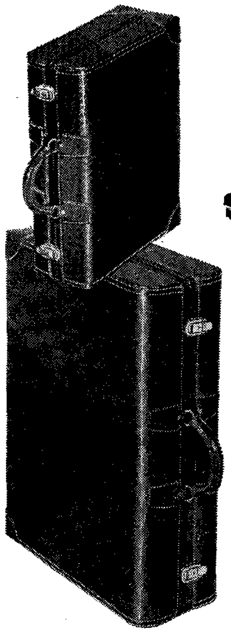
"Time!" Mrs. Battle exclaimed, as though she didn't know the meaning of the word.

"Time is your most valuable commodity," Mrs. Purvis said. "Fifteen cents an hour is not too high for semiskilled labor."

The Young Matrons protested, but I could tell that they were troubled. They were extremely conscientious and the notion that they'd been cheating—and in church work, too—was abhorrent to them. They looked at one another, thinking of the chickens and the







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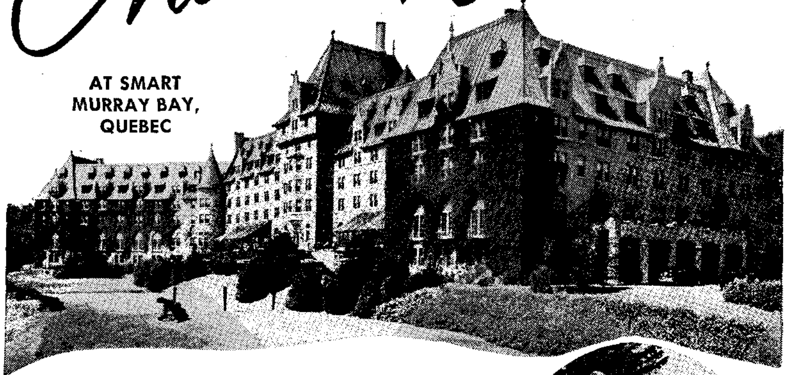

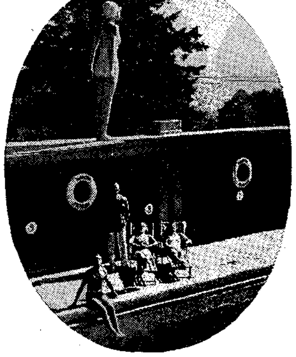

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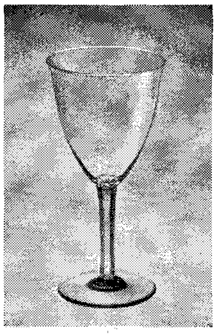

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jellies and the spilled sands of time that could never be found and counted, and they knew that, however innocently, they had been living a lie. Instead of making money, they'd been losing it.

"At least the Presbyterians don't know about our affairs," Mrs. Battle said, and the other ladies said thank heaven for that. (Thinking back over it now, I believe they may have had an uncomfortable suspicion that Calvin's disciples, though they didn't keep Lent, had a moral edge over Episcopalians.)

"Dear Mrs. Purvis," said my mother, "do put us on a sound business basis!"

"Gladly," said Mrs. Purvis.

Mrs. Purvis' first reform was to have our sewing machine moved into the parlor. We now lived in the Machine Age, she said, and doing seams by hand was as backward as spinning cloth on a fireside wheel.

"But the layette!" one of the ladies said. "The things for the new baby . . ."

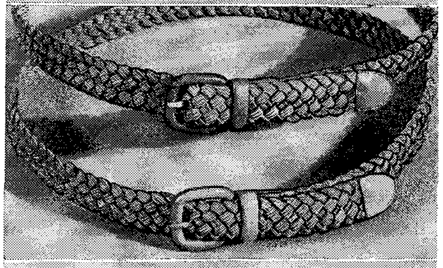
Mrs. Purvis said that an infant would hardly examine the stitches in its garment and that, in her opinion, the missionary's family was larger than it ought to be. "A little forethought," she said. "A little efficiency and Christian restraint . . ."

The Young Matrons looked astonished but, doubtless because of my presence, they didn't defend their representative in China. Meekly, they allowed Mrs. Purvis to organize them into what now might be called an assembly line. She herself sat at the machine, pedalling steadily, while some ladies cut out, others basted, and others put ornamental touches on the finished garments—not lace or lavish tucking, for Mrs. Purvis said they couldn't afford such trimmings, but just a few French knots or a bit of rickrack braid. The peaceful atmosphere of the parlor was gone, and even if it had remained, I would have had no peace, for Mrs. Purvis hauled me out of the realm of enchantment and told me to help with the easy basting. She said I could save them lots of money, since my time was worth no more than half a grown person's. Sullenly, I laid "Lucile" aside and accepted a needle. Every time I pricked my finger, which was often, I wished Mrs. Purvis were dead.

But Mrs. Purvis didn't die that winter. She didn't even catch cold. And if it hadn't been for the February men's supper, she might never have lost her power.

THE Young Matrons were tired that February. Two of them were *hors de combat*, like the missionary's

Men's Belt Suggestions



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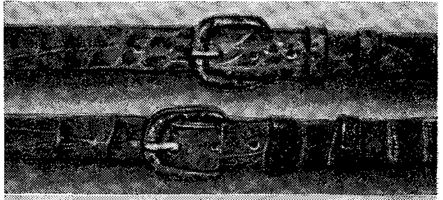

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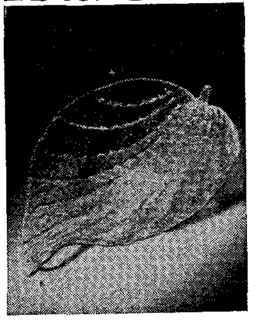

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wife; others had seen children through a siege of measles; and they were all unwary with the lassitude that precedes spring in North Carolina. When Mrs. Purvis, who was childless, asked permission to run the supper singlehanded, she didn't meet any opposition. Mrs. Battle offered to make a tipsy parson, and my mother asked if she couldn't see to the ham, which required soaking, boiling, baking, and innumerable fancy attentions before it was transformed into the noble object that would repose on a silver platter to be carved by the senior vestryman of St. Luke's Parish into paper-thin slices, the color of red mahogany. But Mrs. Purvis waved aside their proffered assistance. She said she wanted the supper to be an object lesson in what one efficient woman, working by system, could do.

On the Wednesday evening of the supper, Mrs. Battle came over, after she had put her young children to bed, to visit with my mother. "It feels funny not to be in the Parish House kitchen," she said, "but it's nice to know that everything's in safe hands."

"Yes," my mother said. "I don't know what we did without Mrs. Purvis. We can be lazy now and remember those days when we were young and all we had to do for the church was to cut fresh flowers and polish the communion service!"

"Those 'maiden meads of mignonette'!" said Mrs. Battle, quoting a local poet. "We didn't appreciate them then!" She sighed, for in Stonesboro membership in the Altar Guild was a strictly virginal office and all proper married women looked back upon it with a semblance of regret.

I was allowed to sit by the parlor fire with the two ladies, reading "Lucile" while they ate macaroons and drank blackberry wine—they gave me a taste every now and then—and darned the black ribbed stockings that Stonesboro children wore to school. (The missionary's girls had hitherto been furnished with fine white lisle hose that I'd envied, but I was confident—with a mean sense of triumph—that, thanks to Mrs. Purvis, their nether limbs would soon be no more daintily clad than my own.) Whenever I came to a particularly moving passage in my book, I would read it aloud, and the verses never failed to revive romantic memories in the minds of my audience. Boasting of the hearts they had broken in their Altar Guild days, they told tales of tender cruelties that would have done credit, I felt, to Owen Meredith's heroine. At half past nine, we heard on the porch

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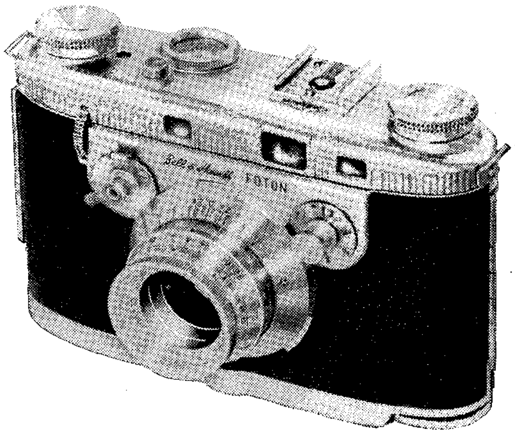

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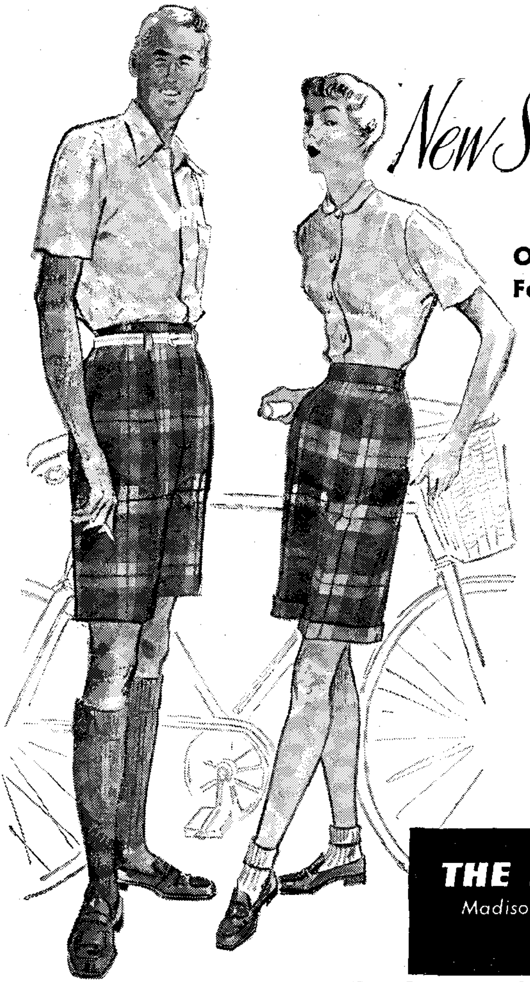

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*TRADEMARK

the familiar footsteps of my father and Mr. Phonnie Battle.

"They're back early," my mother said, sounding anxious, as she generally did when any member of her family varied his routine.

"I expect they knew we'd be dying of curiosity," said Mrs. Battle.

In a minute the two men came into the parlor. They bowed without smiling or speaking. My father's face looked drawn, as if he'd heard something bad about cotton futures, and Mr. Battle's beautiful mustache seemed to droop.

"How was it? A good crowd?" Mrs. Battle asked.

"Oh, yes," my father said. "Fine. Nearly every man from St. Luke's, and three Presbyterian elders." He took a macaroon from the plate on the table and bit into it gloomily. "Have one, Phonnie?" he said. "How about a little wine for the stomach's sake?"

"No thanks," Mr. Battle said. "I think I'll let my stomach alone."

"Tell us about the supper," my mother said.

"It was a plate supper," Mr. Battle said. "Canned peas, chicken salad, sweet potato—"

"With a toasted marshmallow," my father said.

"And a slice of *ham*," added Mr. Battle.

Plate suppers were considered chinky in Stonesboro, and there was something ominous in the way Mr. Battle emphasized the word "ham."

The ladies exchanged glances. I knew they were thinking of the Presbyterian elders. Mrs. Battle bridled. "You-all are just spoiled rotten," she said. "That was a nourishing, well-balanced meal!"

"The chicken salad was laced with veal," my father said.

"I don't believe it," my mother said flatly. "You wouldn't know veal from chicken unless I told you!"

My father shrugged. "It may have been pork," he said.

"Anyhow, you don't need two proteins," Mrs. Battle said in a trembling voice. "You had plenty of ham."

"More than plenty," said Mr. Battle with a hollow laugh.

"Well," his wife said triumphantly, "what are you complaining about?"

"I'm not complaining," Mr. Battle replied with an innocent air. "I said I had plenty. My slice was half an inch thick."

My mother dropped her darning egg. "Not grocery-store ham?" she said.

"I've no idea where it came from," my father said. "Somewhere very exotic,

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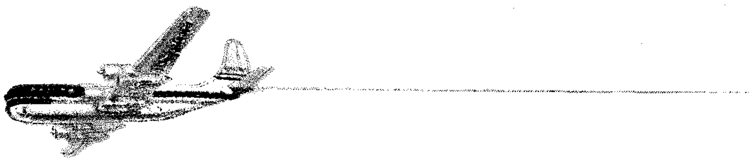

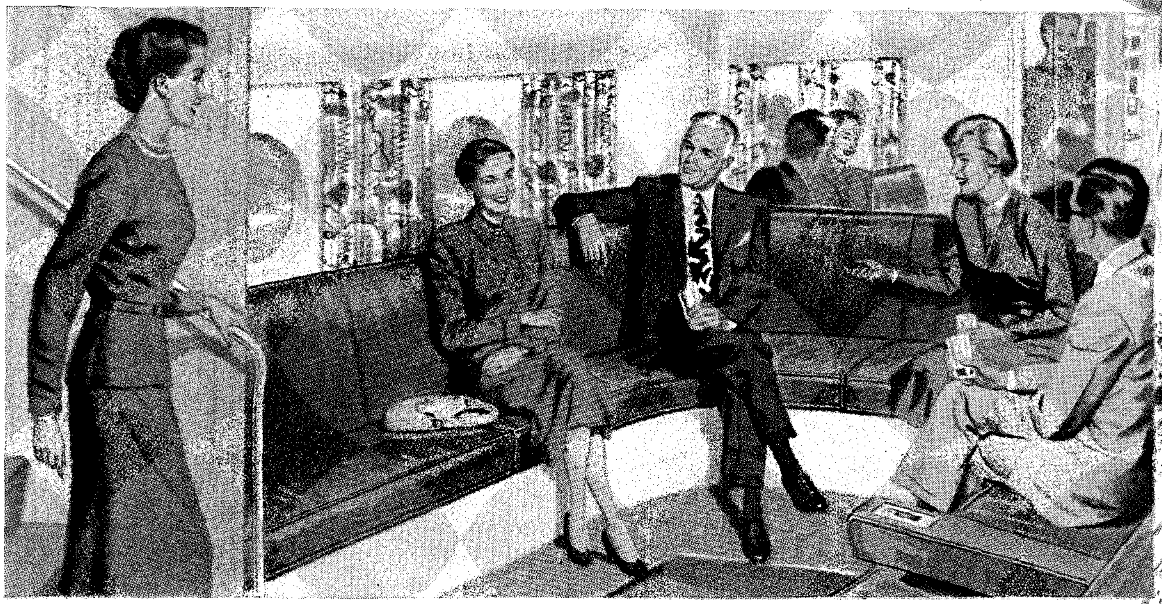

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I presume. It was certainly a pretty color—rosy as a blushing bride."

There was a moment of shocked silence in the parlor. Mrs. Battle glared at the men as if to give them the lie direct. At length, when they didn't falter beneath her gaze, she raised her eyes devoutly toward the ceiling. "My precious Saviour!" she said softly. She was not swearing; she was asking divine comfort. "Pink ham! In our Parish House! And in the presence of Presbyterians!"

THE next day, when the Chapter met, all the members except Mrs. Purvis arrived at three-thirty instead of the customary four o'clock. They took their seats solemnly and then Mrs. Battle rose and stood with her back to the fireplace, facing them. She was a small woman, but she seemed, at that moment, a figure of great dignity.

"Ladies," she said, "Mary and I requested you to come early today to consider a crisis. I propose to make a speech."

The ladies looked at her respectfully, as if she'd been a lecturer on a lyceum program.

"Mrs. Purvis is a worthy woman," Mrs. Battle said, going straight to the crux of the matter. "She is *not* bearded, no matter what the men say, and she has taught us a number of things that I, for one, was glad to learn. Before she came, I was hazy about profit and loss, and I was certainly unaware that my time was worth fifteen cents an hour—to the Lord or anyone else. But there are those things that not Mrs. Purvis nor the Angel Gabriel himself could teach us, for we were born knowing them! We know that we are the Representative Women of Stonesboro and that we must Set the Standards! That is a duty we dare not shirk!" My mother rose quietly. She took the Spanish shawl from the piano and draped it over the sewing machine.

Mrs. Battle continued. "We know which things are Representative and which things are not Representative. And my dear friends"—here her voice rose an octave—"pink ham does not represent St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church and, by God's grace, pink ham never shall!"

The ladies clapped. Mrs. Battle, flushed with oratory, hoisted her skirts a little, to get the full benefit of the fire.

"Fanny," my mother said to me gently, "we won't need your help today. Just lose yourself in 'Lucile.' "

After a short while the doorbell rang and the housemaid ushered Mrs. Purvis into the room. Mrs. Purvis' neck was still unbowed; the cold outside had heightened the color in her cheeks and darkened the hairy shadow that would have been admired in Russia; her expression was replete with self-esteem. But as I watched her and despised her, I was pierced through with a shaft of pure pity that was as keen as physical pain. Mrs. Purvis, I knew, had been judged and condemned: she wasn't Representative any more, she was only the Backbone of the Nation. That she herself didn't know this and might never know it did not console me. For the first time in my life—and now that I come to think of it, for one of the regrettably few times in my life—I ached with human sympathy for a person whom I disliked intensely. I put my book back on its shelf and crept out of the parlor.

That was thirty years ago. To this day I haven't finished "Lucile." I am not fond of ham, either—not even of the lean, dark kind that has hung a long time in an Onslow County smokehouse.

—FRANCES GRAY PATTON

• •

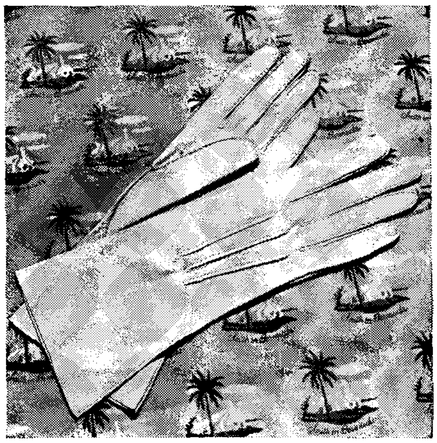
DIVINING ROD

The willow branch that points the hidden pool
Under the shallow root or under rock
Will never tug the fingers of a fool
Or bend the wrist of one who comes to mock.
The noisy skeptic, with his alien drill,
May probe the earth a fruitless month of hours
Only to see an old man stroll a hill
And find the source that springs beneath the flowers.
If there is knowledge in a willow bough,
You cannot grasp it with a doubting hand,
For it requires a simple man, somehow,
To trust a truth he does not understand,
And often only blind belief will bring
The sightless footsteps to the buried spring.

—KAYE STARBIRD

SHOP IN BERMUDA

Gay times ahead



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as fine gloves are always
a welcome addition to
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*Specially processed lambskin

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SHOP AT SMITH'S

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

BY rights, I should now be reporting on such serious matters as the trends toward this and away from that, which at this season loom with pompous solemnity in the housefurnishings world. However, Duty, with her feeble call, hasn't a ghost of a chance against the competing lure of springtime shopwindows, so I may as well admit that this week I propose to neglect the important and the significant and have myself a fine time with the trivial and the charming, which burgeon so distractingly in every store front.

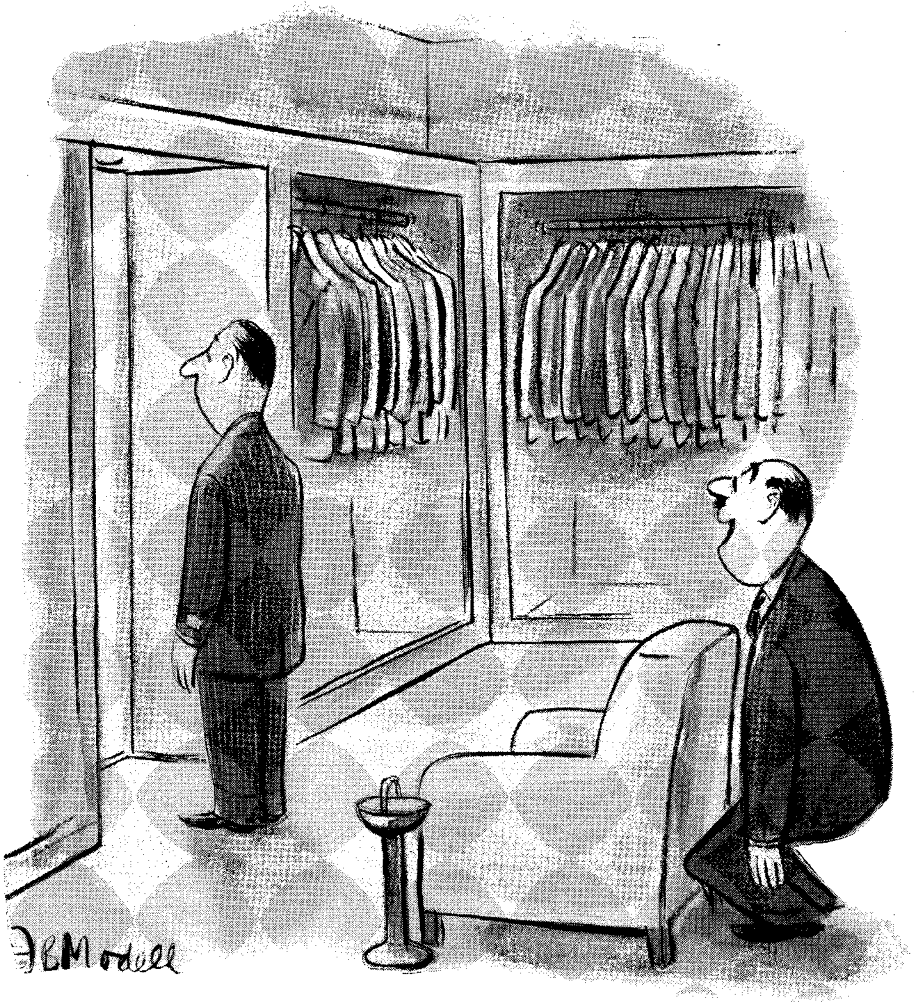
It may be that people who have been waiting impatiently for the postwar reappearance of that beguiling Pink Ribbon earthenware, which is made by the Arabia factory, of Helsinki, will not agree that there is anything trivial about it, but there can't be much disagreement as to its charm. At any rate, here it is, long overdue, at the Finnish Art Shop, 41 East 50th Street, looking as fresh and irresistible as a crisp pink gingham dress, and ready to make up for ten years of ravages among the teacups and butter plates on breakfast trays. This engaging earthenware is the mate of the Blue Ribbon pattern that is almost everywhere around town at the moment, but its pretty pinkness is more lively and it appears more delicately made than the blue-banded design, which has shown signs of thickening up since the war—or so it seems to me. (The Finnish manufacturers would probably say I am wrong about this.) In both, though, the background is of a startling whiteness rarely seen except in bone china, and it has a prim, scrubbed-clean look that is particularly cheerful on a breakfast table. Cups and saucers in the ribbon design (pink or blue) cost $14.40 a dozen, eight-and-a-half-inch plates are $10.80 a dozen, eggcups are sixty cents each, and some fetching rimless cereal bowls are $1.20 each.

From the same factory, some very striking and more original earthenware has lately arrived at the Finnish Art Shop. It is rather heavy, and has a painted band of impressionistic-looking rich-green leaves standing out on a grayish ground. Anybody thinking as far ahead as this summer's outdoor meals will find this ware hard to resist. Cups and saucers in the pattern are $26.40 a dozen, and luncheon plates are $24 a dozen.

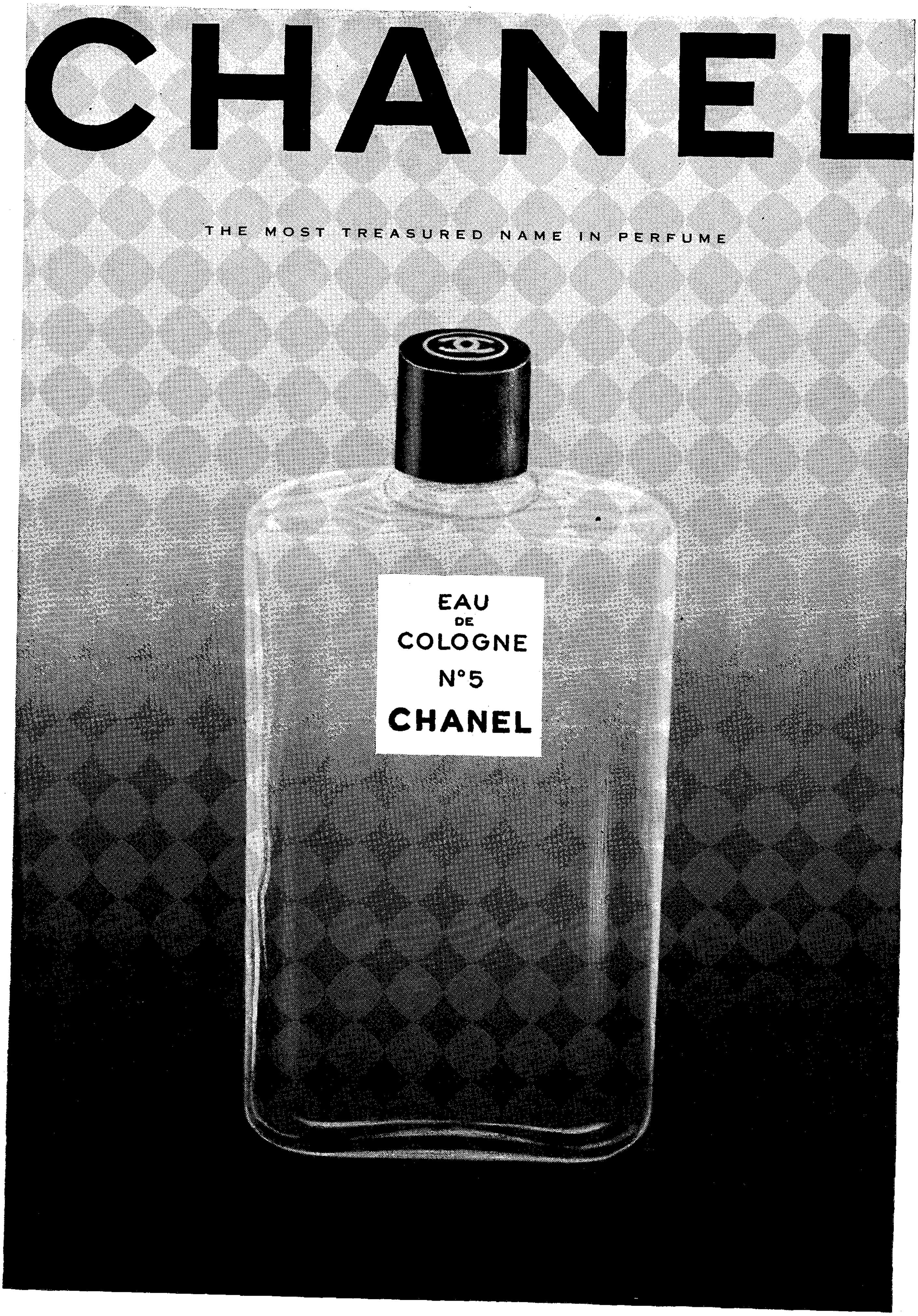
Before we get away from the subject of earthenware, there are a couple of worth-while items I would like to squeeze into the discussion. One is a cozy ivory-colored china egg coddler, recently imported from England by Alice H. Marks, 9 West 57th Street, that costs $1.50. The other, available in the antique shop of Mary Muller, 18 Greenwich Avenue (10th), is an unusually large collection of nineteenth-century white ironstone tableware, which I understand collectors have been having trouble finding lately. The prices run from $1.50, for a plain, handleless cup with a saucer, to $27, for a superb pedestal soup tureen.

FOR transporting all this crockery, or for serving breakfast in bed, or for piling cocktail paraphernalia on without any qualms about the evil effects alcohol will have on it, or for banging about generally on kitchen duty, the Finnish Art Shop has a marvel of a tray. It is twenty-one inches long and fifteen inches wide, and made of birch plywood imperceptibly coated with plastic. Although this tray is nice-looking enough, it is by its performance that it proves itself a treasure. Not only is it practically unbreakable but an oven-hot casserole doesn't make the slightest blemish on its handsome blond face, and spilled alcohol, lemon juice, and other liquids usually unfriendly to polished wood leave no trace. The modest price for all this remarkable durability is $4.95.

AT the Japan Art Company, 690 Madison Avenue (62nd), there is a most rewarding jumble of those pleasant, inexpensive Oriental trifles that gave pleasure in the days before all kinds of political implications began to lurk in the wrong sort of bamboo. You will find here a collection of graceful teapots of classic Japanese form, with



"Notice how the stripes give you that sense of added height?"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with ILKA CHASE
Starring for HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

COOL CALCULATION. The heat waves ahead make refreshing ideas very welcome indeed. Coolest thought to come my way is this little trick from **Faye Emerson,** charming television, screen and radio star. She keeps her cologne in the refrigerator. Wonderful! Makes it doubly cooling when you slosh the frosty fragrance on temples, wrists and arms. Try it to keep your temperature down, your spirits up.

Ilka Chase

VERY SCENTS-IBLE. Speaking of summer coolers you haven't lived 'til you've frosted off with the new Sweet William Cologne Stick by **Harriet Hubbard Ayer.** That fresh, flirty fragrance *frozen into a purse-size stick* that just can't spill. Easy to use. Just touch it to your skin and you're cooled and deliciously scented at the same time. Comes in an adorable pink-metal case that locks securely to seal fragrance in. Enough for a whole summer's supply for just $1.00, plus tax. Wonderful!

ON YOUR TOES. It's open season on barefoot sandals and beach shoes, so here's a footnote you ought to follow. Give yourself a pedicure as often as you do a manicure. File toenails with an emery board to keep 'em smooth. Coddle both cuticle and nails with a dab of cream. Then apply polish with the same loving care you give your fingertips. Twinkling toes pay off plenty in admiration.

SKIN GAME. Play your beauty cards right and you can have the kind of complexion that rates raves wherever you go. Use Luxuria Cleansing Cream by **Harriet Hubbard Ayer.** Tops for taking off every smitch of stale make-up and grime, and for keeping a sun-roughened complexion in A-1 condition. Luxuria gives you the biggest beauty dividends you can get for a small investment of $1.00, plus tax.

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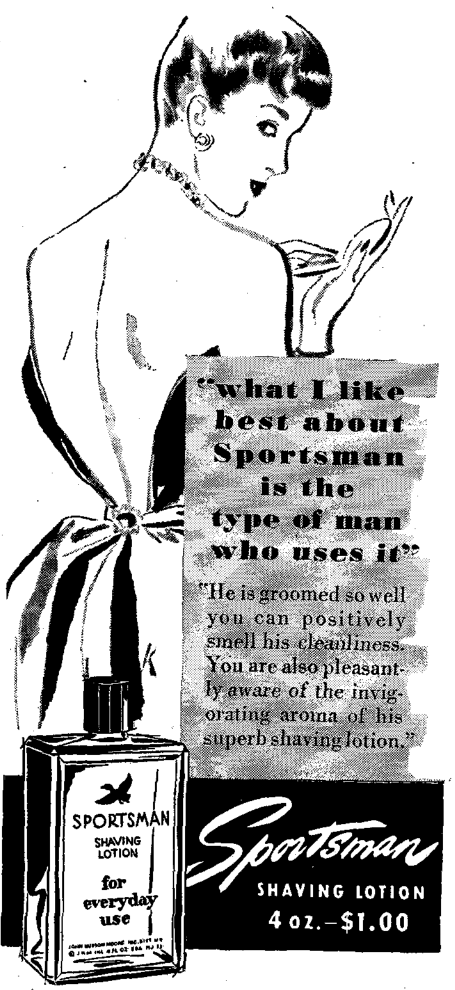
wicker handles and lightly brushed-in designs—a peach, a duck, some pomegranates, and so on—in blue on a dead-white ground. Most of them would fit becomingly into a not-too-formal Occidental tea service (the Finnish Blue Ribbon, for example). They cost around $3.50 each. You will find here, too, those serviceable Chinese bamboo trays that before the war were standard household equipment; their prices run from $3, for a fairly small one suitable for cocktails, to $5.50, for one of the big ones on which whole meals are loaded in Chinese restaurants. Gardening ladies should by all means investigate the store's assortment of informal vases—heavy pottery containers in good colors, notched lengths of bamboo, and such—which are just the things one never has enough of when the zinnia crop begins to roll in.

SOME time ago, in several shops about town, there appeared—and quickly disappeared, snapped up by eager buyers—some refreshing and moderately priced botanical prints, intended, I am told, for use in Swedish classrooms. The F.A.R. Gallery, at 746 Madison Avenue (65th), now has similar prints, which are larger (thirty-nine by twenty-seven inches), done on better paper, far more expertly reproduced, and, unfortunately, more expensive ($15). The composition of some of these drawings is a delight, and almost all the colors are dazzlingly clear and fresh. There is one study of an apple tree, for example, that, for all its scientific accuracy, looks like a Pre-Raphaelite depiction of the tree of life, with a rather scary closeup of writhing roots; in the corners are cross-sections of blossom and fruit. Another print, showing the birth, early life, senescence, and death of a dandelion, is also a fascinating piece of decoration. In fact, almost any of these unusual reproductions might do wonders for a large wall space that presents a decorating problem, especially a wall in an unpretentious country house.

THE splendid thing—or, at least, one of the splendid things—about the Baccarat collection of table crystal, at 55 East 57th Street (we have now moved on from the informal), is the obvious feeling the designers of these magnificent glasses had for the wine that is to go in them. So much fine glassmaking seems to be in the hands of people who don't give a hoot for the bouquet of a claret or a Burgundy that it is a real pleasure to note the respect



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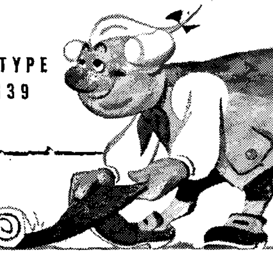

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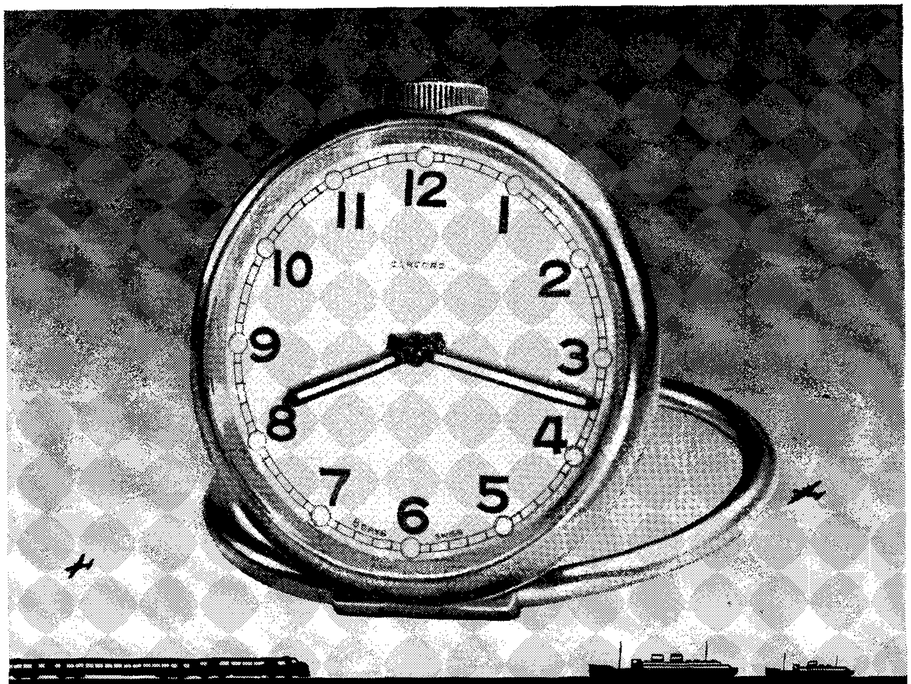
with which Baccarat has treated the whims of the wine-lover while turning out superlative pieces of crystal. Most of these glasses are tulip-shaped, and many of them are entirely unadorned, depending for their effect on the brilliance and incredible thinness of the crystal and on the grace of their proportions. The large Burgundy glass of one pattern has a deep, flowerlike body, so thin it can actually be bent with the fingers, set on an exquisite tall stem ($91 a dozen for this), and there is an almost completely spherical brandy glass ($14), also on a long stem, that is the most entrancing thing of the kind you ever laid eyes on. Prices of elegant, if less dramatic, stemware begin at $30 a dozen, for glasses that can be used for either water or Burgundy. There is an assortment of Old-Fashioned glasses that includes some of the most effective pieces in the shop and is, I should think, just about unique. Most of these are for the double-size drink; all of them are exaggeratedly heavy, and simply to hold them in the hand gives one a sense of easy comfort. The most expensive ($126 a dozen) and the best-looking of the lot is a ten-sided, flat-cut tumbler that is a rare achievement, even for Baccarat, and there are some perfectly plain tumblers, preposterously heavy, with false bottoms an inch and a half thick, that are vastly impressive ($42 a dozen). Not the least imposing feature of this house is its display of original pieces made by the firm for Napoleon, two or three French kings, a Pope, and others. Copies of most of these historic models are still being turned out by the factory.

SOME Scandinavian glass of great beauty, recently imported by Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), ought to interest anyone who cares about modern design in general or the art of glassmaking in particular, as well as those who merely want an attractive piece for a dinner table. The most distinguished works in the Bonniers group are the product of a Finnish designer, the late Gunnel Nyman, who is represented by several pieces in which, in some mysterious way, something like a great puff of smoke appears to be trapped in the glass. This technique (not to be confused with anything as ordinary as smoked glass) is employed in some narrow-mouthed wine jugs that are astonishingly lovely and, used as decanters for a cold white wine, would probably make quite a sensation. The Nyman jugs are $20 each, and Bonniers have other light and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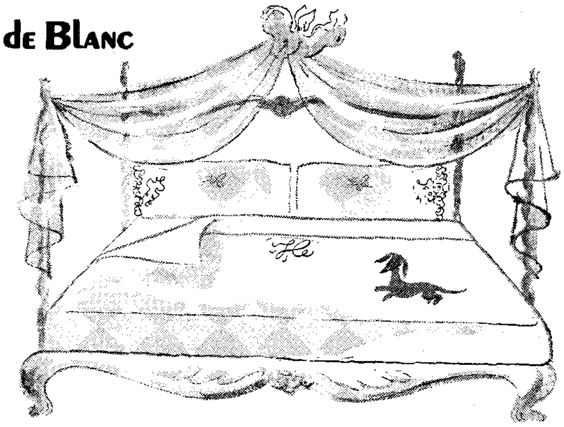

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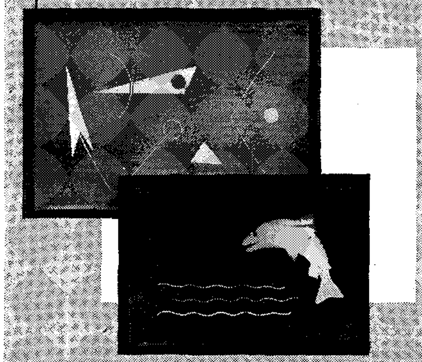

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graceful flagons, of the same general form, for around $17. I am usually in favor of leaving a good wine in its own good bottle, but I think the Scandinavian custom of decanting into these noble jugs is one that might well add cheer to our own tables this summer. At the Finnish Art Shop, there are other superb examples of Miss Nyman's work—vases and such, but no tableware. Back at Bonniers, you might have a look at some first-rate Martini pitchers; there is a particularly nice one, cylindrical and rather small, for $6.

TO judge by the unending stream of cocktail or coffee tables that has flowed from the drafting boards of every designer in the land these last few years, one might conclude that all the cocktail glasses and all the coffee cups in even the remotest parts of our planet have by this time been accommodated. But this, apparently, is not the case, and there is evidently still space in some living rooms for another low table, so it is a matter for mild congratulation that a really good-looking one, with style and, improbable as it may seem, considerable originality, has made its appearance at Lord & Taylor. This latest arrival, designed by Edith and William Hernandez, has a frame of very handsome bronze tubing, thirty-nine inches long, sixteen inches wide, and fourteen and a half inches high, on which rests a slab of slate that has been oiled and rubbed to a rich polish. I am assured that the slate will not scratch or stain, and that it will retain its finish indefinitely. This table costs $72, and for the same price L. & T. have it with a glass top, but let's just forget about that one.

I CAN'T think of a happier way to round out this springtime spree than by taking a look at a serenely beautiful hand-printed wallpaper called Low Tide, designed by Ilonka Karasz. In this paper, which is sold by Katzenbach & Warren, 49 East 53rd Street, at $21 a panel, Miss Karasz presents a sandy beach in horizontal arrangements of pebbles and shells, little puddles and sandbars, above which are wind-blown summer clouds. If a better wall decoration for a seaside house has appeared this season, it hasn't come my way.—S. H.

•

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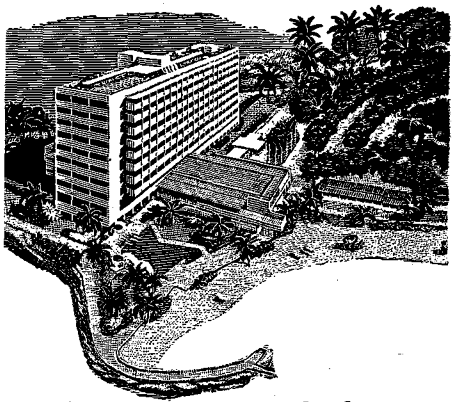

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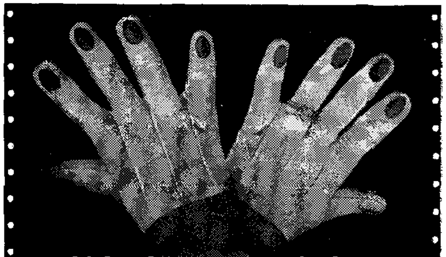

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THE SKY LINE

The Gentle Art of Overcrowding

FOR the last dozen years, the New York City Housing Authority has been carrying out a vast program of slum clearance and rehousing. It has done more in that time to improve the living quarters of the lowest-income groups than all the earlier housing reformers did in a hundred. Acres of dark, musty, verminous, overcrowded tenements have been replaced by clean, well-lighted, sanitary quarters—also overcrowded. Well then, someone may say, if the Housing Authority has achieved all this, why ask for Heaven, too? The answer is simple. If these new housing estates, consisting of tall buildings that hold three hundred to four hundred and fifty people an acre, were merely a temporary solution of the housing shortage, they would be admirable. One would not then inquire why they are dull and bleak, why they are planned without regard for the human scale and with so little respect for the needs of family and neighborhood life, or why the city has devoted itself to a plan of systematic overcrowding at a time when a lessening of congestion has become a necessity for urban survival. But the fact is that it will take forty to sixty years to amortize these congested buildings, and they are constructed soundly enough to last at least a century, so while the good they do is temporary, the damage they do to the city may be permanent. In Manhattan, where the average height of buildings was, as late as 1931 (when the fifteen-year doldrums in construction began), less than five stories, the Housing Authority has produced in its projects an average height of more than twice that number of stories.

Both the Housing Authority and the City Planning Commission have taken a shortsighted view of this situation. They have treated the shortage of lower-income housing as a disease that can be cured by segregating the sufferers in an isolation ward, and they have overlooked the fact that their favorite type of high-density building has by now created a new pattern of municipal congestion more widespread than the original slum pattern. The Housing Authority, confusing low first costs with low final costs and sacrificing quality to quantity, has planted high-density buildings even in the less crowded parts of the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens, and private investors have followed suit, possibly feeling that they now have official sanction for producing congestion. The result has been to reduce the already meagre percentage of space for street traffic, for parks and playgrounds, for schools, and for other necessities of city life, but such a grave result seems to have given no concern to the people who have committed the municipality to this policy.

This is nothing new; planned congestion has been practiced in Manhattan for over a century. To understand the situation, one must know something about the conditions housing reformers and housing administrators have been up against. Not least, one must know the long, grim history of slum building and housing reform in this city, which is one more illustration of A.E.'s saw that a man becomes the image of the thing he hates, for every effort so far to wipe out slums has only reproduced the slums in a new form. In creating pockets of deliberate congestion and prefabricated blight, the Housing Authority has been blindly carrying on an old tradition. In the eighteen-forties, in the midst of one of New York's recurrent cholera epidemics, the health commissioner, an able physician named Griscom, pointed out to his alarmed fellow-citizens that the highest incidence of the plague always occurred in the miserable, insanitary quarters of the poor—chiefly in the new "tenant houses," as the first tenements were called. (The first building deliberately designed as a crowded tenement was erected on Water Street in 1835.) That diagnosis led to philanthropic efforts to improve the lowest-income housing, but they were not successful. The first "model tenement," built in 1855, contained so many unlighted and unventilated rooms that it attracted as occupants those who proverbially walk in darkness—thieves and prostitutes. And a Model Tenement competition, held in 1879, brought forth only a new type of blight, the "dumbbell" tenement, so called because of its ground plan, which provided two narrow side courts at the middle of the site. The windows on these courts looked bleakly on the windows, only a few feet away, of the courts of the next-door dumbbell tenements. The apartments in these buildings were called "railroad

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flats," because one room formed the corridor to the next. These flats had little light and air and no privacy. Even the philanthropic Alfred T. White, the boldest of the reformers, whose remarkably good tenements, built in the eighteen-seventies and eighties, on Brooklyn Heights, are still standing, departed from the excellent Brooklyn convention of low dwellings by building six-story walkups, creating a pattern of density for Brooklyn that had no precedent even in the poorest parts of that borough.

In the course of seventy-five years of housing reform, no one was able to discover how good housing for the lowest-income groups could be provided as profitably as bad housing. Slum dwellings earned twice the rate of return on houses designed for middle-class occupancy in the more respectable portions of the city, and even philanthropy expected five or six per cent on its investments in "model dwellings." Thus the slums of New York exuberantly multiplied. The profits were too attractive to the enterpriser to suggest any sounder mode of building, and the city had to shoulder the resulting social deficits. At last, the housing reformers succeeded in persuading the city to enact the "model" Tenement House Law of 1901, which required better sanitary facilities, fireproofing of halls and stairways, and windows in all rooms. Unfortunately, regulations do not create buildings; unfortunately, too, even the modest demands of the new law raised the cost of new housing. The poor went on living in their old tenements, and the old tenements went on deteriorating year by year. (Those who read Charles Abrams' recent series of articles on housing in the New York *Post* must have rubbed their eyes when he reported that windowless Harlem cellars of the most noisome sort were still inhabited by human beings. But then, hundreds of thousands of us who pay much higher rentals are still living in quarters that are definite denials of the American Dream and of what we like to think is the American Way of Life.)

Finally, the public authorities decided to take a hand in a situation in which private capital was inert and impotent. First, in 1927, New York State set up its Division of Housing, which in 1939 began to give financial aid for slum clearance and rehousing, since it was plain that only with public loans and subsidies from the state or the federal government could decent housing be provided for the lowest-income groups at rents they could pay. But not until

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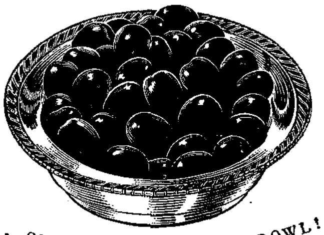

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the enactment of the federal Housing Act of 1949, which subsidized the purchase of expensive sites acquired through slum clearance, was there any attempt to make sensible building densities possible in metropolitan housing estates. Thus, when the New York City Housing Authority was set up, in 1934, it succumbed to the temptation, in the interest of lower first costs, of maintaining in its projects the population density of the slums that had been razed to make room for them. To correct a pathological condition, it employed a pathological remedy. Most of the ills that have followed resulted from that yielding to temptation, which froze the design of the projects in an obsolete, congested mold that ignored the needs of the tenants and the welfare of the city. The Housing Authority has even seemed to pride itself on the rigid formula under which it has set its architects to work, perhaps because it mistook the tall, free-standing buildings of its projects for Le Corbusier's meretricious City of the Future. In all its career, the Authority has not succeeded in effecting a single significant economy in these standardized dormitories, because significant economies—such as the ingenious ones in construction and plan the architectural firm of Holsman, Holsman, Klekamp & Taylor has introduced in certain Chicago apartment houses—cannot be achieved in terms of tall and necessarily expensive mechanized apartment houses. Such picayune "economies" as the Housing Authority has introduced—like omitting doors for the closets in apartments—only throws a burden on the tenants.

Against the physical improvements in the flats provided by the new housing, one must set the massive damage high-density housing has done, and threatens to do, to the city. If New York continues to be made over in this fashion, the ensuing congestion will throttle it, and the weekend exodus from its discomfort will become even more harrowing in direct proportion as it becomes more compulsive. Temporary and futile palliatives of the kind so avidly proposed by Mr. Robert Moses (more super-highways and tunnels to pump more people into the suffocating center of the city) will absorb funds badly needed for schools, hospitals, homes for the aged, libraries, and other facilities already in stringently short supply. One example of the cost of congestion will stand for a score of others. A while ago, Mr. Douglas Haskell, of the *Architectural Forum*, figured that the city could, even at present land values, save a great deal

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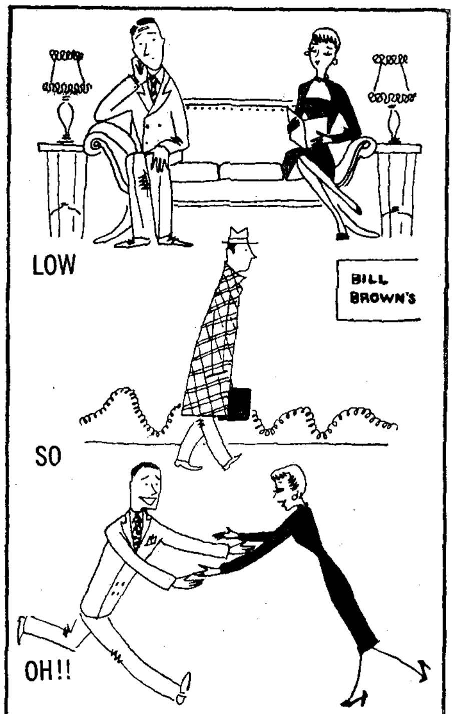

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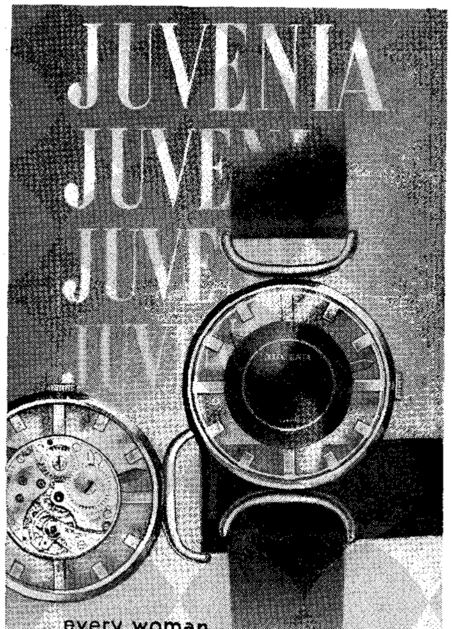
of money by building one-story schools of a new and flexible design. But the school authorities, while admitting the desirability and the probable economy of such buildings, plaintively replied that "the erection of these great building-canyon areas, to densities of four hundred to six hundred people to the acre," in the new housing projects would force them to "fill the Hudson River" to get the requisite space.

To revert to an earlier point, such economies as the Housing Authority has effected by its intensified occupancy of the land are only first-cost economies. The final effect upon the municipal budget is disastrous. Moreover, the congestion within the housing projects increases their grim, depressing atmosphere of social segregation. Though the Housing Authority, with admirable zeal, has abolished racial segregation, the law under which it operates has established segregation by income, a class-distinction concept all too plainly embodied in the Authority's great building units. Again, under the terms of the law, this housing has been separated from every other normal manifestation of neighborhood life, so although these estates are physically neighborhoods, or even small cities, they lack most of the organs and attributes of a full-fledged domestic community. The fourteen thousand people who live on the thirty-four acres occupied by the adjoining Jacob Riis and Lillian Wald Houses, in lower East Side Manhattan, haven't a single church or synagogue or motion-picture house or public market within their whole area. The provision of these facilities, in low, freestanding buildings, would do more to compensate for the bleak uniformity of the huge brick prisms the tenants occupy than any amount of fancy ornament. There is no architectural substitute for the variety and stir and color of a real neighborhood.

This situation can be relieved in one way: Income groups should not be segregated by neighborhoods, and the Authority should be given the power to provide public markets and shopping centers, as the New York Life Insurance Company did for its Fresh Meadows housing development in Queens, and sites for other public buildings. Enterprisers like the founders of Levittown, that enormous residential project on Long Island, have discovered that the main profits of such a venture are derived not from the sale of land and buildings but from the rent of the shopping centers.

Each year, thousands of taxpayers



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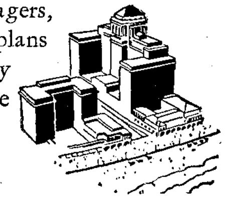

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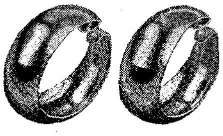

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are driven to the suburbs because a healthy pattern of life does not exist within the heart of the city. That is poor planning and poor business. We must abandon the old habit of giving housing the isolation-ward treatment. We must set sane limits of density in both business and residential parts of the city, and we must decentralize many commercial and manufacturing activities that are now overconcentrated, to no one's real benefit, in Manhattan. The initiative, as I have said before, should come from the City Planning Commission. As for the Housing Authority, it is time that it retraced its steps to Harlem River Houses (in upper Manhattan) and Williamsburg Houses (in Brooklyn) both built a dozen years ago, and urged the city to use the new federal Housing Act's beneficences to establish lower densities, on a pattern that would create an open, healthy, and beautiful city. What has been achieved in Fresh Meadows is a reasonable standard for new urban housing and city building everywhere. Should we go on rebuilding New York on the obsolete patterns of Parkchester, Stuyvesant Town, and the municipal housing projects, we should merely be exchanging slums for super-slums.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

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[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. MCFARLAND. As to tomorrow's work, I will make an announcement later. However, it is not our expectation that there will be any votes taken tomorrow. The opening of the baseball season game is generally regarded as an important event in Washington. I do not want to see the distinguished minority leader deprived of the privilege of seeing that the baseball season is opened in proper fashion.

MR. SALTONSTALL. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

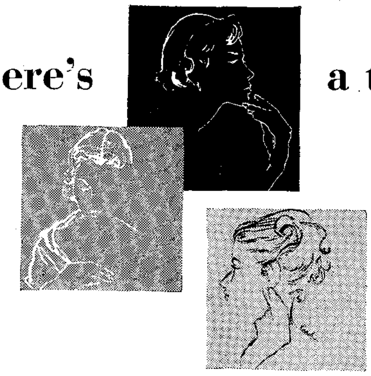
MR. MCFARLAND. I yield.

MR. SALTONSTALL. I appreciate the Senator's courtesy. If it is in order, may I seek to find out from the Senator from New Mexico if it is his judgment that, if the pending bill is not completed by late afternoon today, there will be an evening session?

MR. CHAVEZ. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

MR. MCFARLAND. I am most favorable to the idea of both the Senator from Arizona and the Senator from Massachusetts attending the ball game tomorrow. So far as the Senator from New Mexico, the chairman of the Committee on Public Works, is concerned, the sooner we get through with the pending bill this afternoon the better it will be, for then Senators will be more certain of being able to go to the ball game tomorrow.

There's a technique in wearing fragrance . . .



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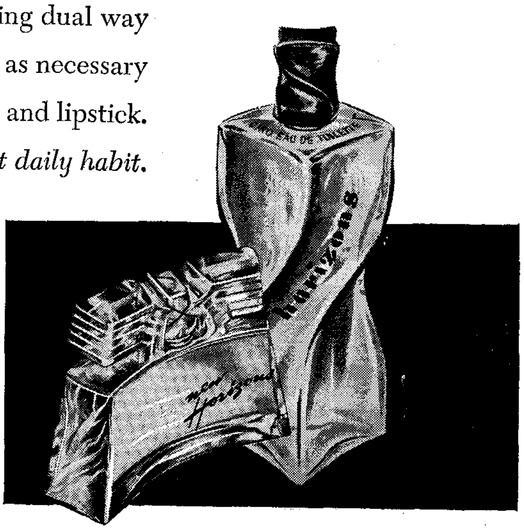

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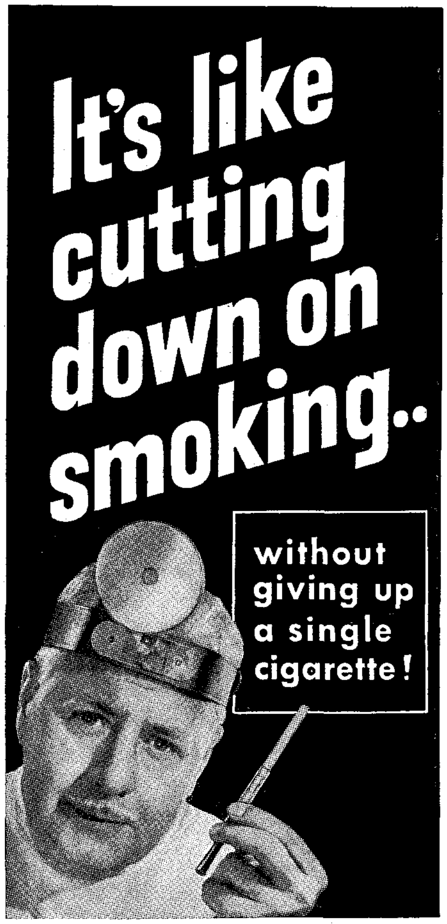
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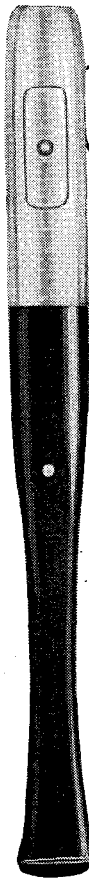

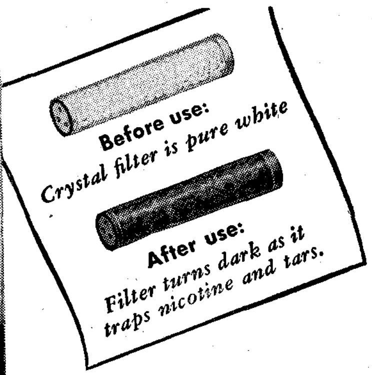
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HOUSEHOLD WORDS

I WAS lingering over a second cup of coffee, after a recent Saturday breakfast, while my wife, sitting across from me, drafted a list of errands for me to do. She looked up eventually, and said, "Now first, I want you to get a credenza."

My eyes must have been as void of comprehension as the two fried eggs I had just eaten. "You know what a credenza is, don't you?" she asked.

I removed a speck of grounds from my coffee with the tip of my spoon. "Do you think the music store will be open yet?" I said.

"A credenza is a shelf for plates and things," my wife said. "I want a metal one for over the stove. The Westport Hardware Store has them in the kitchenware department. Just ask for the large-size white enamel credenza. While you're there, remember to pick up some toggle bolts." She watched me atomizing hot coffee through pursed lips. "You know what toggle bolts are, don't you?"

"Bolts to hang toggles on?" I asked, setting my cup down.

"It's a bolt with a wing nut that goes through the wall pinched together, and spreads open behind it," she told me. "Then as you screw the bolt into it, the wings flatten tighter and tighter against the inside surface, and hold the bolt in the wall the way a— Here. You know that crosspiece on the end of a watch chain? That's a toggle. And the dohickey on the back of a shirt stud is a toggle. Well, the wings of the nut spread out flat to form a toggle, which holds the bolt in a plaster wall where the thread of the bolt won't catch. The kitchen wall is plaster, of course." She smiled and returned to her list.

I shoved my empty plate aside and drew the cup and saucer toward me. "Don't think I don't enjoy these little brilligs we have together Saturday mornings," I said. "But give me a chance to wake up, because some of this stuff is hard to get even in translation. Last week you wanted me to rabbet a splat. Well, I know now that a splat is a flat slat for the back of a chair, and a rabbet is a groove it fits into, but last Saturday—"

"That reminds me—you never did fix that chair, did you?" my wife said.

"The splat you thought you could salvage from the Queen Anne chair is too long for the chair you want rebuilt," I said. "I have to file it down and then glue it in, and I didn't have either a file or glue. There's an odd word, too, if you stop to think about it—'glue.' It's just that we're used to it."

"Not a file," she said. "You use a file for metal. What you want for wood is a rasp. You know *that*, don't you?" My wife waggled her pencil and frowned at the list in thought. "There was something else," she went on. "Oh, yes—a canvas to go over the children's sandbox when it rains. They have them at the hardware store. Just a swatch of canvas, with ropes in the corners to tie it down."

"Done and done," I said, grateful for a respite from the jabberwocky, which I was finding rather overpowering after several months' exemption from household chores, thanks to weekend office duties in the city. The chores had been resumed with the splat-rabbeting of the previous Saturday, but the jargon had not really returned in force until this morning.

"Now, there's one more thing." My wife put pencil and paper aside and folded her arms on the edge of the table. "Something you must see about today."

"What?" I asked, looking off through the window.

"Smudge insurance."

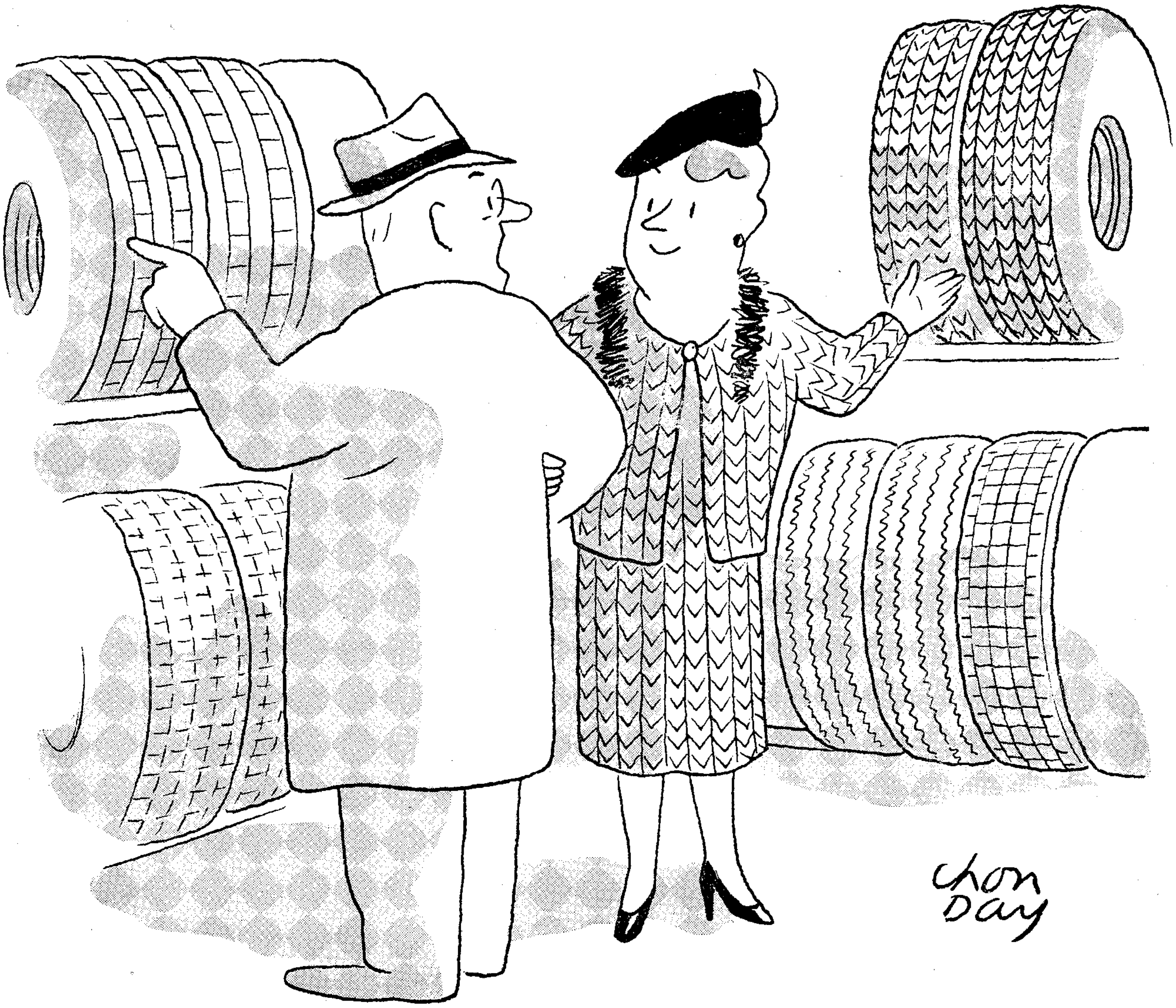
I rose, slapping my napkin down on the table. "That does it," I said. "If you want to make a fool of yourself, that's up to you, but leave me out of it."

"Certainly you know what smudge insurance is," she said.

"Certainly I know what smudge insurance is," I said derisively. "Insurance against smudge."

"And how important it is I hadn't realized." She took a narrative tone. "You remember I told you about the Hammonds' furnace going out of whack and smoking up the whole house? It left a coat of soot on absolutely everything, including the clothes in the closet. They figure on at least a four-hundred-dollar cleaning bill. Just think if they hadn't had a smudge clause in their fire coverage!" She let this sink in. "Then there's old Mrs. Resnik. She put a roast in the automatic

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



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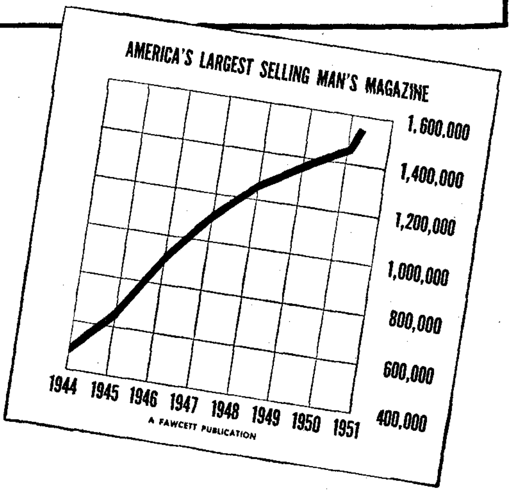

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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cooker and went away for the afternoon. When she came back, she found it burned to nothing—or, rather, you might say distributed over everything in the form of a nice coat of fat. Mrs. Resnik could have skated on the kitchen floor." My wife held up two fingers, as in the V-for-victory sign. "That's two cases inside of a month that show you how important smudge insurance is. Of course, I still don't know for sure whether old Mrs. Resnik was covered." She paused, and summarized: "So I won't rest till I know whether or not *we* are. The bank's closed, so you can't get our policy out of the safe-deposit box, but the agency can tell *you*, and if we *haven't* got the smudge clause, get it put in. Now, have you got everything straight?"

I went to the front closet for my blazer. "Credenza, toggle bolts, swatch of canvas, rasp for the splat, glue, smudge insurance," I said, and scuttled out.

HAVING made all the purchases prescribed, I spent an extra quarter hour in the hardware store grooming myself for a counter-offensive. By dint of browsing and questioning, I acquired some grasp of spiles and sparables, of pawls and snaths and chucks. Here in such wealth, I mused, must be some term with which I could outface my wife—but what? A spile is a stop or bung to plug a vent; a sparable a species of small nail; a pawl is a pivoted tongue that falls into the notches of a wheel, permitting it to turn in one direction only (as in a lawnmower); a snath is the handle of a scythe; and a chuck is a connective contrivance for holding a tool in a machine. All very well, but nothing that could be worked naturally into a discussion of our present domestic needs. I had about given up hope when my eye was caught by a small garden implement consisting of a single long spindle attached to a handle. "What is this?" I asked a salesman, holding it up.

"That's a dibble," he said. "For making holes to plant seeds in."

I had my wife on the phone from a booth in the next-door drugstore within two minutes. "Look," I said, "shall I pick up a dibble?"

"A what?" she asked.

"Dibble, dibble," I said. "A dibble is a—"

"Oh, I don't know," my wife sighed. "There's so much to be done inside before we can even think of planting the garden. And I don't imagine the soil's nearly friable enough yet. Don't you think you're rushing the season a lit-

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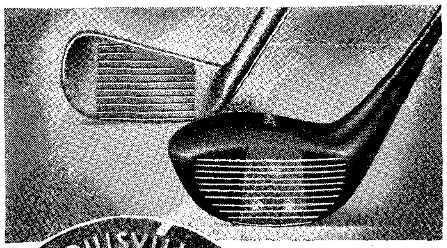
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tle?" I stared at a phone number pencilled on the wall of the booth. "But look," she resumed briskly, "I'll tell you what I think *might* be worth picking up. You're going to have an awful lot of bolts to screw into the wall, and that can be tiresome with just a regular screwdriver. So what you might do is pick up a ratchet type."

"A what type?" I said.

"Ratchet, ratchet. You know—the kind you just push the handle of and it turns by itself."

So I added a ratchet screwdriver to my collection of purchases. Then, after looking in at the insurance agency and assuring myself that we had the smudge clause, I went home.

THE swatch of canvas has been thrown over the children's sandbox, and that is the only chore accomplished to date. I've taken several cracks at getting the credenza up on the kitchen wall, but my reverses have been such that the shelf was nearer there before I started than it is now. Whatever the friability of the soil in the dooryard, there's no doubt of that of the plaster in the kitchen. My attempts to knock out precision holes for the toggles have produced apertures big enough to wedge beer-glass coasters into—exactly the method by which I have temporarily plugged them up. Now installation of the credenza must wait on wall repairs, and rabbeting the splat on both. My initiation into the felicities of the ratchet is hardly even a fair prospect. The tool looks handy, though, and stout. The man in the hardware store said it would last a lifetime, which at the present rate of wear and tear is more than I will.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise*]

Three attractive young Brockton women college students put in an interesting day recently when they took in the Lundin murder trial—that is all except one of them, who apparently thought the charge of Judge Frank E. Smith of Taunton was not exciting enough to warrant her undivided attention and fell asleep. The young woman had been slumbering a few brief minutes when she was observed by a deputy sheriff who promptly awakened her and admonished the young woman for falling asleep at such an important time.

For the balance of the trial, the trio who had played "hookey" from classes for the day and were given a ride to and from the Plymouth courthouse by a newspaper reporter, remained alert and in the end they were glad that they had, for the day of their visit to the trial was the final day, the one in which the defendant was sentenced to death in the electric chair.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE EDGE OF OUTER DARKNESS

THE hundred-and-thirty-mile road from the city of Yaan to Tatsienlu, capital of western China's Sikang Province and the gateway from China to Tibet, leads from Chinese civilization into what, by Chinese standards, is barbarism, or the nowhere. The road, over which I walked some weeks ago to spend a little time on the fringes of Tibet, is an improbable thing, crossing wild chasms and vertiginous mountains. The cuts and fills, carved out and tamped down by unrecorded tens of thousands of coolies, compare not unfavorably with the Pyramids in magnitude of labor. The road winds through a terrain that many Chinese consider uninhabitable but that is of a sort deeply appreciated by the Chinese aesthetic sense—by Chinese painters and sages, who regard thickets and mountaintops as the best places to work. The traveller starting on his day's journey down the road before dawn is sped along by strange, beautiful bird songs in the darkness. Occasionally, in the daytime, he can look up and see a long flight of geese in the sky, on their way, possibly, from Siberia to Burma. No more than ten miles west of Yaan, where motor traffic ends, the road enters a gorge called Fei-hsien-kuan, or Flying Fairy Pass. Steep cliffs, over a thousand feet high, rise on each side; pine and bamboo grow on their upper reaches and crown their tops, which are partly shrouded in mist. Far below the road, a stream whisks up white spume as it rushes between boulders, filling the whole gorge with its sound. Here and there, where the cliffsides relent a bit, are minute thatched huts and tiny, sharply tilted garden patches. The works of man are dwarfed. Then, some five miles farther along, the valley flattens out and the views are on a less august scale—closeups of bamboo groves, perhaps, beside the rushing water. On the next day, the traveller finds himself in a gorge again, the walls this time more irregular, broken here and there by long, wind-blown waterfalls and dotted with clumps of oak. Once more, high above him are remote cottages. Each scene might have been taken from a Chinese landscape painting. And if the traveller should at this point be led to anticipate prodigies as yet unseen, he will not be disappointed.

For two years during the Japanese War, when the Chiang Kai-shek government was strong in western China and had ambitions for developing Tibet, the road was open to motor traffic all the way to Tatsienlu. But as the power of the Nationalist government waned, the struggle against the frequent landslides and earthquakes of Sikang, which is young country geologically, was relaxed, and they began closing the road. For a while, the whole thing was reopened each summer, so that General Liu Wen-hui, Sikang's absentee governor, could motor in style to Tatsienlu for meetings and other state business. Now he motors no more. Indeed, Governor Liu hasn't been seen in Tatsienlu since the summer of 1948. On that occasion, the automobile he arrived in was marooned there and he made his way out as best he could, presumably by sedan chair. (Since I left Sikang, Liu Wen-hui has switched his allegiance from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to the Communists, an event that has its comic side, because Governor Liu, an old-style Chinese war lord, is the very personification of what the Communist revolution is supposedly trying to overthrow.) During the last couple of years, little has been done to keep the road fit for even its present modest purpose, which is to provide a track for overburdened Chinese porters. Again and again, the traveller must pick his way over eruptions of jagged, prismatic rocks, or around them on steep footpaths that are coated with slithery mud. In the gorges, rickety makeshift log bridges pass across or beside the masonry piers of the old bridges—piers that tower like Shelley's vast and trunkless legs of stone. The most important bridge on the road now is a footbridge more than a hundred yards long, suspended from handmade iron chains, which are reputedly two hundred and fifty years old, over a river that runs through a chasm thirty or more feet below. It sways erratically under the weight of a man; in fact, it might almost be said to crack like a whip, and its narrow catwalk is likely to

jump several inches sidewise between steps. Here and there, the torrent that parallels the road is spanned merely by a thick bamboo rope, a link with an isolated hamlet or cottage on the other side of the canyon. To get across, the traveller sits on a wooden crosspiece that hangs from a bamboo tube, through which the rope passes. Then, if he is lucky, he is hauled across by a second rope; if he isn't, he hauls himself, hand over hand, by the rope that runs through the tube. There are no rope bridges on the Tatsienlu road itself, but they are often to be seen along the way and they seem in no way out of place.

The Chinese phrase *"hsin-k'u"* ("bitter hardship") constantly crops up in references to the Tatsienlu trip. All too soon, the wide, rice-producing valleys are left behind, and the country becomes rugged and mountainous. Travelling light, one overtakes coolies carrying loads of rice—the only cereal that western Chinese enjoy eating consistently—for the tables of officials and merchants who are forced by circumstances to live up ahead. The two-man carrying pole, used in more civilized parts of China, gives way on the road to shoulder harnesses and packs. In many of the poor hamlets that one comes upon and often must stay the night in, a standard Chinese meal is not to be had. Sometimes there is even no tea; the traveller must quench his thirst with thin turnip soup, or with a brew called *"pai-ch'a"* ("white tea"), a cheap substitute made from tree leaves. Salt is scarce, and this often results in a paradox of excess; innkeepers set such value on salt that they believe outsiders, used to a life of less *hsin-k'u,* must be avid for it, and dishes are salted to the point of unpalatability. An anomaly of the same sort is the abundance of sea food in this frontier zone, which is a thousand miles of hard travel from the coast; dried cuttlefish, shrimps, sharks' fins, and the like are imported in quantity by nostalgic Chinese, and it is impossible to avoid them at meals of any pretentiousness.

As the Tatsienlu road gets well into the mountains, one meets during lean seasons an occasional Tibetan caravan of horses and mules that has come down off the Tibetan plateau to the west because of bad grazing there, but these caravans are few, and they are not a really important part of the road's life. Their chief effect is to underline the contrast between the country behind and what one suspects the country ahead must be, and to raise

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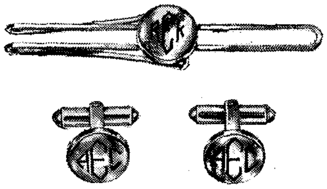

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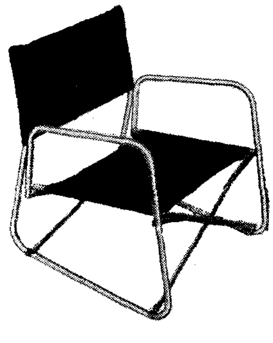

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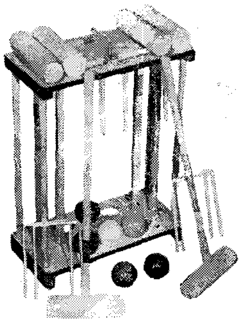

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expectations about the latter. Differences between Tibetans and Chinese are obvious at first glance, even apart from the differences of dress, which are pronounced. The Tibetans are taller and have more of an outdoor look. On the road, they bivouac in the open, their only shelter being provided by their packs and packsaddles, which they pile up in walls around them. One comes on them in the morning boiling their tea over smoky campfires while an outrider brings in their animals from the hillsides. Chinese travellers don't sleep out if they can help it. Tibetans rarely carry burdens themselves; they rely on animals instead. The Chinese don't seem to envy them this freedom from drudgery. Even the poorest coolie is likely to refer to passing Tibetans as "*man-tzŭ*," which means, roughly, "barbarians," and is applied to tribal aborigines and other people throughout China who have not achieved the Chinese level of culture.

The burdens borne by the Chinese freight coolies are tremendous; they quite literally have to be seen to be believed. Strangers to this part of the world are not likely to have any appreciation of the immensity of Chinese toil. Not long ago, in a Hong Kong paper, I saw a photograph of a Bavarian "modern Hercules," one Milo Barus, who, according to the caption, keeps five thousand people spellbound at a clip merely by carrying a three-hundred-and-thirty-pound pony up a twelve-foot stepladder. Actually, his pony weighs something less than the load a Sikang coolie in his prime carries from five to seven miles every day, up steep mountains and over atrocious footing. Kermit Roosevelt, who passed over the Tatsienlu road while hunting the giant panda, later wrote that the coolies carry up to four hundred pounds. I have investigated enough to be sure that a load of three hundred and forty pounds is not unusual. The chief cargoes are rice for the exiled Chinese, and tea for the Tibetan trade, on which Chinese growers have almost a monopoly. The tea is packed in basketwork containers, which are then stacked high on a coolie's back. The coolie walks, bent forward, at a painfully slow pace, stopping often to straighten up and let his pack rest on a small crutch that he carries for the purpose and sticks into the ground behind him. There are always swarms of freight coolies on the road; sometimes, rounding a curve, you come into view of a steep ascent and see them almost stalled there, one above another—a ladder of humanity, resting, panting, slipping backward in the mud, looking like some conception of the damned. Also on the road are sedan-chair coolies, who are required to travel faster than the freight coolies and are, consequently, less heavily loaded. A sedan-chair passenger usually rides awhile, then walks, then rides again, as he wishes, but his baggage, perhaps fifty pounds or more of it, is strapped to the chair from morning to night. Two sedan-chair coolies can carry the baggage of one man forty miles in a day and carry the man along with it for at least half of the distance.

The coolies' main relief from their fearful travail is opium. Theoretically, the existence of opium in Sikang is a secret. The poppies are grown in valleys remote from the principal roads, and a missionary has told me of seeing signs posted in Sikang villages warning the inhabitants against ever telling foreigners about the opium business. But the secret isn't seriously kept. Outsiders can get opium at the inns along the Tatsienlu road, and their sedan-chair coolies stop every ten miles or so to smoke. They carry opium kits in their chairs, and every hamlet has a place where they can go to lie briefly on a wooden couch and have a few pipes. This is done almost in public. An opium smoker generally avails himself of the assistance of a friend, because a great deal of fiddling with the pipe and the lamp is necessary, and the smoker should not be subjected to such distractions. Smoking is an intimate occupation, and a relaxed one. A smoker is not supposed even to raise himself up on an elbow; he must lie back, head on pillow, in flat repose. The mood induced is one of profound harmony and inactivity. So far as I know, violence and argument are unheard of among those under the influence of opium. The drug seems to be the natural antidote to the toil of the Chinese, who almost never produce alcoholics, as so many Western nations do, with their well-known tendency to brawl and rush about. In Chinese life, a remarkably high value is set on the idea of rest. The phrase "*hsiu-hsi*" ("to rest") is indispensable in Chinese discourse at any level of society. In associating with Chinese of the leisure class, one is constantly invited to *hsiu-hsi* (which usually takes the form of drinking tea and exchanging polite conversation), even though there is nothing to *hsiu-hsi* from. Fundamentally, *hsiu-hsi* connotes a cessation of effort, and it is the phrase chair coolies always use when they stop for opium.

Opium has many collateral effects on life in Sikang, the chief one arising from the fact that Liu's troops, who control the business, even in the prolonged absence of their leader, get the raw opium from the farmers in exchange for guns. This means that there are more arms per capita in Sikang than in most other areas of the Far East, and hence—inevitably, since it is so wild and mountainous a province—more banditry. Banditry in this case is not simply gangsterism; it has elements of that in it but also elements of rebellion and of the Robin Hood spirit. For one thing, it is a direct consequence of bad government. In 1947, the road to Tatsienlu was closed for several months by an outbreak of banditry that amounted to civil war. The authorities had encouraged the farmers in a certain district to grow opium poppies, and then for some reason—almost surely an economic rather than a moral one—ordered the crop destroyed. The farmers turned into bandits, and they could be successfully dealt with only by negotiation, not by force. Quite often, small groups of bandits patrol lonely stretches of the road and hold up rich travellers or the mailman. Mailmen have a terrible time in Sikang. While I was in Tatsienlu, the local post office was stamping all letters arriving from eastern China with an inscription advising the recipients to check the contents carefully; the mail had been opened by bandits en route. Since leaving Sikang, I have had a letter from a missionary in those parts, a man of Scottish extraction, who mentioned that he was expecting a certain package soon "if the postie doesn't get robbed or murdered, as not infrequently happens."

The existence of any banditry at all naturally breeds widespread rumors of a lot of banditry. Rumors hang over the road as mist hangs over a pond. Visiting Chinese, especially those whose clothes indicate some degree of prosperity, are inclined to believe the worst of the rumors. Inn attendants along the way are not averse to exploiting this nervousness, perhaps for the pleasure they get from shocking newcomers. Detachments of Liu's soldiers on the road exploit it for profit. The Army officers in charge of security don't try to keep the road policed; instead, they police each traveller on it—or rather each traveller who has enough influence or money—by supply-

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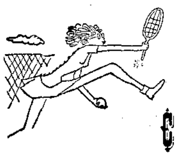

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ing personal guards. This practice helps the troops make a living. It is not surprising that the guard system has developed an honorary function in addition to its basic protective one; a big shot must have a big guard or everyone will lose face. One day I met a party of which the core was a pretty Chinese girl of dark complexion, who was wearing a blue dress and riding in a sedan chair. She was accompanied by fifteen or twenty rather spindly soldiers carrying rifles or umbrellas, and by an officer mounted on a pony decked with bells and a bright saddle rug. I never found out who she was, but she was certainly the wife or daughter of a prominent man. Frequently the retinue of an important traveller is strung out over a considerable distance. Porters will suddenly appear around a bend with expensive-looking luggage on their backs. They will pass rapidly in twos and threes for some time, while one speculates about the luggage's owner. Then a scattering of soldiers will come into view, and, finally, a little group of sedan chairs occupied by gowned officials, with extra coolies (for eventual use as spares) trailing behind them.

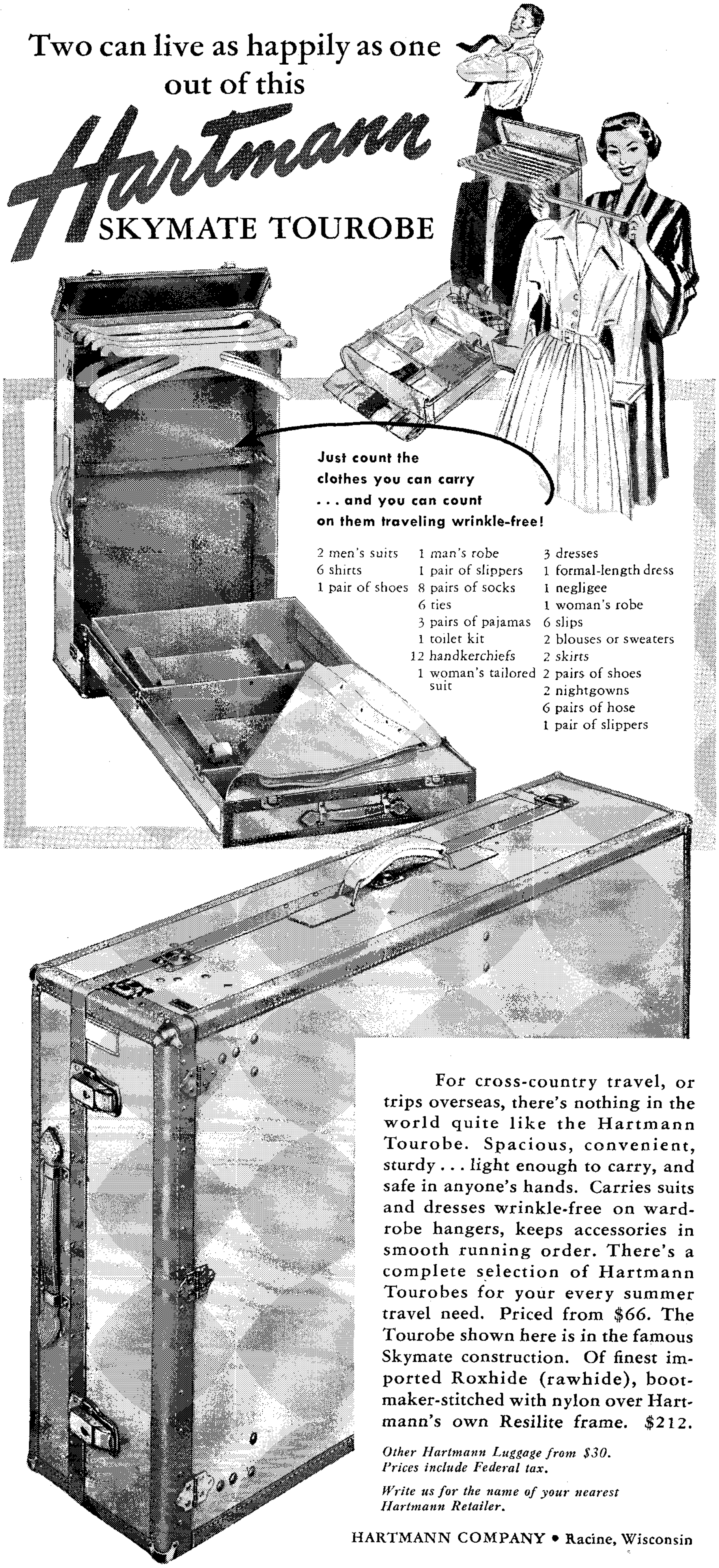
Among the Chinese, it is not only the coolies who are prodigious walkers. For a short stretch on my trip, I managed to keep up with a Chinese tea merchant, a small, neat man, who was making the journey on business and who, disdaining sedan chairs, thought nothing of walking, in soft cloth shoes, forty miles a day over the rocky mountain paths, a feat that would be considered impossible by most Americans. He wore a blue ankle-length gown, its skirt hitched up at the waist so that it was about the length of a ballerina's. The legs of white pajama trousers showed below. He carried an umbrella and a small cloth overnight kit (his heavy luggage being far behind with coolies), and he walked fast, making his way nimbly from boulder to boulder when crossing streams; whenever he encountered a muddy stretch, he stopped to tie straw sandals over his shoes.

One night on the trip to Tatsienlu is customarily spent at Kanhaitzu, a hamlet on the pass, ten thousand feet high, across Erh-lang-shan, or Two Wolf Mountain. Erh-lang-shan is the main obstacle on the trip; it is so notorious that custom demands a bonus of half a catty (ten ounces) of meat to each sedan-chair coolie when it has been crossed. It is cold on the mountain, and often snows, facts that were apparently ignored by the builders of the little inns there, which are of an odd local style: the walls are made of long, crisscrossed shingles, and the resulting cracks and interstices are left open. The mountain mists blow through these basketwork structures, and the guests inside huddle around charcoal braziers that do not give out enough heat to keep one's breath from condensing in the air. A white Chinese liquor called *pai-kan* can be bought at any stopping place along the road; at Kanhaitzu, the *pai-kan* is incredibly bad. The best thing to do there, after eating your oversalted meal, is to spread your sleeping bag on a wooden bed in one of the little rooms and get into it. Gradually, you doze off, if you can accustom yourself to the hurried sucking noise of a man smoking opium in some room nearby.

After leaving Kanhaitzu, the road drops into a warm and fruitful valley, where there are good persimmons, and some distance on, it makes a turn into a smaller tributary valley. Near the mouth of this valley, the country is dried up; for a while there are sand dunes, and even cacti, which I am told were introduced by Catholic missionaries. The villages here are poor. Even the pigs are thin and ill-tempered; they snarl and snap at one another's ears like dogs. But the desolation is never complete; in one of the villages, for instance, I saw ragged children playing with bunches of wild irises. Gradually, as the elevation increases, the valley becomes beautiful. On its floor, hard by the road, a stream runs in a wonderful succession of cascades and rapids, and little birds like our water ouzels (except that they are rusty black) dive, tumble, and float in the fast waters. Farther on, a wind springs up behind the traveller. It gets steadily colder and stronger as he climbs toward the head of the valley. When it has become almost unbearable, he suddenly rounds a turn, and there is Tatsienlu, a small city squeezed in by steep, rocky peaks, on some of which are temples.

TATSIENLU is really two cities—the eastern one Chinese, the western one Tibetan. It marks the border between the two peoples, though the actual political border between China and Tibet is far to the west. There is nothing "forbidden" about Tatsienlu. (Or, rather, there was nothing forbidden about it when I was there; now, with the rise to power of the Communists, Sikang and eastern Tibet may be closed to Westerners for a long time, perhaps for generations.) For the Tibetans, whose high plateau ends a few miles westward, Tatsienlu is the place where the air starts getting thick—specifically, the place below which a yak cannot descend without discomfort. The Chinese call the country beyond Tatsienlu Kuan-wai, a phrase that can be freely translated as "outer darkness" and that is applied with horror by the Chinese to the steppes, deserts, high mountains, and other wastes of Mongolia, Tibet, and Turkestan, where duty sometimes compels them to go. The expression is constantly used by Tatsienlu Chinese, and they pronounce it with distaste. Shortly after I got to the city, I told some officials that I intended to take a trip into Kuan-wai. This seemed like a foolish idea to them. They said I would have to carry guns and a tent, and talked at length and unenthusiastically about the necessity for riding horseback, for crossing high passes, and for being out in the cold. They saw no sense in roughing it that way. Later, when I had finally arranged for horses and guides and was about to leave for Kuan-wai, a Chinese friend told me to be sure to take along a paper umbrella. "It might snow," he said.

It is almost impossible to get reliable statistics about Tatsienlu. I was told that the altitude of the city is eighty-five hundred feet, and that it is ninety-four hundred feet. Most people of whom I inquired about its population set the figure at around ten thousand, but one well-informed man put it at thirty thousand. At any rate, it is the biggest city for a thousand miles east of Lhasa, the Tibetan capital. It is in the Central Asiatic time zone, which means that there is no standard time whatever. As you leave your hotel, the porter may tell you that it is 1 P.M. You walk down the street and enter a restaurant, and the proprietor may remark that the day is very warm for eleven in the morning. Some residents of Tatsienlu have watches or clocks, but these often differ by more than two hours, and they are really unnecessary. Nothing is done on schedule, in the Western sense, and much time is spent waiting and sipping tea. On the whole, nobody minds. In the eastern part of the city, Shanghai jazz blares forth from radios in many of the shops, and there is a movie theatre. The currency is the Chinese silver dollar. (Dollars were short when I was there, because they had to be carried in by coolie from the outside, and the officials had not been paid for a few months; the credit of the Chiang government, which still, in theory, controlled Sikang, was so low that nobody would take its paper money.) In western Tatsienlu, the currency is the tea brick, a medium of ex-



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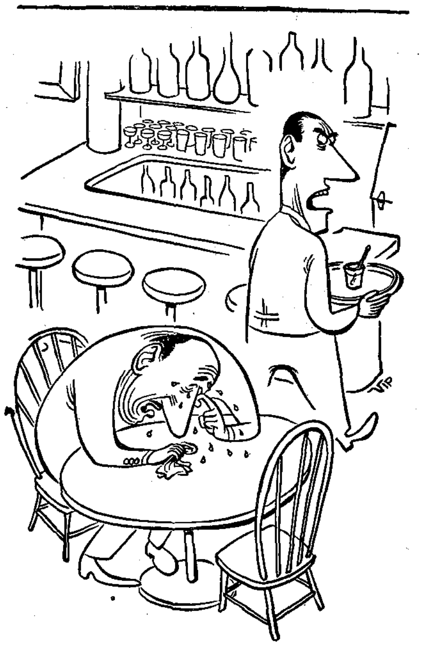
change that is apparently honored in all Tibet. In the eastern part, the streets are relatively broad and smooth and are on level ground, but in the western part they are narrow and paved with big, irregular flagstones, and they struggle up slopes. Wide-open, brightly lit shops, displaying such merchandise as thermos bottles, fountain pens, and bolts of cloth, line the eastern streets, but in the Tibetan quarter the shops are hardly more than booths. Scattered among them are caravansaries through whose front gates one can look into yards full of yaks, ponies, and mules. Some of the shops on that side carry such Tibetan necessities as boots and saddle rugs. Others sell outlandish Kuan-wai products for the China trade—antlers in velvet, for instance, which pharmacists display as a sign of their profession, and bears' paws, which go to gourmets, who prize them, as they prize camels' humps, because they are supposed to contain the essence of the animals' most distinctive powers. In the western part of town, instead of the soberly gowned, soberly walking Chinese, one meets big, strapping Tibetans striding around. This goes for lamas as well as Tibetan laymen. The difference between the lamas and the laymen lies not in their bearing but in their costume. The lamas wear robes of a smoky red; the laymen's gowns are of various colors, the most common of which—among the poor, at least—is the gray of natural unwashed wool. The lamas shave their heads; the laymen, and the women, too, let their hair grow long and braid it. Laymen wear heavy silver jewelry set with coral and turquoises—earrings, rings, clasps, and so on. They usually carry broadswords, decorated in the same style. There is a rough-and-ready look about Tibetans that is definitely un-Chinese. All the men's robes are girded up with sashes in such a way that there is a big pouch-like fold at the waist, where tea bowls and many other things are kept; I once saw a Tibetan boy casually fish a bridle out of his fold. The gowns are designed for a footloose existence. Among other things, they are good to sleep in.

Everywhere in the Tibetan section of Tatsienlu one sees baskets of tea being carried, traded, or tied onto yaks for the journey west. The tea trade is a big thing in Central Asiatic politics. The Tibetan dependence on tea, which was introduced from China before 1000 A.D., during the T'ang dynasty, is great. The Chinese are the only people who can cure tea to suit the Tibetan taste. This gives the Chinese a tremendous hold on Tibet, and they exploit it. They do not, for instance, allow tea to be planted in the parts of eastern Tibet they control. Tatsienlu is the transshipment point for tea, so, naturally, tea is a very important commodity in the mercantile life of the city. Negotiating with a Tibetan, I have been told, is much easier than negotiating with a Chinese. The Tibetans don't have much standing in Sikang as businessmen.

THE last really solid evidence of China encountered by the traveller into Kuan-wai is a customs station a few hundred yards west of Tatsienlu. (The customs men are, or were, more concerned with the practical boundary between the two countries than the political one.) Though the area in which the building stands is thick with field stones that would make good masonry, it is of the dark-gray stucco that was the vogue for official edifices during the high-water period of the Chiang Kai-shek regime. Now the stucco is flaking away in the wind, frost, and sunlight, which are punishing there. Beyond the customs house, the only reminder of China one meets is an occasional Chinese official walking out of Tibetan territory. The part of eastern Tibet that is within the political boundaries of Sikang Province has been under fairly effective Chinese administration during the twentieth century, but since last summer the Chiang government has been too weak to back this administration up. Last July, the Tibetans, who are always eager to get out from under Chinese rule—and especially so now that another strong government is beginning to stir—began to drive away whatever Chinese officials they could. Every so often on my trip, I met one of these officials on the roads leading out of Kuan-wai—obviously a white-collar man, dressed in the sort of gown that bespeaks sedentary work, yet walking, like a penniless coolie, dusty, wind-burned, and without luggage.

The pass from Tatsienlu to the Tibetan plateau is over fifteen thousand feet high. Once one is across it, the terrain drops to an altitude of about thirteen thousand feet. On the trail are yak caravans. The yaks, ponderous beasts with huge heads, and legs so hairy that they look as though they were encased in pantaloons, lumber gingerly over the rocky footing. One constantly passes encampments of yak drovers by the roadside, the men loafing, perhaps drinking tea. The caravans spend a few morning hours in travelling; the rest of the day is devoted to grazing. As a rule, it takes a caravan almost six months



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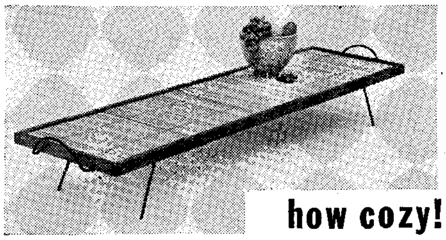

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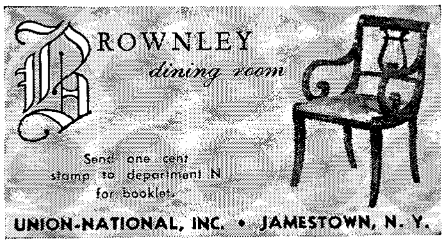

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to get from Tatsienlu to Lhasa. Emerging onto the plateau from the east, one encounters grazing country; flocks of sheep and yaks wander about the hillsides, and here and there is a nomad's tent of dark-brown woollen cloth. Often one passes ruins of more substantial buildings—signs of the instability in the life of Tibet, or at least of eastern Tibet, that one hears about repeatedly. To a large extent, the ruins are the leftovers of feudal wars, which still flare up. One of the two Tibetan guides who accompanied me carried a rifle, and when we pulled up at a ravaged house one day for a cold lunch, he approached it stealthily, gun in hand. There was actually no need for alarm; stealth is just the local habit, and it governs people's actions regardless of circumstances. In Tatsienlu, a missionary had told me of a valley in the plateau, not far away, that must be very like the valley in "Lorna Doone." A band of Tibetan robbers lives in it and is led forth on raids by a robber lama who believes himself bulletproof. Though the robbers terrorize the countryside, they cannot be dislodged from the valley by any force that is locally available, since they hole up in caves from which they can command all approaches. This is an extreme example of disorder, of course, but it is symptomatic of the fact that eastern Tibet, at any rate, is not unified in the modern sense, which may explain why the eastern part of the country is so likely to fall under Chinese rule whenever China is strong.

At all our meals on the plateau, my guides and I drank buttered tea. This is made in a tall churn by mixing boiled brick tea with butter and salt; the concoction is drunk from the bowls, carved from wood and often lined with silver, that Tibetans stash in their robes. Every Tibetan I associated with drank quarts of tea a day. The Tibetans' butter, made of yak milk, is excellent, incidentally, and for a Westerner who has spent much time in China, where there is almost no dairying, it is a treat. They also have a strange kind of cheese: dead white, stringy, watery, and sour, impossible to compare with Western varieties.

After several hours' progress through the grazing lands, one moves into more settled country—a valley that supports some farming, though it is nearly thirteen thousand feet up. It is narrow, and flanked by gentle, rounded hills, and, except for a scarcity of trees, it much resembles a valley in upstate New York. A stream like a New York trout stream runs down the middle, and on either

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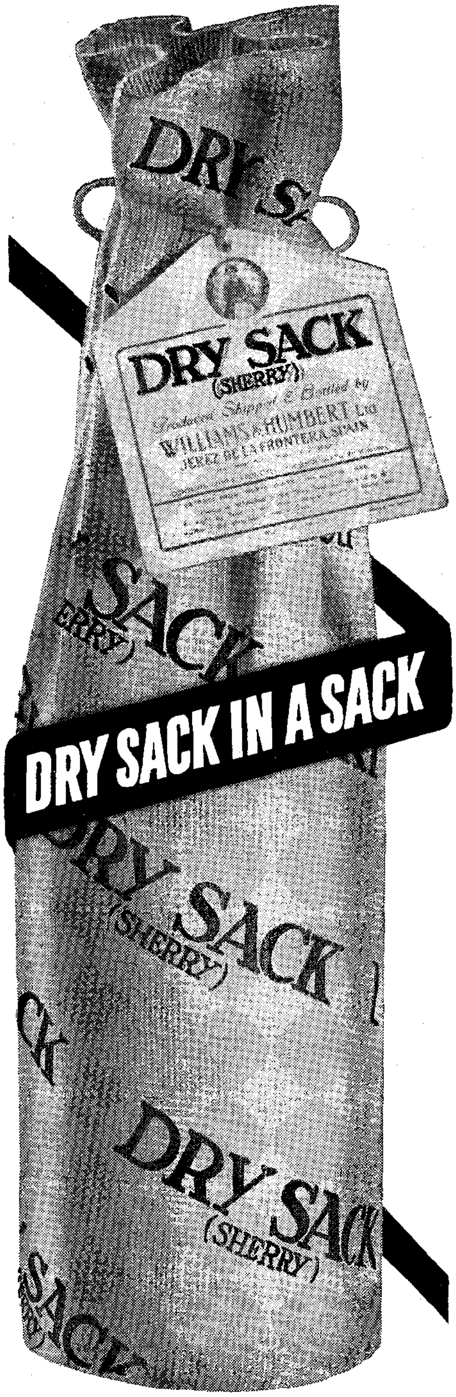
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side the grassy bank is smoothly grazed. I felt that I had seen the landscape before, except that the pastures here were dotted with fuzzy black yaks. In the morning, a film of ice was on the stream, but by noon it was warm enough for one to go in shirtsleeves. The air was absolutely still, its stillness sometimes emphasized by the cawing of a crow in the distance; the deep-blue sky seemed close overhead; and from certain points on the road I could see distant snow-capped mountains, their whiteness undiminished by the atmosphere between us. I spent a week in Kuan-wai, and during that week there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

The farmhouses along the stream were built of a dark-brown stone common to the area. They followed the customary Tibetan design—two or more stories in height and almost block-like in shape, but saved from harshness of line by a trick of tapering the walls inward. Every building—in fact, every piece of upright masonry—tapers this way, the perpendiculars tilting slightly toward the center. The aesthetic effect is completely successful. Everything in Tibet is seen against mountains, and rigidly perpendicular lines would clash with them; the tapering gives one the feeling that there is harmony between man and nature. I spent two nights in one of these farmhouses. Like many others I saw, it was entered through a courtyard, and in this court three Tibetan mastiffs were chained—another indication of the bad state of local law and order. The dogs flew against their chains and barked furiously whenever any stranger came in, and they were so tied that one could just manage to squeeze past them to reach the door. Around the courtyard were sheds in which implements and provisions were stored. Horses were stabled on the ground floor of the house, tethered to the wooden piers supporting the upper floor; one climbs a steep flight of stairs, almost a ladder, to get into the house proper. I arrived at the farmhouse after dark with my guides, and the family was sitting around a brazier of burning yak dung in the main room, on the second floor. We were at once given seats beside the brazier—Tibetans sit cross-legged on small platforms—and were served buttered tea. The fire made a good deal of smoke, but it was not unpleasant, and the fresh batches of dung were kindled with a sort of dried grass or brush that gave off a wonderful fragrance. Smokiness, as a matter of fact, seems to be ingrained in Tibetan life. Houses are nearly always smoky. The buttered tea tastes smoky. Even the colors most frequently used in painting and dyeing look smoky.

We were shown to a bedroom apparently set aside for guests. It was furnished with wooden bunks, and on one of these our hosts had laid out my sleeping bag, with my saddle rug under it and the saddle itself at the head, so I could use it as a pillow. On the two mornings I was there, I was awakened before dawn by the women of the household threshing barley on the flat roof above me. They beat their flails in rhythm, which they maintained by chants, and they did two or three hours' work before the men began to stir, long after daylight. On the second evening, I suggested to my guides that we make an early start the next day, since I wanted to cover a lot of ground. They patiently argued that it would be foolish to start before sunup, as it would still be cold. The sun doesn't really get into that valley, a north-south one, until about half past nine, so I spent a good deal of time the next morning waiting and reflecting on the contrast between these Tibetan guides and the Chinese coolies with whom I had been travelling a short while before. The coolies were always ready to start an hour before daybreak when a long day's journey was in prospect. It occurred to me that something might be made of the paradox that the lethargic Tibetans are not, as a rule, opium smokers, although they have had plenty of opportunity to acquire the habit. On the other hand, I have been told by people who know them that they are heavy and troublesome drinkers on occasion, a report I cannot substantiate by observation.

Perhaps the chief thing that sets Tibetans apart from the Chinese, however, is their dependence on religion, which in their case is Lamaistic Buddhism. It is probably an exaggeration to say that religion is the whole foundation of Tibetan thought, although I have heard that from experts, including a Western-trained Chinese anthropologist. There is no Tibetan Protestantism, and Christian missionaries in Tatsienlu say it is laboriously uphill, almost hopeless work trying to convert Tibetans. On the higher metaphysical levels, Tibetan Buddhism has made enthusiasts of most Westerners who have looked into it seriously, but these levels are beyond the perception of a casual visitor. What the casual visitor notices is the way Buddhism in its lower forms permeates Tibetan daily life. A traveller on the Tibetan plateau finds nearly everyone telling beads and chanting in the thin air. Yak drivers, as they walk slowly behind their lumbering animals, hold rosaries and chant as if it were the most natural thing in the world, which, indeed, it is to them. My Tibetan guides chanted a good part of the time in the saddle. Both evenings at the house where we stayed, one of the farm women sat by the brazier holding her beads and chanting, while a handsome small boy sat listening to her, a sheepskin thrown over his shoulders. There seems to be no pursuit in which religion is forgotten. One day I passed an old woman gathering yak dung by the roadside. She was using only one hand for her work; in the other she held a brightly burnished brass-and-copper prayer wheel. Scattered throughout the valley are small white temples and other devotional buildings. Time and again, the road forks around *mani* piles—heaps of stones in which each stone is carved with the sacred phrase "*Om mani padme hum*" (Sanskrit for "O the jewel in the lotus. Amen"). The *mani* piles are placed in the middle of the road so that the passing traveller can keep them on his right hand no matter which direction he is going, a ritually important matter. I saw one *mani* pile of thousands of stones; the carving of them must have represented decades of skilled labor. Stupas, or reliquaries—monuments consisting of onion-shaped domes on block-shaped bases—are frequently encountered. I especially remember one that was perhaps thirty feet high. It was in bad repair; parts of its dark-brown masonry had fallen away, leaving niches in which magpies were living.

According to strict Buddhist principles, it is wrong to kill animals and to eat meat. The meat-eating prohibition is generally disregarded in Tibet, even by lamas, but there is hardly any killing of game for sport, and the effects of this are obvious. One afternoon, we rode by a flock of quail that I could have touched with a whip if I had had one. They paid no attention to us. Another morning, we forded a wide, shallow stream in which a pintail drake was playing. I remember watching one of the guides splash through the clear, knee-deep water. He passed right beside the drake, which continued to play undisturbed, its maroon, gray, and white markings showing splendidly in the bright sunlight.

Buddhist lamaseries crop up everywhere in Tibet; it has been observed more than once that they take the place of towns there. They are usually situated with careful aesthetic regard to the landscape. Some are high up on the

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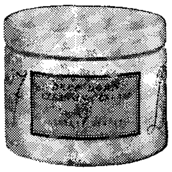

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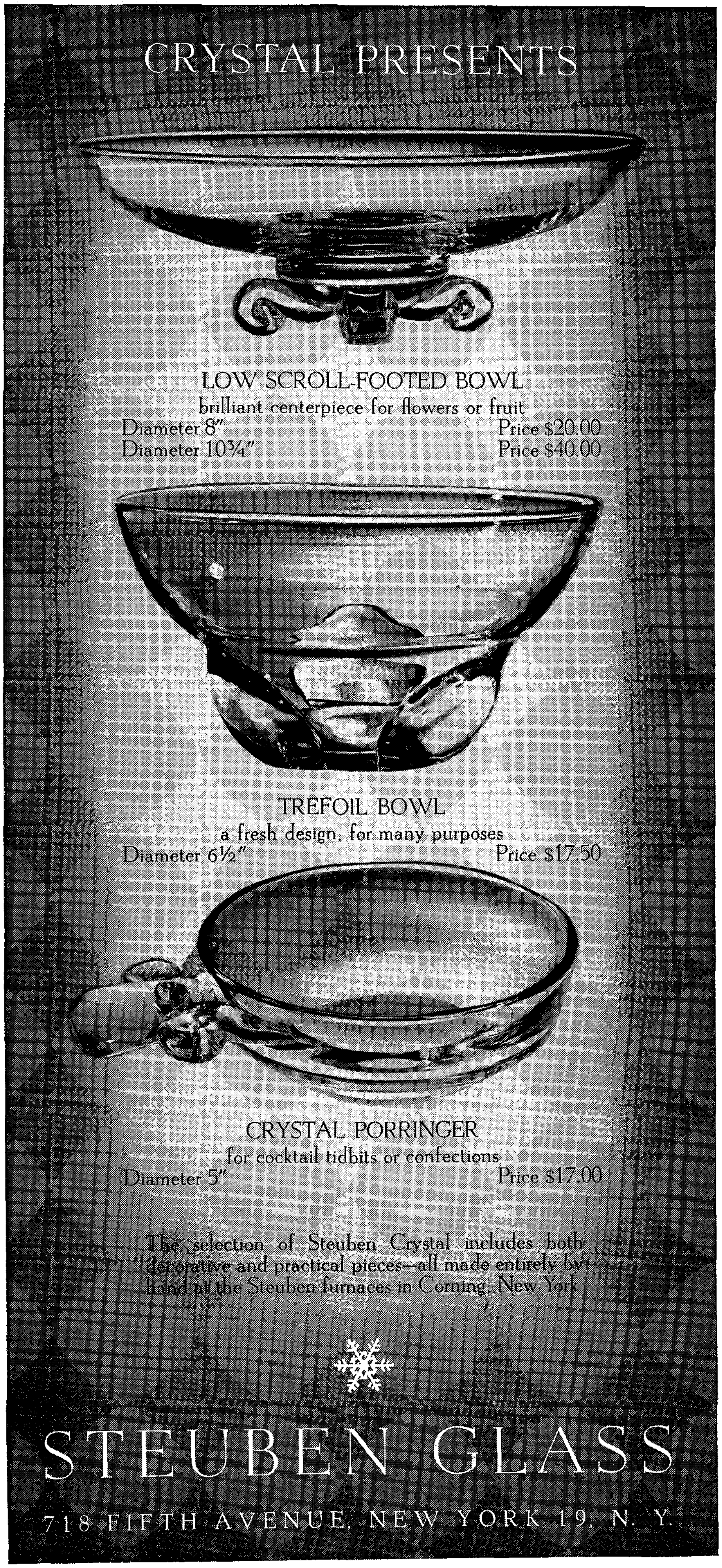

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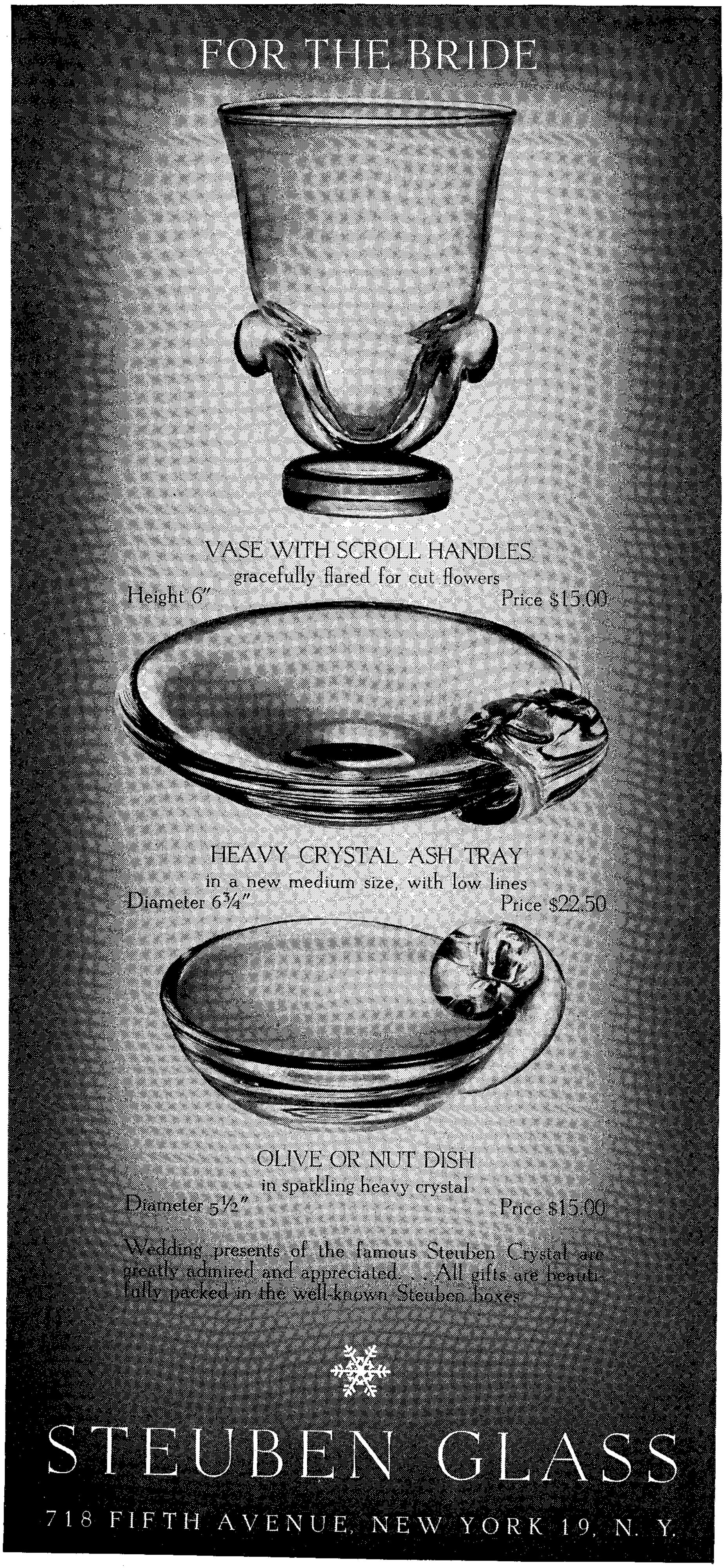
hillsides, overlooking the valleys. Others are in little side valleys, where you come on them suddenly when rounding a turn. They have numbers of outbuildings, which cover a good deal of land and blend with and exploit the terrain. The temple buildings are of the tapered, blocklike Tibetan architecture, and many blocks are posed around a central structure, in which are the main prayer hall and the residence of the lamasery's Living Buddha—or, rather, the human husk into which the spirit of the Living Buddha has entered for this incarnation. Most of the buildings are whitewashed, with, perhaps, black trimmings; some are painted in pastel shades. Those in the central group have long cloth hangings floating from the window tops, like awnings, and gilt symbolic statuary on the roofs. Inside, the principal apartments are decorated with religious paintings explaining various aspects of Buddhist theory. Two colors, smoky red and yellow orange, are dominant in most of these pictures, as they are in almost everything Tibetan—the red appears even in the Tibetan skin, which, under this sun, in this altitude, has a color much like that of a weather-beaten Plains Indian. These colors are rarely used by the neighboring Chinese. A Chinese official in Tatsienlu told me about a Tibetan emissary who not long ago came to the city to discuss politics. The emissary had tactfully ordered himself a Chinese-style gown and short jacket, but he had spoiled the effect by sticking to red and yellow when, by Chinese custom, the jacket should have been black and the gown blue. In the end, all he did was confirm the Chinese view that he was a barbarian.

The lamas, who make up a huge proportion of Tibetan manhood (I have heard estimates of fifty per cent and more), are a privileged class. When they travel, as they often do, they are customarily given the best of food and lodging and are not required to work for them. They control Tibetan thought and Tibetan education, which is religious education. The schools teach no technical subjects except medicine and astronomy. The medicine is largely herbalism, with prominent elements of magic. The astronomy is largely astrology, and its chief use is to provide the people with a calendar. Boys enrolled in the lamaseries get this education. Other boys get none. The arrangement is satisfactory by Tibetan tradition. The Chinese have introduced their more rational type of schooling into the Tibetan area of Sikang that they firmly control, but it has not been popular. I am told that the Tibetans look on secular schooling much as the Chinese look on conscription into the Army—sometimes they even hire substitutes to endure it for them.

Buddhism, at its higher reaches, is said by well-informed outsiders to be timeless and not subject to change. On the lower levels, however, it is so involved with the people's material lives that the concept of it must be altered by any new influence in the country. All the grounds for anticlericalism that have existed in the West in the past few centuries are present in Tibet now. The abbots of the lamaseries—lamas who have risen to leadership on the basis of character and practical judgment—control the country's largest cohesive concentrations of men. They are feudal lords with great temporal power, extensive landholdings, and a close interest in local politics. The lamaseries are directly affected by the anarchistic confusion and unrest of the Tibetan laity. There is a lamasery named Chirigu on the plateau near Tatsienlu, for instance, that has been almost desolated in the past couple of years by secular feuds. This came about because the Living Buddha—the human husk, that is—of Chirigu is a youth from a town called Litang, a few days' ride to the west. The Litang people have a deserved reputation for being rough and lawless, and they tried to use their connection with the Living Buddha to get control of Chirigu, its power, and its revenues. At one point, they invaded the lamasery and stole many of its possessions, including ritual costumes. The issue developed into an active row that embroiled the whole countryside. The anti-Litang faction came to Tatsienlu to petition the Chinese authorities for help; on the way back they met a strong party of the Litang faction on the road, and there was a shooting fracas in which one member of each side was killed. Things are now at such a pass that no quick solution seems likely. I visited Chirigu and found it down-at-the-heel, needing new whitewash and new ceremonial hangings. It had none of the pigs and goats usually seen around lamaseries; they had been driven away. The abbot and the Living Buddha were gone, and there were only a few shabbily robed lamas there. I was told that the decline of individual lamaseries like Chirigu is often only temporary and that the same sort of thing has been going on for hundreds of years. It is in no wise an indication of a general decline of Tibetan Buddhism, but perhaps it is an indication of a weakness of Tibetan society—a



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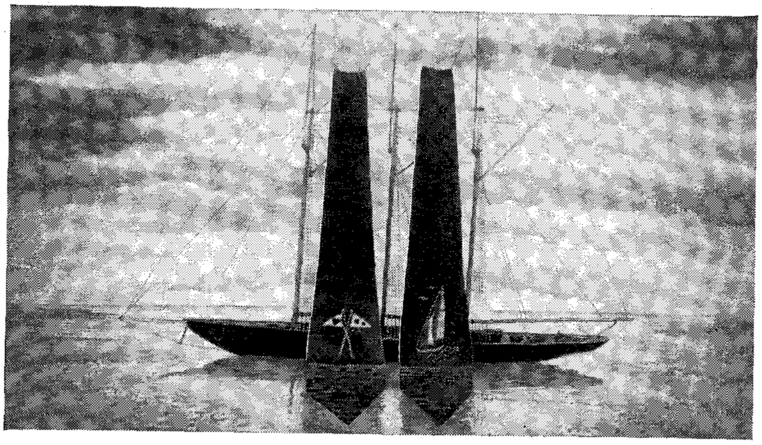
vulnerable point that may be taken advantage of by an outside force.

AN outside force is approaching in the form of Chinese Communism, which, now that it is finishing its conquest of China proper, should soon be ready to tackle Kuan-wai. Some leading Buddhists believe that peace between Buddhism and Communism is possible, but they think that the meeting must be on the highest philosophical plane and that it will take time. A factor that greatly beclouds the issue is that it isn't just a question of abstract Communism but of Chinese Communism. Communism has infiltrated Chinese thought with results that are yet only dimly understood, and Chinese traditions may have a strong effect on the final synthesis. Whatever that synthesis turns out to be, there is no doubt that Chinese traditions are radically different from Tibetan traditions, which makes the ultimate outcome doubly hard to predict. Some fifteen hundred years ago, the Chinese seemed likely to adopt Buddhism, but several centuries later they turned to rationalism, which many of their historians believe is their natural and proper philosophy. There are still Buddhists, Buddhist monasteries, and Buddhist temples in China, but they cannot be said to dominate the national thought. The Chinese attitude toward Buddhism (it seems very like the American attitude toward alien philosophies, incidentally) was well indicated by some coolies I encountered on the return trip from Tatsienlu. At a narrow place in the road, they passed a Tibetan caravan driver telling his beads and chanting. The coolies began insolently chanting back at him in gibberish, just as small boys might do. Confucianism has often been called the Chinese "religion," but it is probably better described as a mere system of social gradation and authority. It has been blamed for the injustices of Chinese society, injustices that the Chinese Communists have studied closely and made the most of. An extreme case of these injustices is the Tatsienlu road, which, with everyone's approval, used to be repaired, at great effort, so that Liu Wen-hui would not lose face on his rare trips over it but which is now left in a wretched condition for the poor coolies who must toil across its rocks and muck. The Chinese Communists understand the evils of Confucianism so well that they have been able to overthrow and replace it, but it is yet to be seen whether they can do the same with Tibetan Buddhism, except by force.

In the mid-nineteen-thirties, the Chi-



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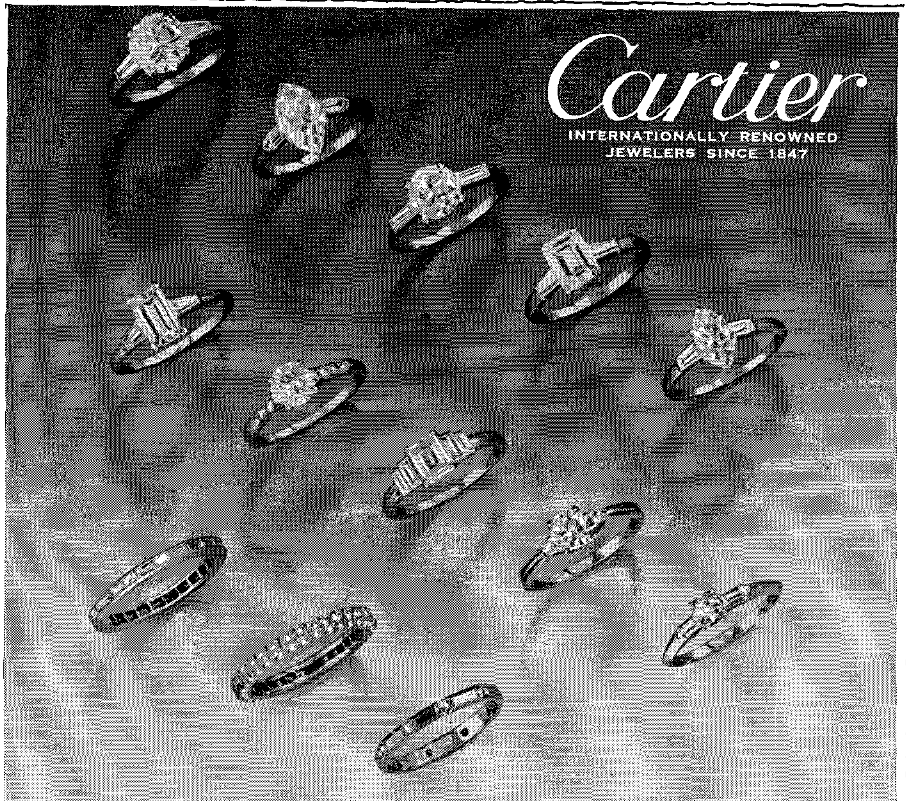

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nese Communist Army passed through Tibetan Sikang on its historic Long March, when it was fleeing from southeast to northwest China under pressure from Chiang Kai-shek. Just what the Communists did in Tibetan territory is still a matter of controversy. Their apologists say they treated the lamaseries indulgently and were well received. Their enemies say they killed and burned ruthlessly and have been hated ever since. It is hard for an outsider to judge this dispute, but there is one notable point that bears on it. After the Communists had passed through, several Christian missionaries decided that Buddhism's hold must have been weakened and that it would be a good time to move into places like Tatsienlu and seek converts, which they did. They say now that their analysis was right and that their work has been easier than it was before (although their accomplishment is still obviously negligible). Upheavals seem to follow naturally on the meeting of Communism and Buddhism, and also on the meeting of Chinese and Tibetans. A meeting of all of them, on an unprecedented scale, seems now in store. It is hard to say how far its effects will go. It isn't overnight that you can eliminate *mani* piles, the colors smoky red and yellow orange, or the tendency of men to loaf around the house until the sun is hot. It is an especially tricky operation when the men in charge of the overthrow, at least at the start, are bound to have an inbred cultural abhorrence of Kuan-wai. The upheaval will presumably end in compromise, something giving way here, something holding there. We of the West may not know the final score in our lifetime, though, since, as already noted, eastern Tibet seems destined to be really "forbidden" for a while. When the curtain rises, we should expect to find something different there.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

Franchot Tone, who put some of his own money in "The Man on the Eiffel Tower," did his own climbing and falls from the tower, occasionally from as high as the top, 900-foot level.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

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•

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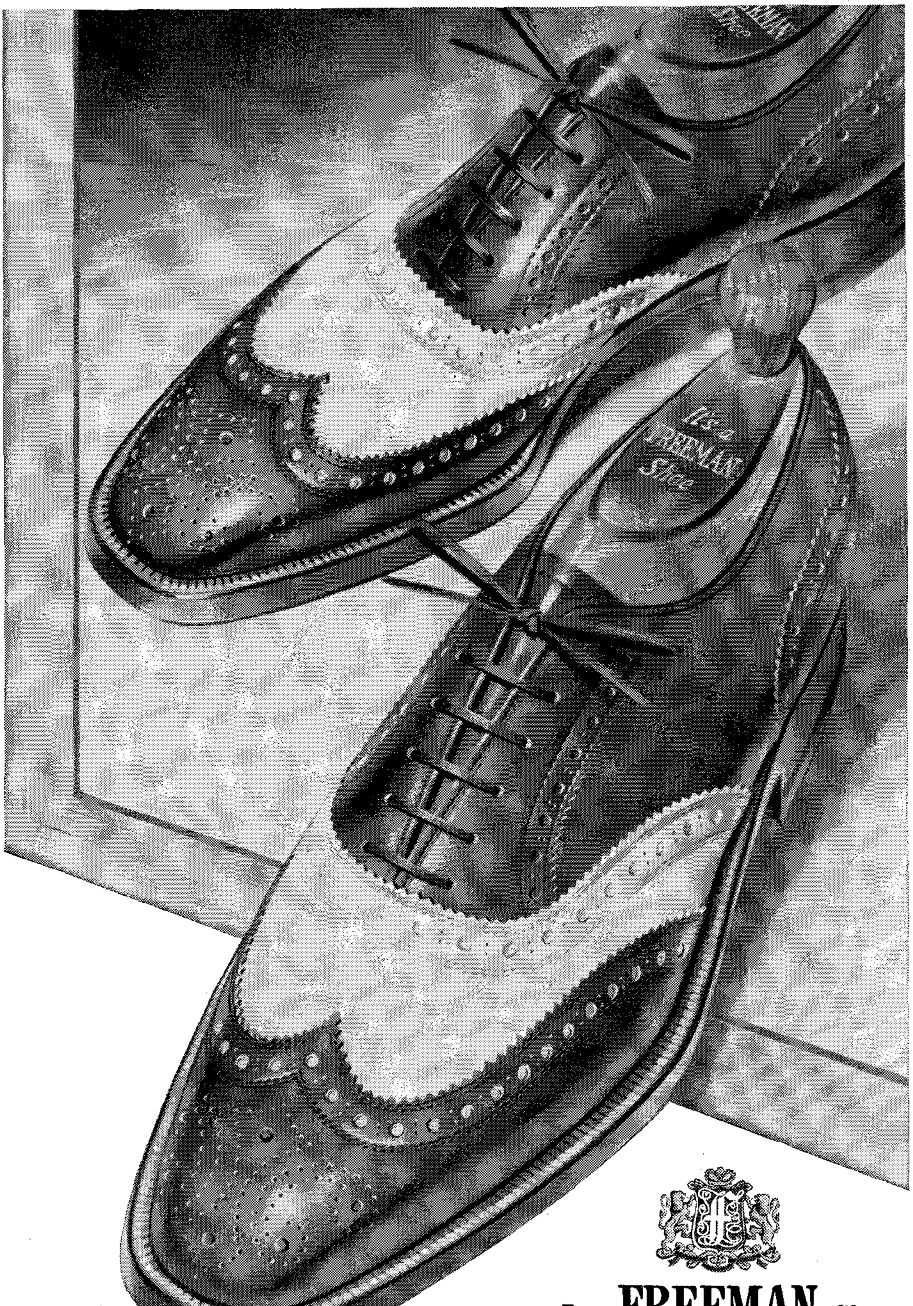

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THE SECRET OF A LONG AND HAPPY MARRIAGE

A COUPLE of Sundays ago, my wife and I and a young lady (I shall call her Miss Thomas) who was spending the weekend at our home were sitting around after breakfast, scanning the papers, when our guest, who had been absorbed in the *News*, suddenly snorted. My wife and I looked up politely and expectantly. "Listen to this," said Miss Thomas. "It's in an account of that Hollywood wedding of the young Conrad Hiltons—you know, she's Elizabeth Taylor, the beautiful eighteen-year-old movie star. Now, mark this sentence. 'Beaming, Liz told her friends she knew she and Nicky were in for a long and happy marriage "because we both adore oversize sweaters, hamburger with onions, and Ezio Pinza."' " Our friend paused dramatically. "Did you ever hear so idiotic and unbelievable a recipe for a happy marriage in your life?" she asked heatedly.

My wife and I exchanged a quick glance.

"What's so unbelievable about it?" I asked.

"Why, it's beyond belief that anyone would ever actually debase the institution of marriage to that infantile level," said Miss Thomas. "Even in Hollywood."

Inasmuch as the Sunday *News* is reputed to have a circulation of something over four million, there must be quite a few people who, like Miss Thomas, were startled when they read of the specific ideals, or idols, that Liz and Nicky, as I gather the bridegroom is nicknamed, hold particularly dear; there must be those who, like our guest, take the view that oversize sweaters, Ezio Pinza, and hamburgers, with or without onions, constitute an implausible and rickety framework on which to build a stable marriage. It is to reassure such doubting Thomases that I make bold to set forth here some of the intimate circumstances preliminary to my own marriage.

I HAD met my wife-to-be at a cocktail party, late in 1944, and we had gone out on several dates, with the notion of getting married perhaps smoldering subconsciously in our heads but never erupting into conversation. It was not until one fateful evening that we felt we had so much in common we ought to risk taking the deep plunge. On the night in question, I had managed to obtain two tickets to a hit play, and I called the young lady late in the afternoon to tell her the good news. She said, unhappily, that she had a cold and thought she'd better not go out. She suggested that I come over to her apartment after dinner and keep her company. I agreed, and, knowing that she was an ardent Perry Como fan, decided to cheer her up by taking along an album of his records that had recently been issued. I stopped in at a music shop and told a clerk what I wanted. Presently he took my money and handed me a wrapped package. I had dinner at a restaurant and then went to my date's apartment.

When she greeted me at the door, she was holding a pair of knitting needles and a sweater she had previously told me she was making for her father. I had been touched by this evidence of filial and domestic traits in her, and even more touched when she informed me that she wanted to get that sweater out of the way in a hurry, so she could start in on another one—for me.

"It's all finished!" she cried gaily. "I'm afraid I've been eating raw onions," she added hastily as I drew near to admire her handiwork. "I hope you'll forgive me, but I heard they were good for a cold." (This was, of course, in the pre-antihistamine era.)

"I hadn't even noticed it," I said gallantly. "I brought you the latest Como album."

"Oh, how nice!" she said. She took my package and walked over to her phonograph. As she unwrapped the records, I could see her face fall.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You must have picked up the wrong parcel," she said. "These are Pinza records."

"That damned clerk!" I cried. "I'm sorry. I'll exchange them tomorrow."

"Oh, don't bother," she said. "It's perfectly all right. As a matter of fact, I just adore Pinza. Don't you?"

"Sure, sure," I said. I couldn't help noting favorably how bravely she was trying to hide what I could sense was bitter disappointment.

She returned to her knitting. Holding

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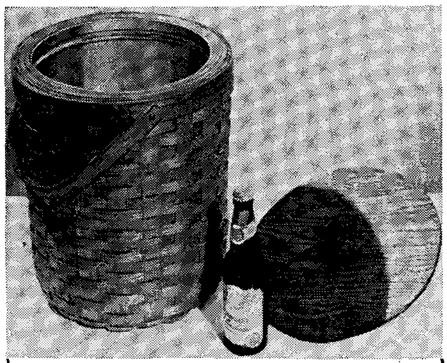

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up the sweater, she asked, "How does it look?" It looked shapeless, but I said it looked great. After all, the girl was indisposed. "I hope it'll fit Dad," she said. "He's a little thinner than you are. Here, let me try it on you."

She did.

"Oh dear," she said, "I'm afraid it'll be too big for him."

I didn't say so but thought so, too, although I had not yet met her father; I based my unexpressed opinion on the fact that after she had put the garment on me, I was somehow instantly reminded of a night in New Guinea, a couple of years before, when an Army pup tent collapsed on me while I was asleep.

"I know what," she said. "I'll give *you* this one, and knit another for Dad."

I protested feebly that she really shouldn't. After all, her father was her father, and I was only a friend.

"No," she said. "I want you to have it. Honestly. Or don't you like it? You don't think it's too big for you, too, do you?"

"Of course not," I said as earnestly as I could. "It's fine."

"Are you absolutely certain?" she asked.

"Positive," I said. "I hate tight sweaters. It's just what I need. In fact, I adore it."

"Well, all right, then," she said. "I'm glad you like it."

A while later, she said she was feeling much better. I suggested that we go out and have a bite somewhere. We went to a lunch counter near her apartment and ordered hamburgers.

"Onion?" asked the counterman.

"Yes, please," my companion said.

"How about you, Mac?" asked the counterman.

I hesitated.

"Don't you like onions?" asked my future wife.

I figured the truth was bound to come out eventually. "Frankly, I abhor them," I said.

"I adore them, too," she said sweetly. "Gosh, we certainly have a lot in common!"

WELL, one thing led to another, and before the evening was out I had proposed. We were married a month or so afterward. That was more than five years ago. We have been exceedingly happy ever since, and I have grown quite accustomed to, if not yet overwhelmingly fond of, onions, which my wife frequently serves me, occasionally with a sentimental reminder of how they conspired to make us make up our

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minds. So you can see I have every reason to believe that the young Hiltons are on the right track and are off to a promising start. Good luck, kids, and if by any chance either of you can use a sweater, about size 46, hardly ever been worn, don't fail to let me know. Just be sure not to sport it in the presence of my wife. She thinks I lost it in the course of a trip I made to the West Coast shortly after our wedding.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

To make the economic facts of life and the national budget not only palatable but actually assimilable, the League of Women Voters of New York State has challenged its members to put them in dramatic form. For this purpose, it has distributed to the Economics Workshops of its local Leagues all over the state an outline sketch which they are asked to clothe with dialogue and a plausible, or at least amusing, plot.

"A Happy Family," it is called, consisting of Father Free Enterprise and Mother Pure Competition, two sons, Supply and Demand, and A Daughter Price, a temperamental child. There are two maiden aunts, Inflation and Deflation, both easily upset by the children. Since the family is at least potentially in the upper-income brackets, they are served by the Maid Money and her husband, the butler, Credit. Money and Credit have two children who are also members of the household, Investment, who is at times a little wild and reckless, and Savings, an introvert.

They are a happy, normal family. The children quarrel at times, of course, and each is easily upset by the others. However, they live pretty harmoniously until the unexpected arrival of two strange young men, Monopoly and Oligopoly, illegitimate sons of Father Free Enterprise.—*Press release from the League of Women Voters of New York State.*

Who's *he* been running around with—Miss Withholding of 1950 or one of those women voters?

•

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF.

[*From the Manhattan Beach (Calif.) Messenger*]

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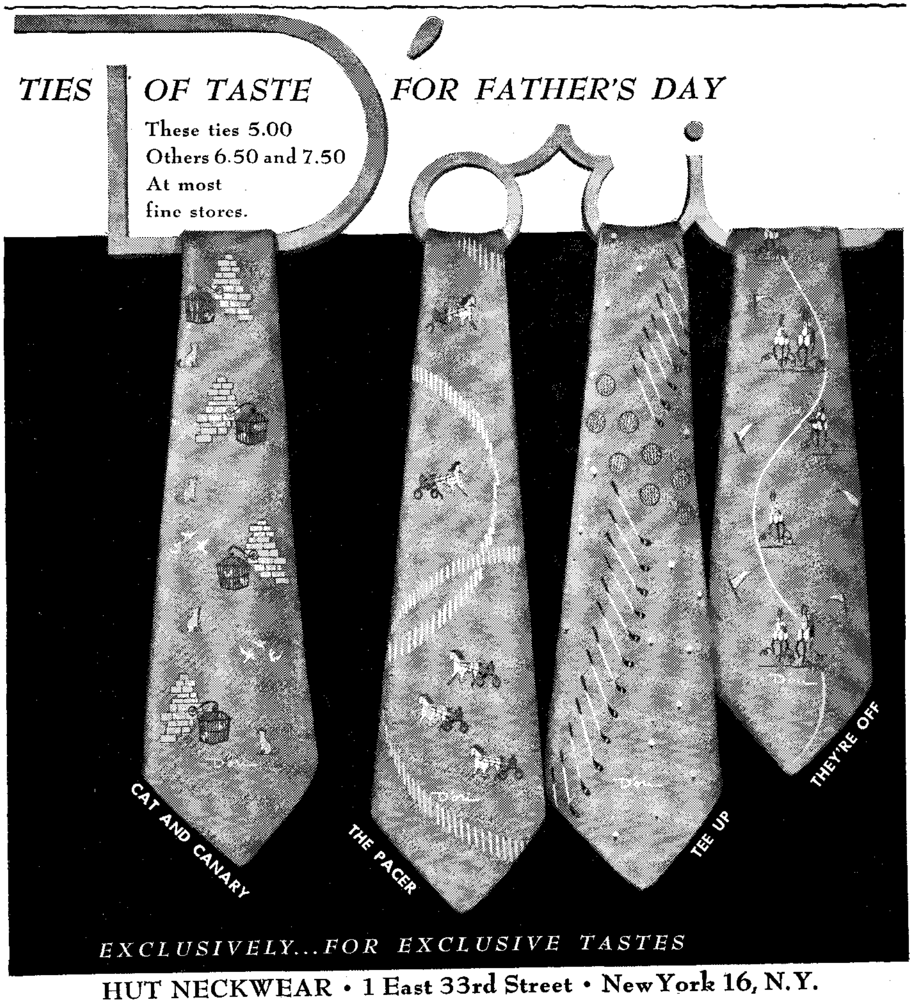

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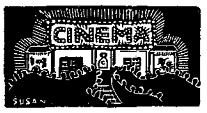

THAT fine, rowdy musical comedy "Annie Get Your Gun," which did so much to enliven the theatrical season four years ago, is with us now as a Technicolored movie, and it is far superior to the usual line of Hollywood goods. The music and lyrics of Irving Berlin have been inscribed on the sound track just as the Master wrote them, and the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, remains pretty much unaltered. Of course, the camera permits the thing to wander farther afield than it could on the stage, but the ingredients haven't changed, and the noisy romance between the sharpshooters Annie Oakley and Frank Butler still whoops along in the midst of the confusion attendant upon the Wild West shows they work for. I've heard somewhere that Betty Hutton, who interprets Annie Oakley in this film, prayed earnestly that the Lord would see to it that she got the role. She evidently neglected, however, to ask the Lord to grant her the ability to approximate the performance of Ethel Merman, who was Annie in the first place. This was a sad oversight indeed, for although Miss Hutton writhes, screams, mugs, and shakes, she never projects the hilarity of the business with anything like the enormous competence of Miss Merman. Maybe it's asking the impossible, but I wish that someday a courageous director would curb Miss Hutton sharply when her exuberance gets out of hand. Otherwise, the young lady is going to be quite a trial to have around.

George Sidney, who directed this particular picture, may have had his troubles with Annie, but he certainly had none with any of the other characters. As Frank Butler, Howard Keel demonstrates not only a formidable baritone but a nice talent for acting. Of the others prominent in the cast, I found Keenan Wynn, as a publicity agent; Louis Calhern, as Buffalo Bill; and J. Carrol Naish, as Sitting Bull, altogether entertaining. With plenty of action, memorable songs, and an over-all air of good humor about it, "Annie Get Your Gun" shouldn't be hard for you to take.

DESPITE its irritating title and a plot as bearded as a very old pard, "Adam and Evalyn," an English film, is a fairly interesting diversion, mostly, I suppose, because Harold French, who produced and directed it, has handled his actors and material in a highly ingratiating fashion. The picture has to do with a gambler who assumes the responsibility of rearing the daughter of a dead pal and then finds himself falling in love with her. This may sound rather hopeless, but the episodes that go to make up the picture, which range from the daughter's first glimpse of the world after a stay in an orphanage to the gambler's chagrin when she registers disapproval of his jaunty way of life, are arranged with expert precision and moved along by tolerable dialogue. As the gambler's ward, Jean Simmons is charming throughout, and as the rounder himself, Stewart Granger, though occasionally a trifle mechanical, is generally satisfactory.

IN "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman plays the part of a genius who almost bankrupts the sponsor of a radio quiz show by answering so many questions that he is presently shooting, double or nothing, for forty million dollars. The idea would be a good one, perhaps, for a short film, but here it goes on and on, with all kinds of complications dragged in by the ears, until sleep comes dropping slow upon the audience. Celeste Holm and Vincent Price also participate.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

MEMO TO: ALL BOOK SHOP MANAGERS
FROM: GEORGE A. HECHT

With reference to the ruling that a clerk should greet each customer with the time of day, we have been advised by several managers that the greeting "Good afternoon" is too stilted and formal. We think you should use the greetings "Good morning" and "Good evening" but when it comes to the afternoon you may greet the customer with "How do you do" or "Hello," whichever comes more naturally. Of course, if it is easy for a clerk to say "Good afternoon" they may continue to do so but if not then they may use either the "Hello" or "How do you do" greeting.—*Memo circulated to Doubleday bookshops.*

No chucking under the chin, though.

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Times-Herald*]

However, to get back to Sen. Cain. One of the reasons he does not like wine, especially champagne, goes back to World War II. It seems that at one time his fighting outfit was somewhere in Europe and was very low on water. For many weeks the senator had to brush his teeth with champagne!

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BOOKS

With the Bases More Than Full

JUST as the Hollywood film industry is supported in part by Hedda Hopper, Louella O. Parsons, Jimmy Fidler, and between fifteen and fifteen hundred fan magazines, so organized baseball owes part of its present success to a group of writers who, with a higher purpose and somewhat more skill at prose, describe baseball's history and its leading characters in books. Many of these writers—Frank Graham, Tom Meany, Fred Lieb, Warren Brown, Lee Allen, and J. G. Taylor Spink are among the best of them—also write about baseball for newspapers and magazines, and have done so for a long time. The outpouring of baseball books is a development of the last few years. It tends to prove, as baseball leaders would be the first to agree, that baseball-fan matter is more respectable than movie-fan matter. Hollywood settles for business gossip and mating notes in the periodicals; baseball inspires books. The books are marked by a sound, if special, kind of scholarship, and they are obviously works of love on the part of their authors. Having read a lot of them lately, I am beginning to believe, though, that the new stream of baseball literature has reached a tricky, uphill point in its flow. Most of it deals with baseball in the last fifty years. I suppose the writers and publishers figure that the events and people of that period have more appeal than old-time stuff does, for the average reader. The trouble is that congestion has ensued. Modern baseball history has come up against what might be called the Problem of the Overlapping Anecdote. Something of the same sort occurred, I'm told, right after the Civil War, when every surviving general, Northern or Southern, who could spell Appomattox sat down to write his memoirs. In a baseball book, it works like this, for the experienced reader. You read that Ty Cobb, when he was managing Detroit, one day approached a young Detroit pitcher named Carl Hubbell. These words hit your eyes like a signal light, and you know what comes next without looking: "The screwball will ruin your arm," said Cobb. "You'd better forget it." In a variation favored by some writers and nearly all radio sports announcers, the name of the young pitcher is withheld till the end of the anecdote—"and that man was Carl Hubbell, who became the greatest screwball pitcher in the world."

A consignment of recently published baseball books includes "Times at Bat," by Arthur Daley (Random House); "Baseball Personalities," by Jimmy Powers (Rudolph Field); and "Big-Time Baseball," by Harold H. Hart and Ralph Tolleris (Hart). All three of these are written on a catch-all plan, covering the whole of modern baseball history in terms of what Mr. Powers calls its "personalities." Reading Mr. Daley's book first, I found that my trained reflexes were setting up an electric crackle, and I began picking out, pretty much at random, the anecdotes that struck me as carrying by now the widest variety of fingerprints. Among them are:

What Casey Stengel said to the barber. ("Don't cut my throat. I may want to do that later myself.")

What Lefty Gomez said when told that if he would put on fifteen pounds, he would make the Yankee fans forget Jack Chesbro. ("I'm liable to make them forget Gomez.")

What Yogi Berra said about scientific hitting. ("How can a guy be expected to think and hit at the same time?")

What Bill Klem said to Judge Landis when asked if he had ever bet on horse races. ("For thirty years, Judge, and I always paid off one hundred cents on the dollar.")

How Babe Herman doubled into a double play. (For details, visit any bookstore.)

What Dizzy Dean said in the World Series of 1934 when his manager threatened to remove him from the pitcher's mound. ("Can you imagine anyone yankin' Old Diz with an eleven-to-nothing lead?")

What Ping Bodie said when he was Babe Ruth's roommate. ("I'm rooming with a suitcase.")

What the first words were that Honus Wagner heard from an opponent after three years in the big leagues. ("Go to hell.")

What Casey Stengel said when rebuked for not sliding into home plate on a close play in his days with the Pittsburgh team. ("On what they're paying me here, I'm so hollow that I'm liable to explode like a light bulb if I hit the ground too hard.")

What Lefty Gomez said when Tony Lazzeri asked him to explain a sudden and mysterious throw to Lazzeri, the second

LOANS
PLEASE DO NOT SLAM THE DOOR

baseman. ("I've been reading in the papers that you were a smart guy, and I wanted to see what you'd do with that one.")

A swift check shows that five of the above ten tales, suitably expanded, appear in both "Times at Bat" and "Baseball Personalities." Two others appear in "Times at Bat," "Baseball Personalities," and "Big-Time Baseball," and "Times at Bat" and "Big-Time Baseball" share still another. They have all appeared in the past in the more orderly kind of books, by Graham, Lieb, and others, which tell the history of a single ball club. The anecdotes of Graham and Lieb coincide when Graham, for instance, writing about the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Lieb, writing about the St. Louis Cardinals, come to common, Dodger-Cardinal ground. The anecdotes of Daley, Powers, and Hart and Tolleris, all of whom are trying to cover all the ground, coincide with everything in past baseball books, and, of course, with each other. In an anecdote about Al Schacht, the baseball comedian, Powers and Daley begin stride for stride, though on separate tracks, each quoting Schacht as follows: "I'll never forget the first time I pitched against Jackson. I start off pretty good in 1920 . . ." The explanation of this coincidence is that Schacht himself once wrote a book ("Clowning Through Baseball"), which now belongs to the pool. One difference between the Daley book and the Powers book—there aren't many—is that Mr. Daley has a tendency to give credit to sources, when credit is possible. The third book in the group, "Big-Time Baseball," is a shapeless album of pictures, jokes, and quizzes that need not detain the seasoned fan. Unfortunately, nothing in baseball literature will detain the seasoned fan much longer unless a fresh supply of stories is mined from a vein that seems pretty nearly played out already.

One way around the problem that faced Mr. Daley and Mr. Powers is to write a baseball chronicle that includes the years before 1900—a brawling, flavorsome time, when professional players often were alcoholics, when gamblers tinkered with the game repeatedly, when organized baseball chewed and clawed a path to its present smooth and respectable position. It's not correct to say, as Lee Allen says, that his new book, called "100 Years of Baseball" (Bartholomew House), is the first general history of the sport. A. G. Spalding wrote a lively, if biassed, one in the early nineteen-hundreds,

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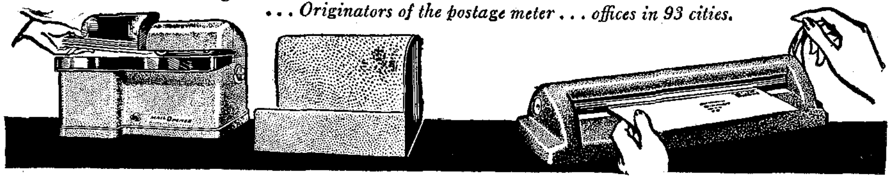

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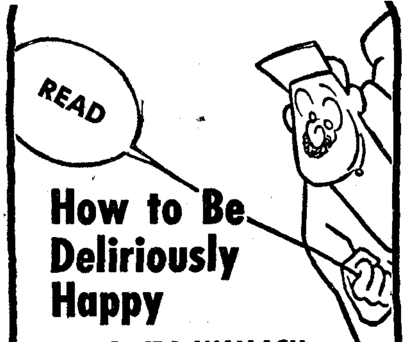

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and in 1914 Francis C. Richter, editor of a paper called *Sporting Life*, published "Richter's History and Records of Base Ball," which, though prissily devoted to the interests of the club owners, remains the richest single source of material on the story of baseball up till then. In 1947, Robert Smith wrote "Baseball," by far the most readable over-all report to appear so far. His book was discursive, and used romantic license here and there, but as literature it was considerably superior to Mr. Allen's. Also, it touched on nearly all the same historical points. The Allen book, however, is a neat, compact, and consecutive record of baseball from the days of the Knickerbockers, of New York City (they first played in 1845), up to now. Mr. Allen supplies the fullest information I've seen on the Louisville game-throwing scandal of 1877, which resembled the Black Sox affair of 1919. Like Mr. Smith, he gives credit to Robert W. Henderson (author of "Ball, Bat, and Bishop") for exploding the legend that Abner Doubleday invented baseball and for reporting the game's true origins, though, possibly because they didn't read Richter closely enough, neither Mr. Allen nor Mr. Smith seems aware of the extent to which Spalding was responsible for the Doubleday mythology, or the stubbornness with which he clung to it. (Mr. Allen misinterprets Spalding's own words on the second score.) Both the Allen and Smith books lack a bibliography and an index, which would be useful, and Mr. Allen, as I suggested above, has a sulky way of ignoring or belittling the competitors in his field. But "100 Years of Baseball" is worth looking into, as is every other careful account of baseball between the Civil War and the beginning of this century. You do not have to know the difference between Yogi Berra and a fungo bat to take an interest in what happened then. It is a story of rugged individualism on one of the wildest and most picturesque benders of its career to date.

—JOHN LARDNER

VERSE

HOW simple everything would be for critics and artists alike if developments in the arts followed a strict chronology, with masterpieces bursting out punctually at impressive turns of the calendar, such as the beginning of a century or its middle and end. But art does not move to a timetable, in spite of all hopes and premonitions to the contrary. Mid-century offers us, however, a point where a certain amount of stocktaking and evaluation may be done. It is a convenient moment for assessing the contemporary with some sternness and comparing what we have with a not impossible state of ideal maturity. We may currently ask, for example, which poets are authentically modern and which are merely utilizing modern techniques in order to disguise emotional poverty, intellectual blankness, or a faded and outmoded point of view. And we are able, by looking into triumphant periods of the past, to draw up at least a partial list of those qualities that distinguish a mature art in any time or place. A mature poetry is vigorous, flexible, varied, and open. Under no more than the light pressure of this convention or that, the poet can operate freely at all levels. He can note every fact without strain and express every emotion without embarrassment. Wit and invention flourish. Little feelings are recognized for what they are, and so is slavish imitation.

The chief difference between the poetry of the first half of the twentieth century and that (with the exceptions of genius) of the nineteenth is that in the last fifty years the poet's field of self-knowledge has deepened immeasurably. "The artist," says R. G. Collingwood, "is a person who comes to know himself, to know his emotion . . . this is also knowing his world." The good modern poet is "on to himself" and is therefore capable of a wide variety of insights and a wide range of feeling. His craft, moreover, has reached a high point of technical development; he has the means to express what he feels. He is in a position to become an interpreter and even a prophet, "not in the sense that he foretells things to come, but in the sense that he tells his audience, at the risk of their displeasure, the secrets of their own hearts."

The modern poet, therefore, must have real emotions and the courage and energy to deal with them. Let us examine two strikingly different contemporaries. This spring season brings the collected poems of Robert Nathan, entitled "The Green Leaf" (Knopf), and a new volume by E. E. Cummings, entitled "Χαῖρε: Seventy-one Poems" (Oxford). These two men belong, in point of time, to the same generation, but whereas Nathan has generally adhered to a "Parnassian" formality, Cummings has held for more than twenty-five years to experimentalism, if not iconoclasm, both in technique and in subject matter. It is odd, therefore, to find both men overaddicted to the sonnet, and both able to write lyrics that

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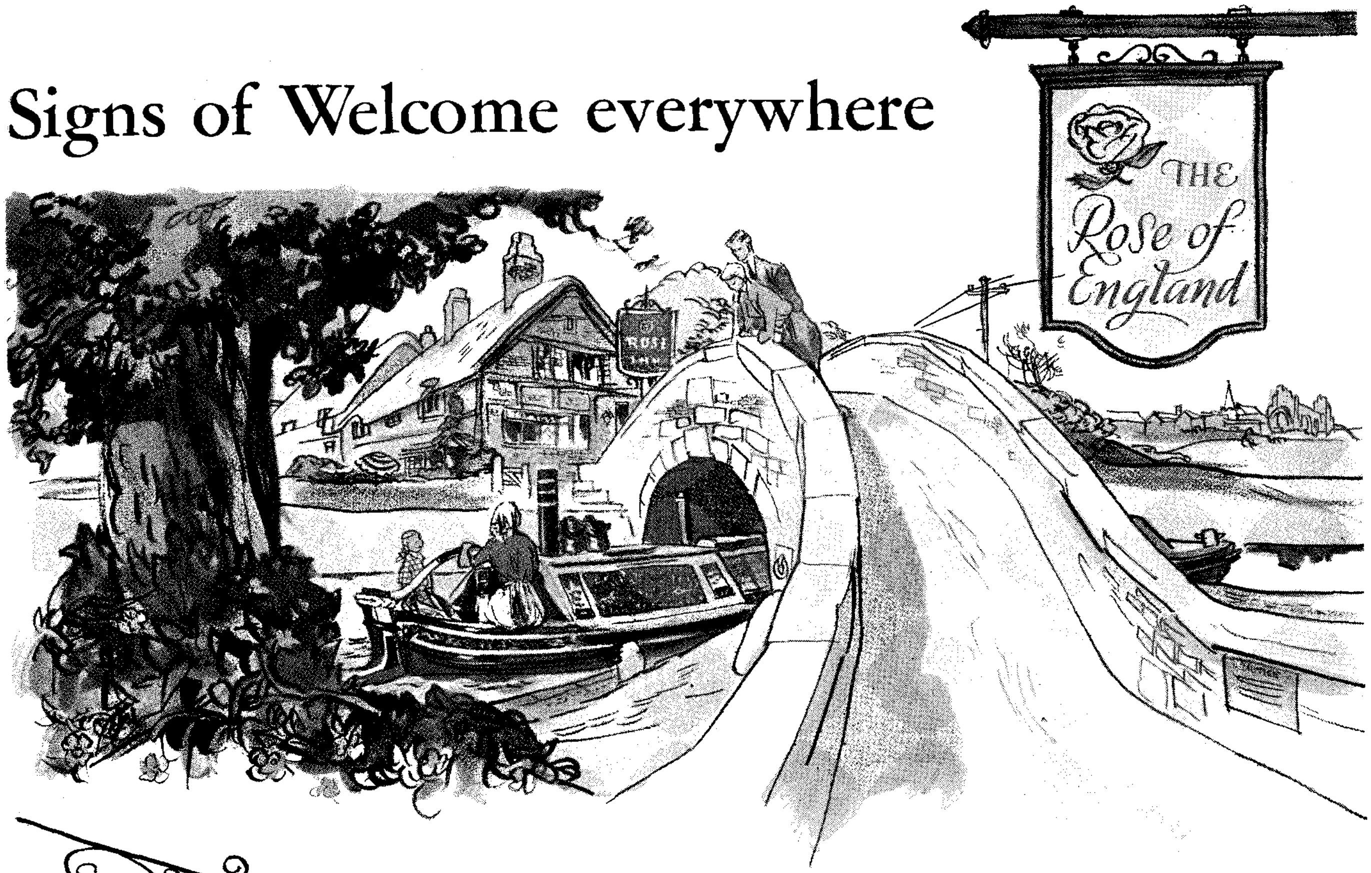

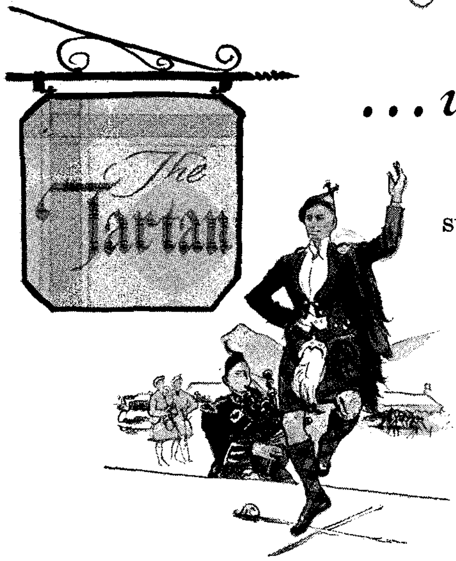

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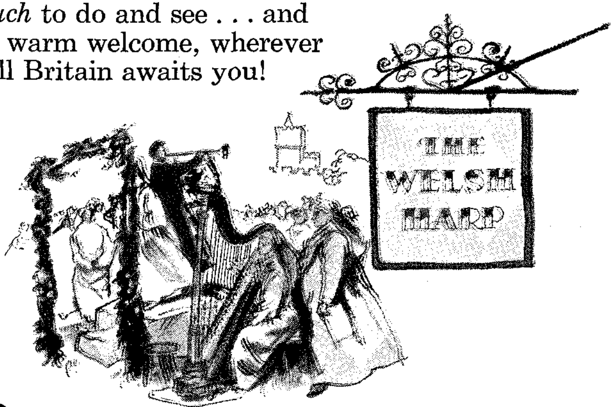

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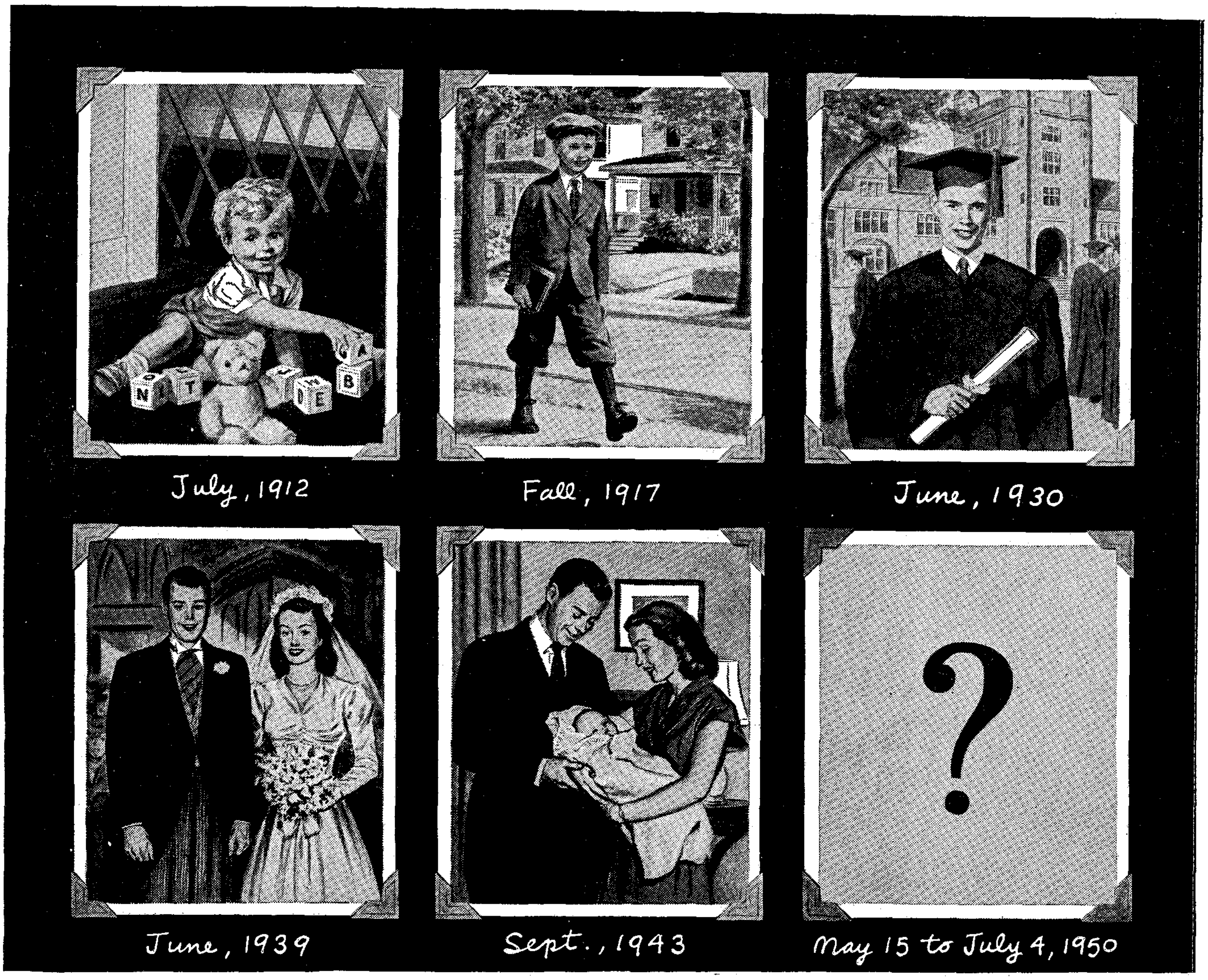

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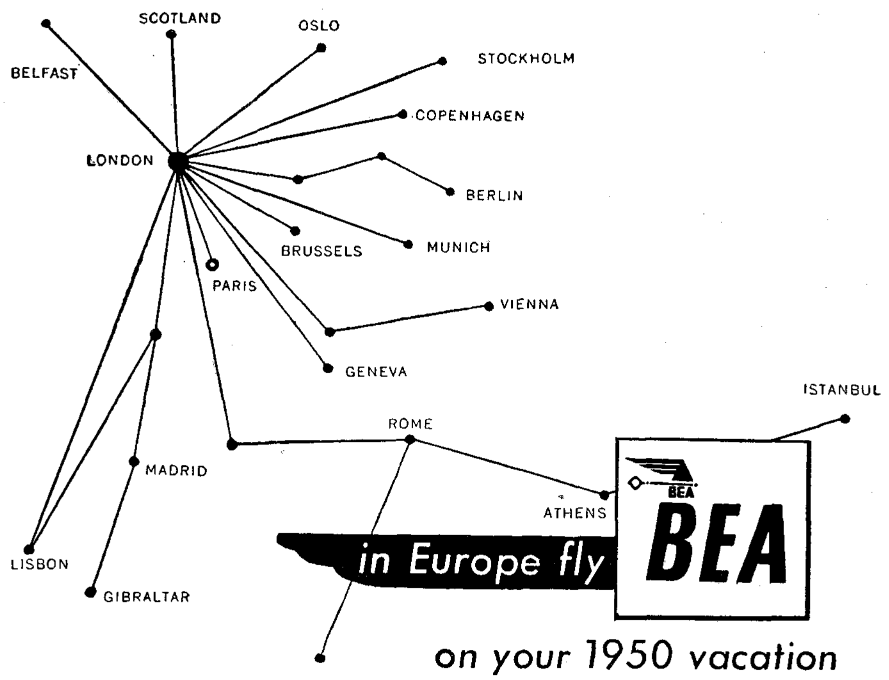
stick in the memory. Certain aspects of nature appeal to both; Cummings presents these aspects in the present, while Nathan tends to ruminate and become nostalgic about them. Sadness and nostalgia are, as a matter of fact, Nathan's principal emotions, and it is in the kind and the degree of their emotions that the two widely differ. Nathan frequently deals with the tragic facts of civilization in detail, but he never becomes openly enraged; he shrouds these facts with a diffused gloom. Cummings is much more forthright; he gives mankind up as a bad job, with the exceptions of some rather quaint "Child's Garden of Verses" characters—such as Chinese laundrymen, Italian coal-and-wood dealers, and itinerant knife-grinders—whom he admires, along with his friends and an artist or two (Aristide Maillol and Geoffrey Chaucer). Nathan is troubled by change; Cummings never gives in to melancholy emotions of any kind. It is this deletion of the tragic that makes Cummings' joy childish and his anger petulant. "Χαῖρε" means "rejoice," yet to rejoice with Cummings is to rejoice in an incomplete world, just as to despair with Nathan is to despair in a sentimental one.

BUT when we turn to a member of a younger poetic generation and read Alfred Hayes' "Welcome to the Castle" (Harper), we are plunged not only into stubborn and persistent gloom but into an atmosphere of self-pity as well. Cummings gets away with a good deal of adolescent insolence because he is never sorry for himself; Hayes blunts his often shrewdly pointed satire because his bitterness toward a world filled with ruin and despair is based on pity for his part in it. Another younger poet, Muriel Rukeyser, in her two recent works, "Orpheus" (Centaur Press) and "Elegies" (New Directions), endeavors to trace a spiritual journey from chaos toward order and from despair toward joy. But she does this so incoherently, so superficially, and so imitatively (for we cannot forget that her titles and even, partially, her form approximate those of Rilke's last great works) that we cannot credit her with much knowledge, either of herself or of her world.

The younger generation is by no means totally lacking in sincerity and variety. Peter Viereck, in "Strike Through the Mask!" (Scribner), shows signs of becoming a member of that rare literary species, the poet who is a polemist and pamphleteer. He works best



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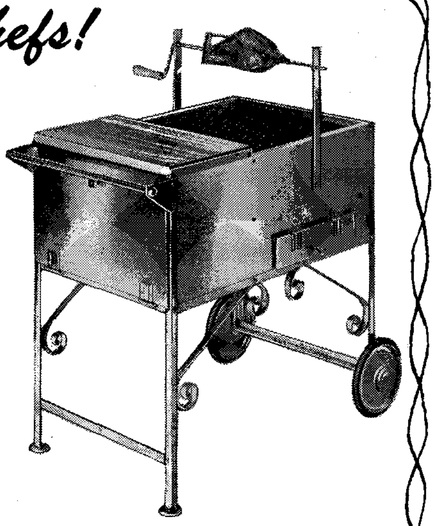

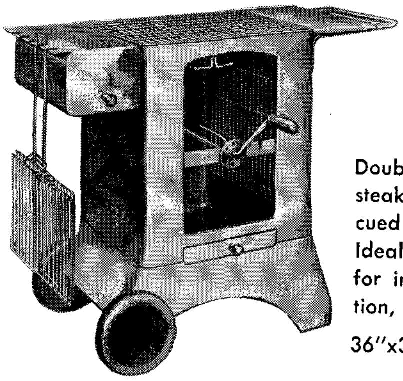

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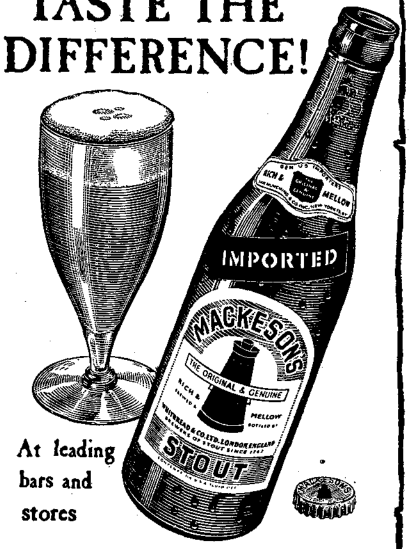

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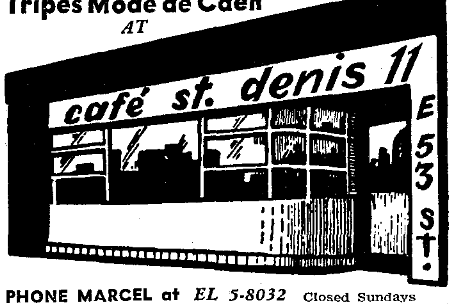
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from a basis of idea and not emotion. He has his effective moments and his banal ones, but he is never monotonous, nostalgic, or tiresomely self-centered. And Kenneth Rexroth, in "The Signature of All Things" (New Directions), continues his deeply felt variations on the few themes he has already made his own. To find themes that are truly one's own is a task many young poets shirk; Rexroth has not only found them but has had the courage to explore and repeat them. The same sense of idiosyncratic theme informs Emma Swan's first book, "The Lion and the Lady" (New Directions). Miss Swan shows an originality of temperament in everything she writes, and she can write lines that have an "inevitable" ring. Unlike a good many of her contemporaries, who often shun emotion, she is all emotion and sensibility. In her work, poetry—one of "the languages of the imagination"—frequently appears as its delightful, unexpected, and unmistakable self. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A WOMAN OF MEANS, by Peter Taylor (Harcourt, Brace). A rueful little first novel, faultlessly written and threatening to break the reader's heart from first page to last. That it never quite does so is perhaps because Mr. Taylor, unlike most first novelists, has attempted too little rather than too much. The narrator is a motherless twelve-year-old who, in the course of his father's disastrous second marriage, first glimpses and then loses sight of—one supposes for ever—that world of family love to which he has been brought up a stranger. The mood of the novel, which is elegiac, and its style, which is spare and precise, are reminiscent of Willa Cather, and the locale—St. Louis in the mid-twenties—seems as remote in time as Miss Cather's Nebraska of the mid-nineties.

THE SNOW WAS BLACK, by Georges Simenon (Prentice-Hall). Probably the most prolific of living authors, M. Simenon is at the same time one of the most protean. His latest work is a psychological melodrama that may also be taken as a gruesome parable of our times. The scene is an occupied country in post-war Europe; the hero, a boy of nineteen, steals, murders, makes love, and welcomes the approach of death with a sort of passionate hopelessness. Continuously sordid and by

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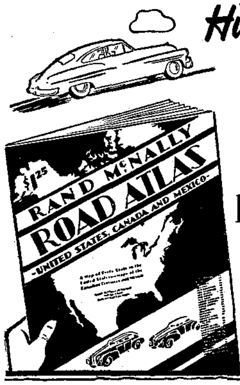
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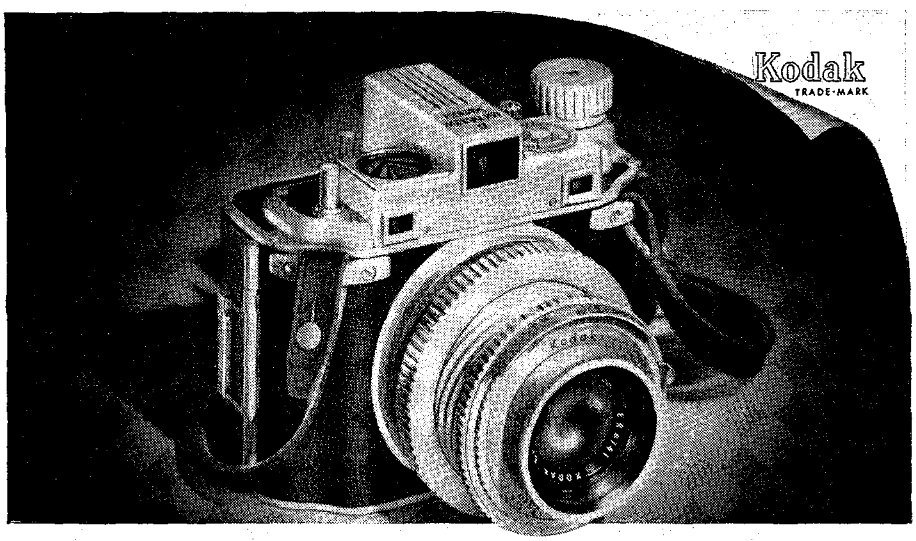
turns violent and metaphysical, this nasty, readable novel echoes Cain, Kafka, and Sartre.

SNOWSLIDE, by Carl Jonas (Little, Brown). The guests at Excelsior, a swank ski resort in Utah, are shocked to hear that one of their number, a celebrated movie actress called Chuchu Martin, has been buried in a snowslide. More shocked even than the guests is their hostess, Eleanor Geiger, head of the world-famous Principessa beauty-products company, who owns Excelsior and is distressed by the thought that Chuchu's fatal accident may give the place a bad name. In the excitement a good many fairly ordinary consciences are left struggling in the open, and Mr. Jonas gives them a quick and quite skillful going over, without, however, disturbing Excelsior's inescapably glamorous and fashionable atmosphere.

THE FURIOUS WINTER, by Louise Roedocker (Crown). A straight-on photographic study of the Thorsons of Pine Center, Minnesota, a pioneer family that is now going to seed. Insanity, suicide, and various kinds of crime are part of the going to seed, and Miss Roedocker describes all the horridness with a matter-of-fact efficiency that admits of neither argument nor contradiction. Her Thorsons are unsympathetic people, but through some mysterious combination of vigor and understanding she succeeds in bringing them to full human size, without charm or much intelligence but still alive and talking.

HIE TO THE HUNTERS, by Jesse Stuart (Whittlesey House). Mr. Stuart is what is known as a regional novelist, which means that he has found his lifework in writing about the people, folkways, and scenery of one section of the country. Since the region he has chosen is his native Kentucky mountains, which are more than amply provided with individualistic people, quaint folkways, and charming scenery, Mr. Stuart's work is made enviably easy. He holds forth effortlessly in this volume on fox-hunting, trapping, cornhusking, plowing, woodcutting, and other mountain pastimes in a style that is just as lucid and informative as that of the Boy Scout Handbook, if more poetic. It seems a shame that Mr. Stuart felt that he had to go to the trouble of cooking up a plot. This concerns the friendship of a town boy and a mountain boy, and it introduces an occasional strident note



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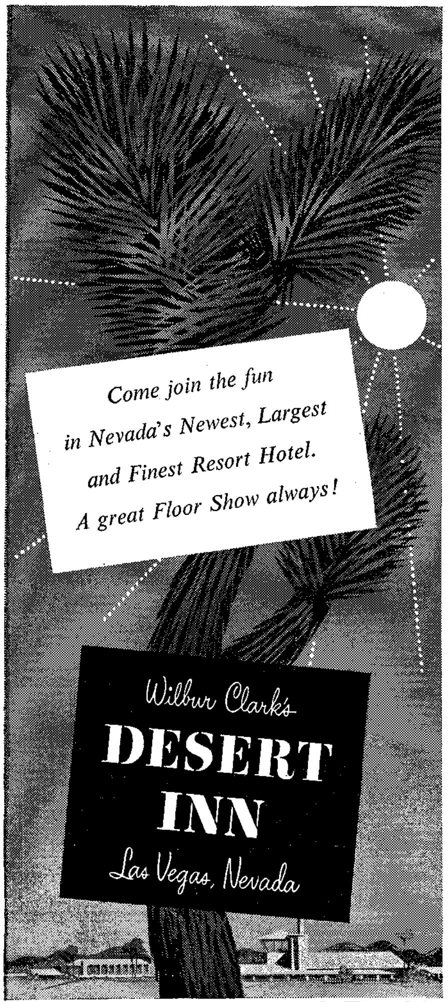

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into what is otherwise pleasantly bucolic prose.

ANOTHER PAMELA; OR, VIRTUE STILL REWARDED, by Upton Sinclair (Viking). One might have expected Mr. Sinclair to rest briefly after completing ten strenuous volumes of Lanny Budd, but he apparently felt that there was still another tour de force in his typewriter. This time, he has been inspired by Samuel Richardson's eighteenth-century work "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded," which details a sanctimonious servant girl's efforts to rebuff her ardent master, without discouraging him entirely, and which survives principally because it is regarded by most authorities as the first true English novel. Having very faithfully moved the plot of this piece from eighteenth-century England to the California of the nineteen-twenties, Mr. Sinclair has gone on to make various appropriate, if not always beneficial, alterations; the designing employer, for instance, has become a dipsomaniacal playboy, with an aunt who dabbles in Leftish causes. The heroine is just as smugly virtuous as Richardson's, just as delighted when her boss decides to marry her, and, after a couple of hundred pages, just about as dull.

NUTRO 29, by Frank Norris (Rinehart). The end of the world, Mr. Norris suggests in what his publishers have tagged a "provocative satire," will come not with a bang but with the invention of a cheap substitute for food, which will make it unnecessary for anyone to work. Although he does at times show a considerable gift for amusing irony, the author unfortunately gets a little too carried away in describing the cataclysms that he believes his economically dubious hypothesis entails and in spinning out the tedious love affair of his principal character, a Princeton scientist who has invented the artificial nutrient. Many of the episodes bear the same relation to satire as the laboratory substitute does to a square meal, but when it comes to needling the editors of a weekly magazine called *World Picture*, Mr. Norris, who was once connected with a vaguely similar local enterprise, does an effective job.

THE OTHER FATHER, by Laura Z. Hobson (Simon & Schuster). A household story, plodding and dispirited, about a family man in his forties, Andrew Dynes, who is having an affair with a woman young enough to be his daughter. To his dismay and confusion, Andrew discovers that his daughter Peg is herself conducting an affair with a married man in his forties. Mrs. Hobson writes about these people and their problems with great care and respect but without ever doing more than make the reader feel genuinely depressed at having to hear so much of such unending and inglorious unhappiness.

THE THIRSTY OAK, by M. Janet Becker (Coward-McCann). This is a narrative of the times and tribulations of a nice, attractive, but illegitimate Englishman named David Flegg, who lived from 1859 to 1938. Most of David's early life was spent among the country people of Suffolk, and it is about these plain, untalkative people that Miss Becker likes best to write. She does not trouble to create characters (her men, women, and children are all from stock), but she deals agreeably with them, mixing romance and melodrama and folk gossip with an easy lack of responsibility that might be irritating if her story didn't seem so altogether faraway and picturesque—something from a sampler, almost.

GENERAL

COMES THE COMRADE!, by Alexandra Orme (Morrow). Miss Orme, a Pole who fled from Poland to a small Hungarian town at the start of the war, found that in getting along with the Russians who subsequently occupied it she succeeded best with what she terms her "nice-pussy" technique—a sort of conversational scratch behind the ear intended to convey to the Muscovites that she wasn't in the least intimidated by their unpredictable or menacing behavior. Indeed, this strategy was so successful that Miss Orme was able not only to keep herself and her aristocratic Polish and Hungarian relatives alive during a chaotic period but to formulate some likely-sounding generalizations, based on shrewd first-hand observation of both pleasant and unpleasant individuals, about the Russian character as a whole. This memoir, expanded from a diary Miss Orme kept during the occupation of the town, shows a marked degree of detachment and is also notable for the picture it gives of the author herself, a woman of almost superhuman energy, self-assurance, and high spirits. A Book-of-the-Month Club choice for June.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT A. MILLIKAN (Prentice-Hall). The author, now eighty-two, casts a roving backward glance over his years of achievement in a strangely uneven but absorbing book. He believes that in point of human experience his life, along with the lives of his contemporaries of the "vintage of '68," is very little like the lives of any other men and women in history who have lived a comparable length of time, and he has little trouble proving it, because he was one of those who made the difference. He reviews his early years as a teacher of physics, then looked down upon as a dead, analytical subject, and tells the story, as he saw it unfold, of the astonishing growth of that science to its present-day preëminence. In so doing, he also reviews his own accomplishments (which earned him a Nobel Prize) and includes chapters for the scientific-minded on some of his experiments, like the measuring of the electron with oil drops—which was part of the spadework that led to the fission of the atom. Dr. Millikan seems to be a man without crotchets, jealousies, or posturings; he writes modestly, often in a shirt-sleeves-and-galluses style that is a result of his pioneer-American background. The concluding part of his book is a long statement of his belief—and the reasons for it—in a Divine intelligence behind the intricacies of the universe.

HERBERT HOOVER: AMERICAN QUAKER, by David Hinshaw (Farrar, Straus). The author of this book, an old friend of the former President's and himself a Quaker, believes that Quakerism constitutes the sum of human virtues and that in Herbert Hoover those virtues have really come into their own. All this may be true, but long before the end of this biography one gets a bit weary of hearing about it. Mr. Hinshaw also believes that Hoover has never made a mistake, and that his every thought, word, and act have sprung from the loftiest motives. The sole fault the author concedes his subject is lack of adroitness as a politician (a deficiency not shared, he points out, by Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Mephisto of this book), and *that* the author turns into a virtue, too. Like Eugene Lyon's biography of Hoover, published two years ago, this is an attempt to refashion a public reputation that got kicked around in the political scuffle—a praiseworthy objective but one that misses fire because the author, in insisting on the paragon qualities of his man, robs him of all resem-

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COLUMN
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MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

LAUGH OF THE WEEK: From the personal column of a small daily comes this want ad—"Man old enough to know better desires companionship with lady not quite that old" . . . Definition of a modern matron: Just a build in a girdled cage . . . Funny thing, mention anything about a woman's lipstick and she'll lick her lips, move her mouth or do something to indicate lip-consciousness . . . Those stockings with the bright colored seams were introduced in our Upper Midwest. Minneapolis, Des Moines and Chicago were used as testing grounds and already the green, red, blue and yellow seams are about to become a national fad . . . Booking offices are figuring a deal to put dance bands into drive-in theaters on one-nighter circuits, with or without movies.

★

THE TOP OF A PINEAPPLE planted in a pint jar of water will sprout into an exotic, palm-like plant in a matter of days . . . Colleges are going into the necking business scientifically. Penn State's marriage counseling service has just released the advice that it's poor technique for a fellow to ask permission to kiss a girl. It puts her on the spot, say the college authorities. It's much better for him to watch her for cues—and the girl should be very careful to give them.

★

THE VERY THOUGHT OF 15 AFTER-DINNER SPEAKERS on one program is frightening, isn't it? Yet that's the line-up for current civic luncheons here in Minneapolis. The speakers are Star and Tribune editors, writers and columnists. Spinning yarns and dispensing good natured opinions—and clocked at 1½ minutes each—they stage a 40-minute show that's an ear-catcher. I think these neighborly luncheon calls on our fellow townsmen are one more reason why, in this prosperous Upper Midwest area, the best-liked, most respected newspapers are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 600,000).

★

THERE MUST BE lots of room in Nevada. There's only one telephone book for the entire state. And that's a small, thin booklet that also contains telephone numbers for several adjoining California counties . . . C. T. Murphy of Brooklyn reports this one: A jittery motorist picked up a hitchhiker in Philadelphia. The hitchhiker had no sooner settled down in the seat next to the driver than he confessed that he had just been released from the penitentiary. The motorist grew more jittery and began trying to figure out some way that he could get rid of his passenger without offending him. Suddenly he thought of violating the speed limit. As luck would have it, the car was soon brought to a stop by a state trooper, who talked to the pair from the hitchhiker's side. Instead of making an arrest, however, the officer let the motorist off with a warning. The two proceeded. At the next town the driver explained that the hitchhiker would have to depart. As the two bade each other goodby, the hitchhiker remarked, "I forgot to tell you that I served time as a pickpocket. This may interest you." With that he tossed the state trooper's summons book on the seat of the car.

★

TIP TO HIGH SCHOOLERS: Next time your Shakespeare instructor sticks you with a question about the bard, you come right back and ask the teacher for Shakespeare's birth date or have the instructor fill you in with something about William's boyhood. You'll be the stumper, because there are certain "lost years" in connection with the Avon Flash that have never been filled in . . . This was picked up in a maternity ward the other day. A man stood peering in through the glass window at a group of wailing babies on the other side of the glass. "What the heck are they all crying for?" he asked of a nurse. Without batting an eyelash, she replied, "Listen, if you were less than 10 days old, had no clothes, didn't have a job and owed $1,700 on the national debt, you'd yell too, wouldn't you?"

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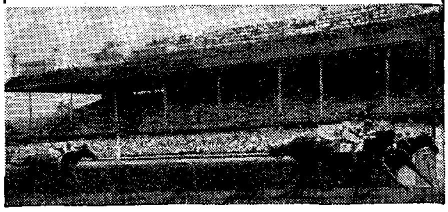

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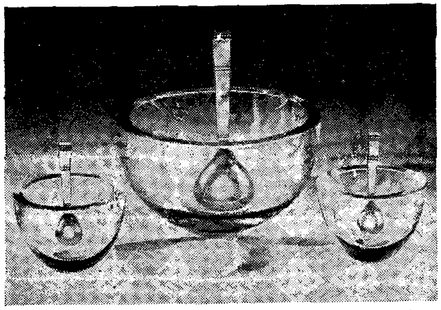

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OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS, by William O. Douglas (Harper). In this memoir of his mountain-climbing days, which, one gathers, are not yet over, despite his painful accident last October, Mr. Justice Douglas unexpectedly reveals himself as something of a mystic. Mountains are for him not merely something to hike up; from them, he feels, man can learn great lessons—how to lose his fear of death and, in losing it, find freedom to live, and how to rid himself of the mean traits of jealousy, revenge, deceit, and aggression. The author does not pull too long a face about all this; his book is, on the whole, written in an amiable reminiscent mood, and he discusses such matters as fly-fishing vs. bait-fishing (with the inevitable jocularity of the fisherman turned writer), recipes for cooking brook trout (never fry a trout unless you have bear oil, the king of cooking fats), and the odd characters he has met while mountaineering in his native Pacific Northwest. It's pleasant stuff—not very original but nicely written.

THE IMMORTAL LOVERS, by Frances Winwar (Harper). The lives of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, and, in particular, the mildly theatrical circumstances of their courtship and elopement, lend themselves especially well to this author's type of biographical treatment, which combines sound research with a good many bravura effects. Miss Winwar hasn't skimped, either, in her handling of the Brownings' life together in Italy, and her examination of their rather divergent views on both politics and spiritualism forms an interesting counterpoint to her account of their domestic idyll. That pathological old curmudgeon, Mr. Barrett, is, of course, given due credit for his disastrous tinkering with his daughter's life, and his return of all her letters, unopened, in response to her final request for a reconciliation is one of the most dismal and revealing incidents in the book. A thoroughgoing and well-balanced piece of work.

AUTUMN LEAVES, by André Gide (Philosophical Library). An aptly titled and somewhat random harvest of Gide's latter-year writings. These include prefaces, *arrière-pensées*, casual essays on casual subjects, obituary salutes to illustrious contemporaries (a melancholy duty of literary men who survive into extreme old

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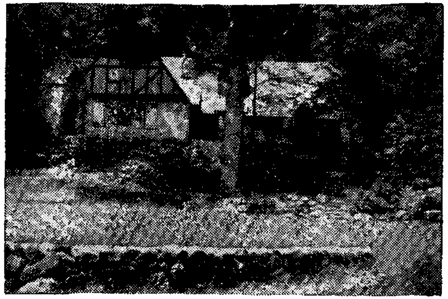

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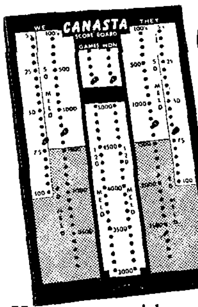

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age), and unclassifiable matter. It is true that here and there the reader gets flashes of Gide's wit and of his thinking and beliefs, but it is hardly true that the book represents a "spiritual autobiography" of the man, as is claimed for it on the jacket.

How to Guess Your Age, by Corey Ford (Doubleday). A reprint in book form of a piece that appeared in *Collier's* several months ago, in which Mr. Ford lists some changes he's been noticing recently—in the size of print, for example, and the weight of snow—that may just possibly be symptoms of his own approaching middle age. "I define middle age roughly," he says, "as the period between 21 and 110." Gluyas Williams, who always seems to know exactly what an author has in mind, has illustrated the volume, and Edward Streeter has written a brief foreword. A cheerful treatment of an extremely depressing subject.

How to Be Deliriously Happy, by Ira Wallach (Schuman). A frontal attack on the whole field of self-help literature, from the books that advocate meditation combined with a low protein diet to those that advise on the correct placement of pillows under the elbows, neck, and knees of the would-be relaxer. On occasion, Mr. Wallach recaptures quite successfully the tone of masterful flatulence common to a number of these volumes. Most of the time, though, he just horses around with his subject—a pretty obvious one, at that—and squanders an undue amount of energy on the coining of supposedly comic words, like "zist" and "zhloomph." Illustrated by George Price.

Note: A book made up of four articles on Israel by Irwin Shaw, three of which first appeared in this magazine, and of many pertinent photographs by Robert Capa has just been published by Simon & Schuster, under the title "Report on Israel."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Death and Letters, by Elizabeth Daly (Rinehart). In the course of investigating the incarceration of a lovely young widow by her formidable in-laws (she is not allowed to telephone or to write letters, but deviously manages to communicate by means of some crossword puzzles in the London *Times*), Henry Gamadge proves that her husband was the victim of murder, not a suicide, and characteristically turns up

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MURDER IN A HURRY, by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). Multimillionaire J. K. Halder leaves his house on Sutton Place and moves into a dingy little pet shop in Greenwich Village. His family humors him in a number of ways, the married children even to the extent of refraining from having children (he says there are too many people in the world already), but when he decides to change his will, he is a dead duck. The Norths and Lieutenant Weigand have a confusing time with this especially fancy family; in fact, for once Pam North is fooled right up to the end. A better-than-average item in this series.

THE HIGH PLACE, by Geoffrey Household (Little, Brown). Another account of international plotting and counter-plotting by the author of "Rogue Male." The narrator, a disenchanted Englishman transplanted to Syria, becomes infatuated with a lively young female anarchist ensconced in a colony called Kasr-el-Sittat. His lovelorn condition prolongs things considerably, even after he discovers that the dwellers at Kasr-el-Sittat aren't, as he at first supposed, merely conversationally anarchistic but are actually brewing trouble on a grandiose scale. His intellectual befuddlement is, of course, eventually cleared up, in sharp contrast to the author's prose, which runs to passages like "Woman to her man she wanted—well, let it be! . . . Yet male I am in this: I had not the anodyne of women, the unquestioning loyalty to the beloved for as long as it remained beloved."

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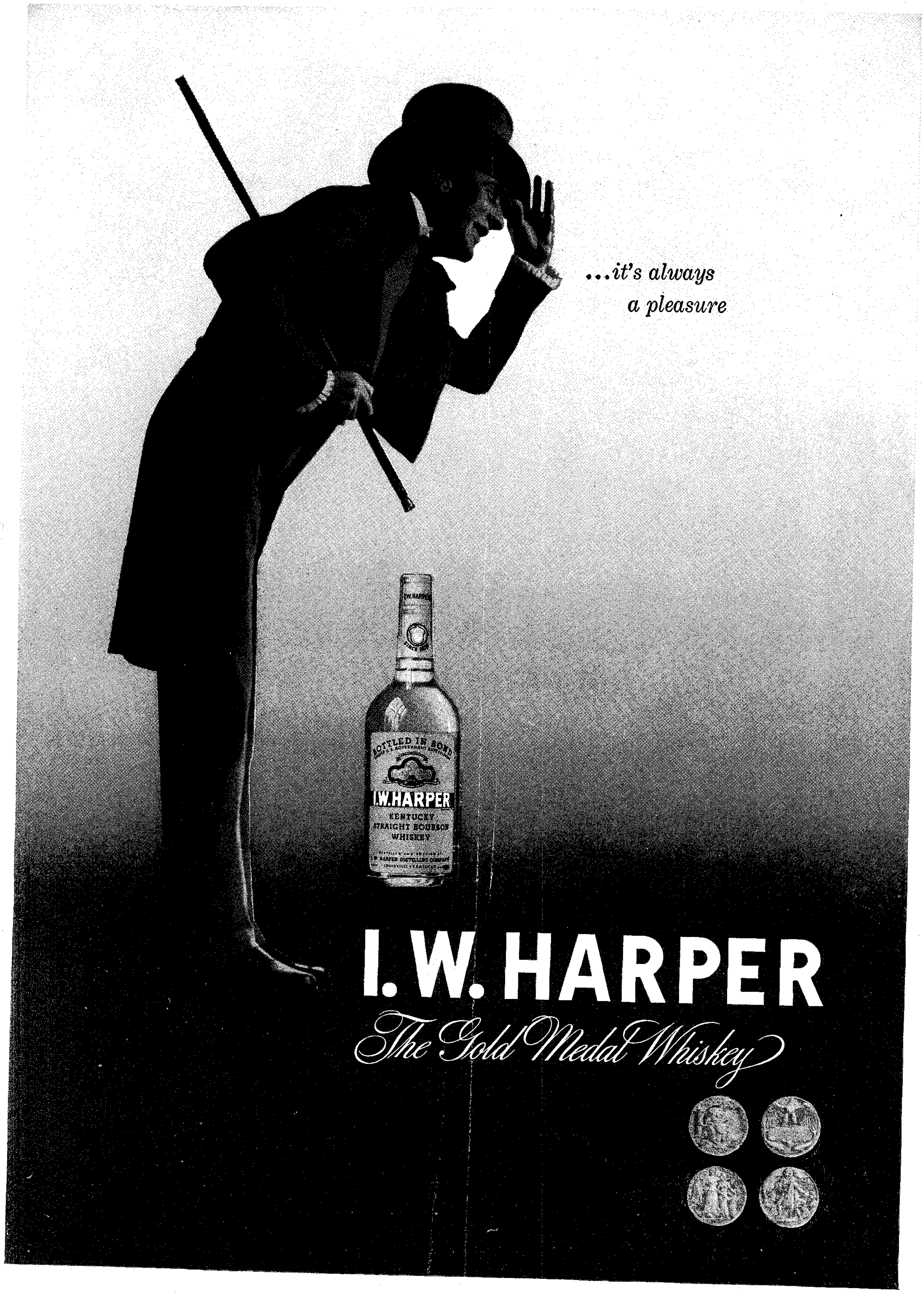
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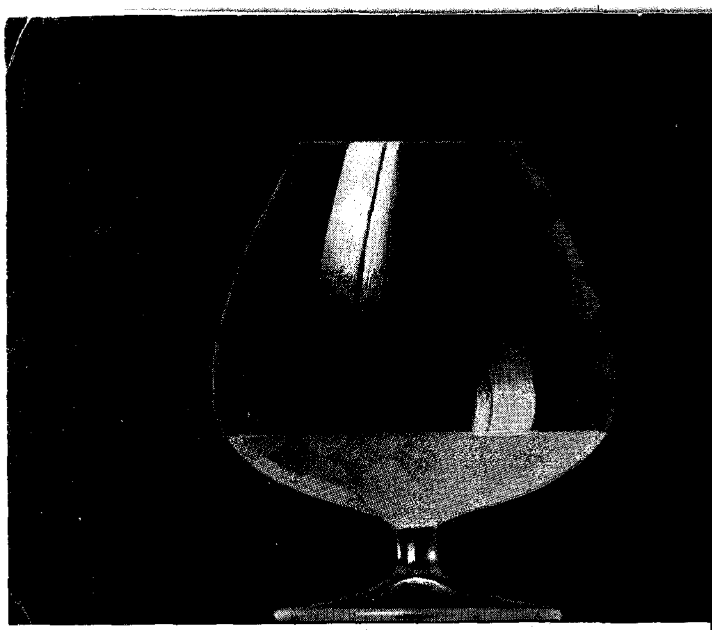

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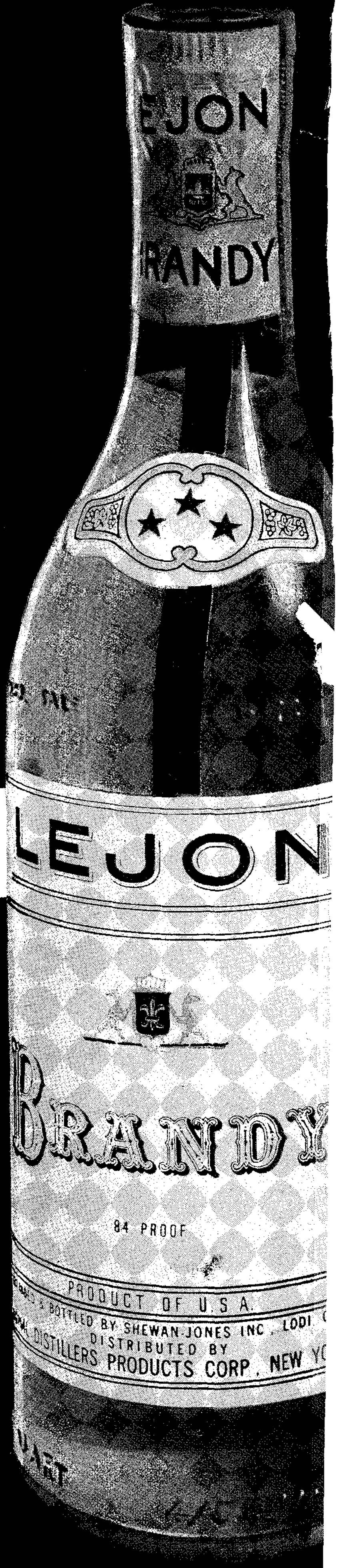
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